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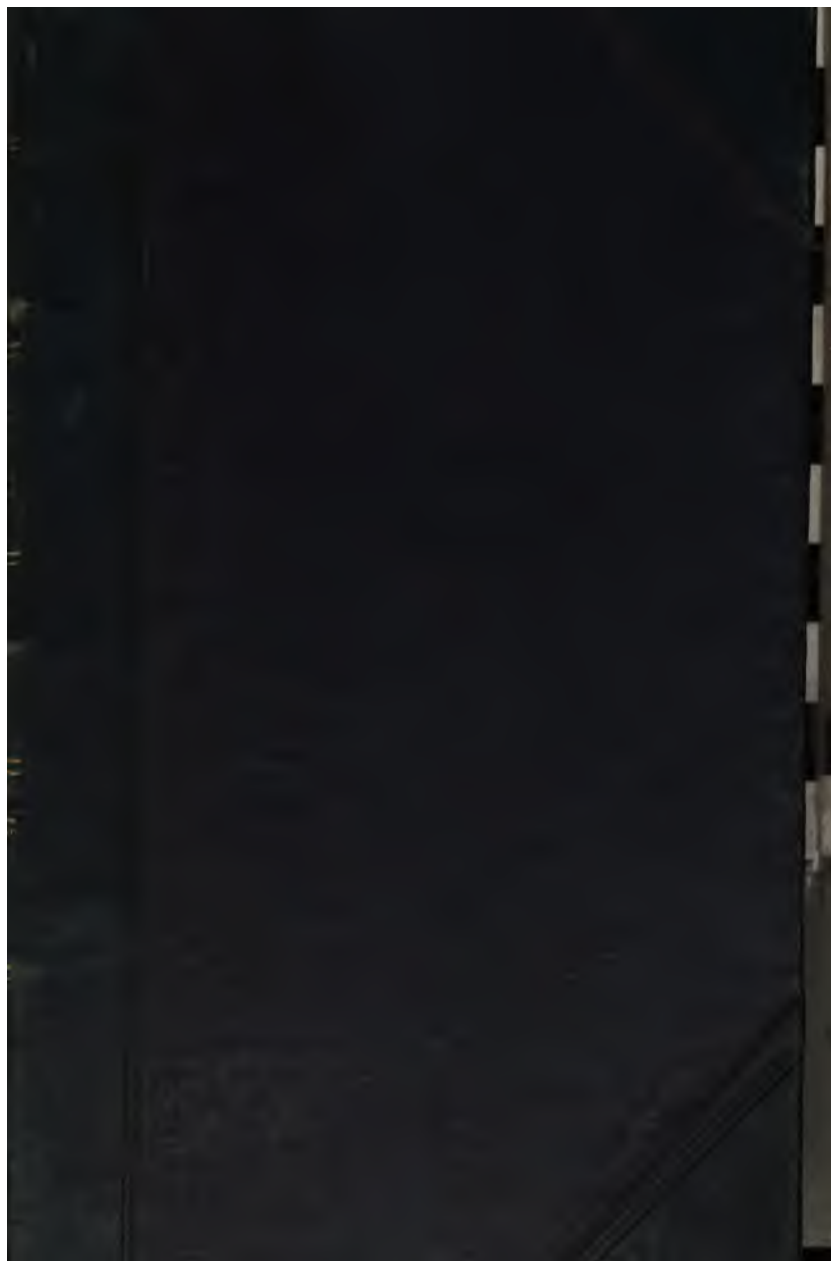
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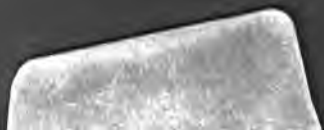
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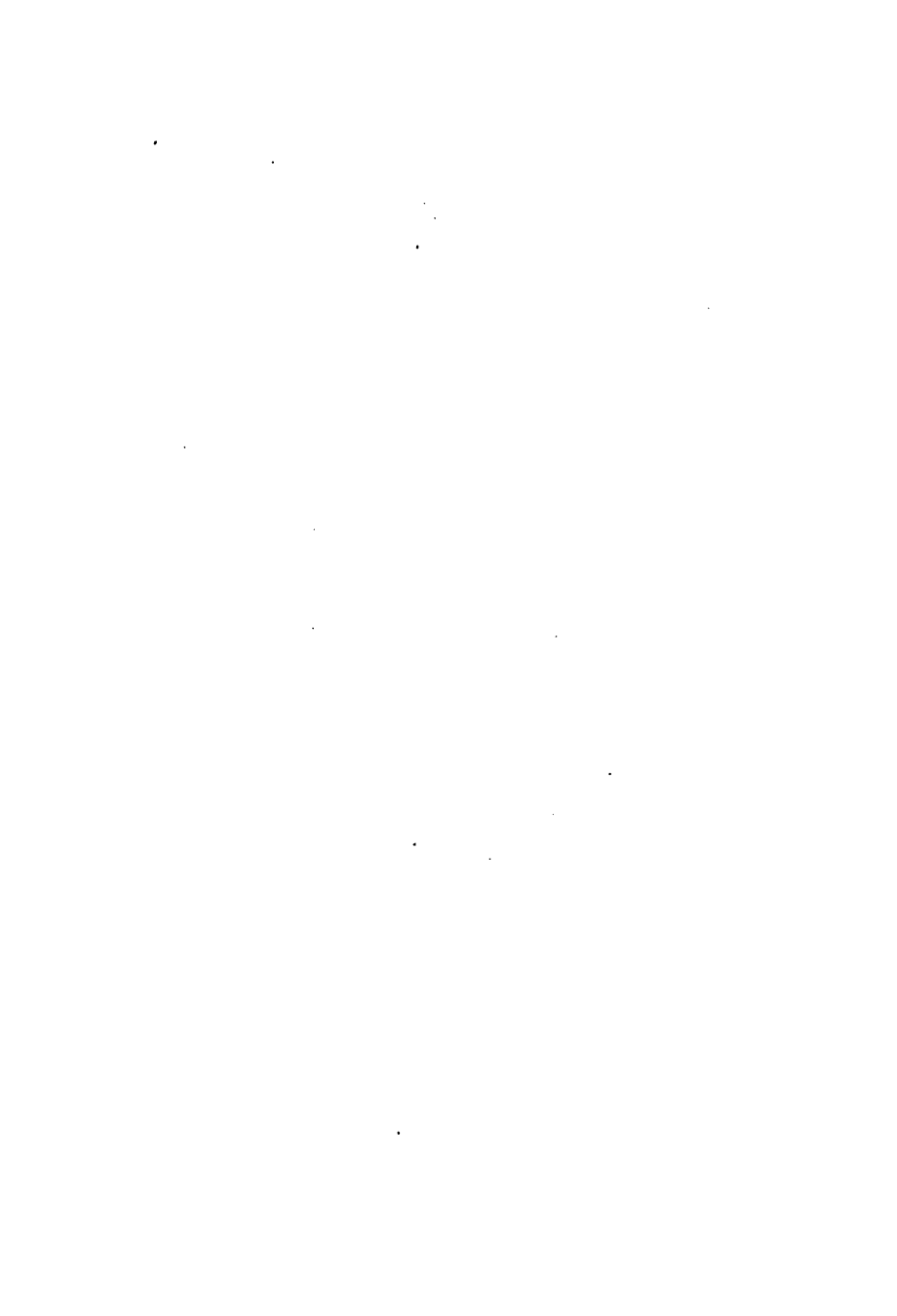
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FEUDAL TYRANTS.

VOL. I.

1972-1973

FEUDAL TYRANTS;

OR,

The Counts of Carlsheim and Sargans.

A ROMANCE.

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By M. G. LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF

The Bravo of Venice, Adelgitha, Rugantino, &c.

VOL. I.

THIRD EDITION.

The portals sound, and pacing forth
With stately steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of regal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go.

GRAY.

London :

Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick Street, &c.

FOR J. F. HUGHES, WIGMORE STREET, CAVENDISH
SQUARE.

1807.

249. v. 219.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

IN SENATE

January 10, 1902

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE

APRIL 10, 1901

RELATIVE TO THE

LANDS BELONGING TO THE UNITED STATES

AND TO THE

LANDS BELONGING TO THE SEVERAL STATES

AND TO THE

LANDS BELONGING TO THE SEVERAL STATES

NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given that the following

lands are to be sold

at public auction

on the 15th day of January

at the County Court House in the County of

the State of

1902

at the hour of

at the County Court House in the County of

1902

7081

FEUDAL TYRANTS,

&c. &c. &c.

PART THE FIRST.

ELIZABETH OF TORRENBURG.

—
LETTERS.
—

*Conrad, Abbot of Cloister-Curwald, to
Elizabeth, the Widowed Countess of
Torrenburg*.*

YOUR resolution, noble Elizabeth,
to remain in cloistered solitude, passing
your hours in tears for your husband's

* The real name is *Toggenburg* ; but as this
would have sounded harsh in English ears, I have
taken the liberty of softening it a little ; and in
several parts of this work I have changed the
names of places and personages entirely.

VOL. I.

B

loss,

loss, and in prayers for the repose of his spirit, is dignified and worthy of the illustrious race to which you have the glory to belong. Model of female constancy ! though years have elapsed since Frederick died, your tears flow as freely as on the first day of your widowhood ! Unequalled lady ! does there exist a virtue, whose seeds we ought not to depend on finding in a heart like yours ? Is there a sacrifice so great that a soul like Elizabeth's is incapable of making it ?—In the bloom of life to tear yourself from the pleasures of the world and the eyes of a thousand admirers, that you may watch away the lonely nights by the sepulchral urn of an husband far advanced in years ; to fly from the charms of sway and grandeur that you may

may humble yourself before the altar, kneeling in the dust, and praying for the repose of the deceased-one, oh ! what an act of self-denial ! an act, which reaches the summit of magnanimity, by not being established on the foundation of love ; for in truth, how could love for the decrepit Frederick find a place in the heart of the young and blooming Elizabeth, whose warmest sentiment must have been filial respect towards a benefactor ?

Oh ! Elizabeth, is indeed your state of widowhood your only motive for taking refuge in a convent ?

Elizabeth to Conrad.


An expression used in the conclusion of your letter fully explains the sentiment which I felt, and still feel for the Count of Torrenburg.

Yes, Conrad ; Frederick was my *benefactor* in the strongest sense of the word—and therefore is it, that though years have elapsed since his decease, my tears for his loss still flow as freely as they did on the first day. But whether sorrow for my widowed state was my only motive for burying myself in a cloister.... Oh ! Conrad, it was unnecessary for you to use flattery in order to obtain a knowledge of the truth.

Without

Without calling me "the model of female constancy," or declaring me to be without an equal, I might have been Induced to confess, that Frederick's death was *not* the only reason which at first induced me to take refuge in a convent, and which perhaps will induce me never to leave it more. Oh! much, very much lies heavy upon this heart of mine! I suffer under the pressure of misfortunes, of which but a small part is known to you; yet even that little must be sufficient to make you comprehend, why I feel compelled to abandon the world, and fly to solitude for relief and comfort. Conrad! Conrad! would to Heaven it were *true*, that there is no sacrifice so great, that I am incapable of making it!

Alas ! I feel but too strongly, that great sacrifices are in my power, to which I must prepare myself by supplication to Heaven, and the solitude and calm of a cloister.



Conrad to Elizabeth.

I know not to what sacrifices you allude in saying, there exist some which are too great for you to make. Worldly possessions, I am certain, are without value in your eyes : should then hereafter generosity or a sense of justice require of you some trifling renunciation in this respect; could it possibly cost you much pain, or would you long deliberate what course you should adopt? In order to be rich and powerful, Elizabeth needed not to become the heiress of Torrenburg. Independent of her husband's attachment, fortune had already rendered her mistress of sufficient

wealth to make it easy for her to afford posterity an admirable example of self-denial. She who can dispose of castles and villages* without receiving on the one hand any return but ingratitude, and on the other but hatred and rebellion, may surely bring herself in the course of time to restore those possessions (to which the prepossession of her fascinated husband could in *fact* give her no right) to the forsaken innocent orphans, whose claims have so undeservedly been set aside. How glorious a recompense *hereafter* would she earn by

* Elizabeth of March (who inherited from her husband the valuable county of Torrenburg and other extensive possessions to the exclusion of his natural heirs) bestowed considerable districts of her territory on the people of Zurich, which excited great discontent among her vassals.

such

such an act ! What gratitude, what tranquillity of soul would she obtain at *present* ! what rapturous admiration would she be viewed with even by the latest posterity ! How shining and how distinguished would be the place allotted to her among the illustrious ladies, who derive their blood from the Counts of Carlsheim and Sargans.

Elizabeth to Conrad.

Conrad, what am I to think of you ?
—you almost adopted in your first letters to me the tone of adoration ; I was a “ model of female constancy ;” I was “ an unequalled woman.” In your last, the secret seems to have escaped you, “that nothing but the prepossession of a fascinated husband could have made me what I am.”

I guess your views : you hope to draw from me some decision favorable to the claims of the Damsels of Werdenberg ; but in truth I am not arrived at such high excellence in the science of self denial, It is easy, my good Abbot,
to


to give away half our property out of pure *generosity*, even though we meet in return with nothing but ingratitude; but it is hard, *very* hard to bestow that same half on those who think they have a *title* to it, even though all the universe should admire and praise us for. . . . having done our *duty*.

My brother Oswald, who has arrived here within these few days, salutes you, and recommends himself to your prayers.

Conrad to Elizabeth.

I was certain, before I read the conclusion of your letter, that Count Oswald was not far from you : uninfluenced, never could Elizabeth have suffered her hand to trace such words ! Go then, ye innocent victims of slander, even from the generous Elizabeth have ye nothing to hope ! she terms you “ the Damsels of Werdenberg,” without recollecting that *another* name would have belonged to you, had not fortune robbed you of it in order to confer it upon *her*. Go then, go, thou gentle Constantia ; go too, afflicted and much belied Ida ; increase the number of the
unfortunate

unfortunate ladies of Sargans, and live upon the bounty of the vassals of your forefathers : the heiress of Torrenburg has nothing to bestow upon you, not even unavailing pity; of justice I will not speak. Under what climate of Heaven you now exist, Elizabeth knows not, asks not, cares not !




Elizabeth to Conrad.

I have long remarked one fault in you, my good Abbot; you generally press your point too eagerly, and thus ruin the cause which you support, with those whose natural inclinations would have disposed them otherwise to do what you require. Not that this is the case with *me*; to convince you of which, I now entreat you for the present, and *only* for the present, to be silent on a subject which (from causes as yet unknown to you) pains my heart most cruelly. I am not ignorant of Constantia's abode; as to Ida. . . . yet why should I concern myself about the Damsels of Werdenberg?

Werdenberg? If (as you assert) I have robbed them of a name which but for me would have belonged to them, *they* perhaps have deprived me of *another*, which was more precious to me than my life; a name, which was the long-wished-for goal of all my fondest hopes; a name, for which I would have exchanged the high-sounding title of "heiress of Torrenburg," God knows how willingly!

Suffer me to chuse another subject—you seem to be well acquainted with the annals of the family with which I am become connected by marriage; it is certain at least, that neither in your conversations or letters have I ever heard you mention the knights and ladies of the houses of Carlsheim and Sargans, without

without applying to them some striking epithet. Even in your very last epistles, "the unfortunate ladies,"—"the illustrious ladies of Sargans,"—were mentioned. Who were these remarkable personages, and what were their misfortunes? If it lies in your power to give me any account of them, you will oblige me by making them the subject of your future letters. Otherwise I am necessitated to request a temporary interruption of our correspondence, as I am not desirous of reading more upon the subject which of late has employed your pen.



Conrad to Elizabeth.

The annals of the ladies of Sargans are in the possession of the Abbess of Zurich, whose convent you at present inhabit. I can myself do no more than furnish you with a short supplement to this family history, and which I will readily transmit to you, whenever you think proper to renew a correspondence, which ceases for the present with this letter.

Elizabeth to Count Oswald of March.

I have offended our good old Conrad: the correspondence which I have kept up for so many years with the faithful instructor of my childhood is at length laid aside; and many a vacant hour as this instructive intercourse has beguiled, I yet must confess, I am not sorry that it has ceased for the present. Conrad latterly began to press me too hard upon a subject, on which (in compliance, dear brother, with your advice) I am determined not to come to any hasty determination. Ah! the point would have been determined long ago, had I not been compelled to hesitate by your
friendly

friendly representations and the weakness of my own heart !

And yet, dear Oswald, to confess the truth, the latter had more influence with me than the former. Paint to me in as brilliant colours as you chuse the advantage of being sovereign lady of such an extensive territory ; ah ! can the empty pride of governing a turbulent ungrateful people restore to me the ruined tranquillity of my heart ? My wealth and power were even beyond my wishes, unaided by the liberal bequest of my dear, my partial husband ; and long ago should Constantia have enjoyed those rights to which (so at least they say) her claim is undoubted, were it not that Ida must necessarily have shared in the good-fortune of her sister ;

sister ; Ida, who stole from me the heart of Montfort ! Ida, who trampled on the fondest wishes of my soul ! No ! that thought is not to be endured ! The wanton arts of that perfidious girl forced me from the bosom of my Henry into the aged arms of the Count of Torrenburg : now then let her enjoy the fruits of her good deed ! Gratitude taught me to love Frederick, and to forget Henry ; but to reward these traitors for having so successfully betrayed me ; to enrich them with all that has been bestowed on me by the last will of the excellent possessor. . . this is a pitch of heroic virtue, of which I can be capable but in a very few moments of romantic enthusiasm. In one of those moments, *you*, dear Oswald, came to my assistance, roused
me

me from my dream of heroism, dissipated the vapours which bewildered my senses, and now you may rest secure that I shall make no rash resolutions -

I confess, the Abbot helped to give your advice effect, by preaching to me such endless sermons about *justice*. What then, my good Conrad? the conferring happiness on those perfidious hypocrites by whom my confidence has been so cruelly abused, this sacrifice which but to think upon makes all my long-inflicted wounds bleed afresh, all this would be nothing more than an every-day performance of a positive duty? Is this the way to estimate one of the most difficult tasks of self-victory that ever was prescribed to the heart of a woman?

Agitated

Agitated as are my present feelings, I dare not trust myself to be much alone. I seek every where for subjects of amusement, but find every where ennui. You, my kind friend, are at a distance, and my epistolary communication with Conrad, to which I have been so long accustomed, has for the present ceased entirely. Yet the good Abbot, to whom I am already under such obligations, is also in *this* instance the cause of my looking forward to some future means of rescuing myself from this state of tedious indolence.

In hopes of leading him away from a topic, which I am at present unwilling to discuss, I reminded him of the antient histories of the Counts of Carlshheim and Sargans; and I requested him

him to make them the subject of his future correspondence—you know, the old man is generally delighted to find an opportunity of talking over such matters ; but just now he is too much offended with me, and too much occupied with a different business, to permit himself to be lured away from his point by this little artifice. He has coldly referred me for information to the Abbess of Zurich ; and the want of other amusement has actually induced me to apply to her on this subject, which, when I first took it up, was merely a pretence for relieving myself from the pressure of Conrad's too urgent solicitations.

The Abbess as yet has only given me distant hopes that my curiosity shall be indulged ; but by dint of repeated petitions,

titions, I trust I shall persuade her to communicate to me these "important and remarkable writings," as the Abbess calls them. Should I succeed, I shall not fail, oh! most learned of all knights of the present day! to lay whatever seems worthy of attention before your philosophical eyes.

*Sigisbert, Bishop of Coira, to the Abbot
Conrad.*

Without attempting further to influence her conduct, let Elizabeth be permitted to act according to her own pleasure : I know her motives ; I know that in the end we shall have reason to be satisfied with her. I am informed also, that she has already taken some such steps towards settling this important business as will bear but one interpretation. Letters have been received from her by our friend the Senechal, a man whose superior probity is not to be found in Zurich ; in these letters Elizabeth explains the

whole transaction, requests him to act as an impartial judge, and engages to obey his decision blindly. You know well the venerable Albert Reding, to whose justice the whole country refers every dispute of consequence ; think you, he will decide to the disadvantage of innocence ? Not that I have obtained my knowledge of these secret particulars from Albert himself, the delicacy of whose opinions on this species of confidence is extreme. In truth, he carries that delicacy so far, that he anxiously avoids mentioning the disputes between the Countess and her vassals, and endeavours, when others speak of them, to listen with a cold indifferent air : but I read plainly on his serious brow that he meditates deeply on the subject ; he weighs .

weighs the bequest of Count Frederick, and the situation of the unfortunate sisters, and I can prophecy to which side the balance will incline. He, who never yet gave an unfair judgment ; he, who has never deserved to have an appeal made from his decision, cannot surely pronounce erroneously upon a business like this.

Your intention of laying before Elizabeth's eyes the whole history of the rejected heiresses of Torrenburg is well imagined, and may produce a good effect : but what shall I say to you respecting your imprudence, in advising her to inspect the private annals of the house of Sargans ? My good-but inconsiderate friend, are you then ignorant of the part which your Abbey plays in

these memorials of the days of yore? Is it adviseable, think you, to lay before the laity the transgressions of the church? Let us rejoice, that we walk ourselves in the paths of virtue, without endeavouring to make our own merits appear more shining, by contrasting them with the crimes of our predecessors.

Yet I know well, that so mean a design was far from the thoughts of my good Conrad; he has only erred through want of consideration. I shall immediately endeavour, if possible, to repair your fault; already must letters from me have reached the Abbess of Zurich, and I hope that Elizabeth will not be suffered to peruse a single line of the papers.

It is but a short time since these curious

Memoirs

Memoirs were in my possession ; and I can assure you (if, as I take for granted, you are not already conscious of it) they contain many circumstances, which for the honour of the Abbey of Curwald, and (with grief I write it) for that of some of my own ancestors, had better remain for ever unknown.

Elizabeth to Count Oswald.

In vain do I strive to turn my thoughts from Montfort ; the reflection " what is to become of him " occupies my mind incessantly. Alas ! there was a time, when I loved him with such passion ! when there was nothing which I would, not have given to purchase for him one moment's happiness ! and now, oh ! what a change ! *she*, who once was ready to sacrifice for this Montfort every thing, even the affection of a warning brother, who saw deeper into the deceiver's heart than herself ; *she* now hesitates, by giving up a few superfluous miles of territory and some high-sounding

sounding empty titles, to rescue him from the very abyss of misery and ruin!— and all this change in her heart is produced by the sole reflection, that Montfort's prosperity would now be shared no longer with herself. Oh! Elizabeth! Elizabeth! thou hast a groveling soul! thy passion for Henry, so falsely called heroic, was nothing better than mere self-love!

Chide me not, dear brother, for this want of resolution; I am conscious the expression of such feelings must be little expected by you after the temper of mind, in which you saw me when we parted: but you know not the dreadful contest between affection and duty, which has but lately been excited in my bosom—what! Henry imprisoned by

his uncle, as a punishment for having bestowed his heart on the portionless Ida? Henry, commanded by the incensed Count de Monfort to purchase liberty by offering me his hand? What then, do I live to see my nuptial bed made the alternative of a dungeon? Oswald! Oswald! oh! what a humiliation for the proud Elizabeth, let what is required of him be refused or accepted by Henry!—as for myself, my resolution is fixed; but yet, through respect for you and your counsels, it has not been fixed till after mature deliberation. I will not have the appearance of acting either from an impulse of extravagant generosity, or from that spirit of refined vengeance, which induces us to crush our enemies under the load of obligations:

obligations : no ; I will do nothing but my *duty*. I have submitted the whole affair to the decision of an impartial judge : I will ascertain exactly how much I *ought* to do for the Damsels of Werdenberg, and exactly that much will I do, without desiring to be thanked by any one. What would be my feelings, Oswald. . . . Heaven and Earth ! what would be my feelings, were I to hear Montfort thank me for having *kindly* facilitated his union with his beloved Ida !

Elizabeth to Oswald.

My brother, we will in future chuse other subjects for discussion : Montfort and Ida ought now to hold a place no longer in my private thoughts, nor shall their names be ever again traced by my pen. To banish these spectres which haunt my mind so fearfully, and bury them for ever in oblivion, or at least only to remember them with contempt, surely I need but to recall that memorable day, when my dear exasperated brother forgave the lovesick-girl's elopement, her elopement with this deceitful Montfort ; when he promised still to acknowledge her as his sister, and
condescended


condescended to make known to the traitor with his own lips, that Count Oswald would not disdain to honour and esteem him as his sister's husband—and then let me remember, how Henry led the proud Elizabeth in triumph to the altar; and how at the very moment that he prepared to swear to her eternal constancy, the irrevocable word refused to pass his lips, because. . . . because among her attendants he discovered a face, whose features seemed to him more lovely than his bride's.

Oh! when I recollect these circumstances, my brother! the Damsels of Werdenberg, the chosen friends of my bosom, were invited to place the nuptial garland on my brow, and the false ones tore it in pieces, and trampled it under
c. 6 their

their feet. With what a look of horror and aversion did Henry throw away my hand ! He affected to be suddenly indisposed too ! oh ! 'twas a mere pretence ! his midnight flight from the Castle, and his consternation at hearing, that those perfidious girls were gone, ought to have left me no doubt upon the subject ; yet I suspected nothing till the cruel news arrived, that Ida's fate was as closely connected with Henry's, as I once had flattered myself to have seen my own.

Again I repeat it, I will discuss this subject no longer. My prayers had once the power of soothing Oswald's vengeance and saving the offender's life ; shall my lamentations excite afresh that sleeping vengeance ?—No ! I will
be

be silent!—I thank you, dear Oswald,
for all your kindness; still love Eliza-
beth, but strive not to avenge her.



Elizabeth to Oswald.

I doubt whether I act wisely in writing to you so often? a less interesting occupation would conduce more to the tranquillity of my bosom, and such an occupation am I earnestly endeavouring to procure. A visit to the Abbess, for the purpose of renewing my entreaties respecting the annals of Sargans, has exalted my curiosity to the very highest pitch. I am sensible, that anxiety to learn the sufferings of those who have been as unfortunate as myself, alleviates the weight of my own afflictions.

The Abbess appeared to be undecided
whether

whether she should indulge me with a sight of these writings, which she had already been drawn into an half promise to communicate.

—“ My dear lady,” said she smiling, “ had you not rather obtain a personal knowledge of those ladies, who are treated of in these moth-eaten ill-written leaves, and whose adventures, or at least as much of them as deserves your attention, I can myself relate to you concisely?—Look !” she continued, at the same time removing a silken curtain which extended itself over the whole western side of her closet ; “ look ! here are the portraits of the most remarkable among those celebrated ladies, respecting whose lives some idle person has contrived to make you so inquisitive. I confess,

confess, I *do* possess the writings in question ; but believe me, daughter, they are buried under such a heap of uninteresting papers relating to different matters, that to explore them would be too tedious a task for the leisure of an anchoret or the patience of a saint."

I stood silent, and listened, and looked ; but in truth the speaking portraits of these females, the most lovely and excellent of their day, and the interesting fragments of their annals which escaped from the Abbess of Zurich as she pointed them out to me by name, were by no means likely to cure me of my inclination to know more of their adventures.

You are not the only one of the family, Oswald, who possesses the talent of persuasion ; your sister too inherits
some

some little portion of that for which her brother is so remarkable. I conquered ; and before evening arrived, I had the satisfaction to see brought into my chamber a large iron chest, which contained materials of sufficient interest to steal me from my own sorrows, and transport me into a different world from that in which I am existing—oh ! how delightful is it for a wounded heart thus to steal itself away from the theatre of its afflictions !

Elizabeth to Oswald.

The morning broke, and found me still occupied in examining the moth-eaten parchments; selecting those which appeared to be the most interesting, and separating them from the rest, which I purposed to reserve for a future opportunity. It was fortunate, that I did not delay this examination till the next day. Scarcely were the nuns returned from matins, when my treasure was redemanded of me. *The* Abbess came to make excuses in person. She talked of secrets regarding the Convent, and the commands of the Bishop of Coira, though

though, as far as I can make out, the *great lady* (for such is the appellation which the nuns give the Domina of Zurich) is totally independent of him. She might as well have spared her apologies; I was angry, and scarcely could prevail on myself to answer her with common politeness. She had broken her word with me; and therefore I feel but little compunction for having over-reached her, and kept back several of the writings, which I had previously laid aside. They happen to be exactly those (at least I hope so) which the sight of those portraits in the Domina's closet had made me most anxious to examine.

One parcel consists of the Memoirs of Urania Venosta; she is pale, and a black veil half conceals her features; yet
the

the grief which is exprest in her countenance (the picture represents her in the decline of life) has still left her charms sufficient to make us guess, how perfect must have been her beauty while yet in the full bloom of youth.

Another packet contains some account of the unfortunate Adelaide, lady of the Beacon-Tower ; she was a daughter of the house of Carlsheim, and had resolution enough to attend upon her unfortunate husband till his last breath, which he was doomed to breathe out upon the scaffold ! Adelaide only left the place of execution to lay herself down, and die.

I possess also the adventures of two Damsels of Sargans, who particularly arrested my attention yesterday in the closet of the Domina—The picture represented

presented them as two solitary pilgrims, both imprest with beauty and innocence in every feature—features, which seemed to be not totally unknown to me, and which even recalled those to my memory, which my partial friendship once viewed with such fond admiration, while gazing on Constantia and her perfidious sister !—They were represented, as wandering on a barren mountain covered with snow, and endeavouring with inexpressible anxiety in different quarters to discover an out-let from this desolate pass, where they must inevitably perish, unless some higher power should graciously interpose in their behalf. In truth, I fancied that I could discover in the back-ground of the picture a faint shadow, which seemed to beckon one
of

the poor wanderers to advance: probably it meant to convey the idea of a guardian angel, or a saint, who had descended from Heaven to guide the distressed pilgrims out of this fearful labyrinth.

Besides these, I have kept back several other fragments of less interest, which I shall not examine, till all those which I have mentioned have been gone through, and their contents communicated to you, dear Oswald. Into the bargain, the Domina (in hopes, I suppose, of softening my resentment) sent me by the hands of a lay-sister the life of one of her predecessors, who had also belonged to the family of Sargans, and respecting whom she thought, that what she had told me respecting her wisdom

and

and piety, must needs have powerfully excited my curiosity. I took the ponderous roll of parchment with many thanks ; I have already ran through it, and returned it, for it contained nothing except that this worthy Abbess was not only a saint, but was also a woman of great learning ; that she had sacrificed to the Muses at the same time with Walter of Vogelfeld, the Counts of Hapsburg and Welsh-Neuburg, the Abbot of Einsiedel, and the Bishop of Constance, and had carried off the prize from those distinguished Authors ; and finally, that she had instituted a weekly meeting of literati at the house of Rudiger Manstein, the burgo-master of Zurich.

These particulars possess very few
 charms

charms for me ; and the moment that I was left to myself, I had recourse to my precious stolen treasure, of which I shall immediately communicate to you as much, as I have as yet had leisure to peruse. Oh ! my kind Oswald, will you not blame me, when I confess, that even this interesting occupation was insufficient to banish Montfort from my mind ? Yet to waste another thought on this paragon of human perfidy is too great a weakness—I will return to my parchments, in hopes to collect from the sorrows of others resolution enough to endure my own with patience.

PART THE SECOND.

MEMOIRS
OF
URANIA VENOSTA.

It affords the mind a melancholy pleasure to look back in the evening of life, and contemplate the path which conducted us to that place of-shelter, where tranquillity awaits us, and which at length appears in sight. Yet in such a moment we obtain but an imperfect

VOL. I.

D

view

view of the scenes through which we past; and the sensations which we at the time experienced, have already lost much of their poignancy. The chillness of approaching night makes us almost forget our sufferings, while toiling under the heat of the mid-day sun; and our eye glides easily along the deep vallies in which we feared to lose our way, and over the lofty mountains which it cost us so much labour to ascend—The whole now seems blended together, and we perceive scarcely any thing but a level surface; for the distance of those objects which we have left behind, and the darkness growing deeper with every moment, delude our eyes, and hide from us almost every thing, which once inspired us with such well-founded terror.

Alas !

Alas! the *pleasures* of our pilgrimage are lost to us, as well as its difficulties and its dangers! we no longer see the flowers of the vale, in which we loitered; we hear no more the murmur of the brook, whose clear streams refreshed us when fainting with fatigue and thirst! we retain of the whole but one sensation; that the whole is *past*!—and we wonder not a little, when the transient recollection of former events occasionally flits before us, how such trifles could have possessed the power of affecting us with violence so extreme.

Such are our feelings in the decline of life; feelings which you too, beloved-ones, for whom I trace these lines, which you, my Amalberga, and you, my gentle Emmeline, will experience at the

appointed hour. Alas ! before the hour arrives, you must wander through a long and painful way, counting many a step of toil, and many a tear of sorrow : I feel it to be my duty once more to examine the road by which I have past myself ; and by explaining to you the obstacles which impeded me in my progress, I hope to enable you to overcome those, which may present themselves before you in your own.

The spring of my life was bright and lovely. I was educated with the most illustrious young women of the age, and numbered the children of sovereigns among my play-mates. The daughters of the Count of Hapsburg lived with me like sisters ; and even when Rudolf was elected Emperor, and the
father

father's elevation authorized them to expect to share the thrones of the first Sovereigns of Europe, still did our friendship continue in full force. What have innocence and inexperienced youth to do with dignity and grandeur? Things of this nature only furnished us with a subject for mirth; we past in review the Princes, both young and old, who solicited the good graces of the Emperor's daughters; we discussed freely their merits and defects, portioned them out among our society, and amused ourselves with jesting at the unfortunate maiden, to whom the worst lot fell. The number of these illustrious suitors was seven; and as the Princesses with myself made exactly the same number, I

necessarily came in for my share in this allotment.

Unfortunately, what at first was mere jesting at length became serious. The Duke of Saxony, who at his first arrival seemed to limit all his wishes to the possession of the Princess Matilda, (Rudolf's eldest daughter,) began to imagine, that her companion Urania was the superior beauty of the two. As it was generally believed (both on account of the uniformity which prevailed in our society, and of our never being separated) that I was the sister of my friends, the Duke thought it a matter of very little consequence, to which of the Emperor's daughters he paid his addresses; and he showed his election in my favour so plainly

plainly and so publicly, that Rudolf ordered me to quit his court. My removal was so sudden, that no step could be taken by the Duke in this important business : my father had fallen in the late popular convulsions at Basle ; I had never known my mother ; I was consigned to the guardianship of an uncle, who had purchased considerable possessions in the neighbourhood of the Rhætian Alps, where he resided far from the tumult of the court in freedom and tranquillity.

Count Leopold Venosta received me with open arms. Painful as had been my separation from the friends of my childhood, still I was not insensible to the charm of being released from the chains of court etiquette, even though

the chains which I had borne had been so light and easy. The air of liberty fanned my cheeks at every step I took; the peasants of Rætia (who had now almost universally shaken off the fetters of their lordly masters) celebrated on all sides the feast of freedom, and invited the neighbouring inhabitants of the Valteline to participate in their happiness. Oh! what delightful scenes were these for a young and feeling heart!—and yet I had not sufficient experience to perceive their whole beauty and singularity.—Too often is liberty purchased dearly by the effusion of blood; and joy at obtaining the so long wished-for blessing is sullied by melancholy recollections of the means, by which that blessing was obtained. In
this

this instance, it was the reward of temperance and industry, which had at length succeeded in their efforts to burst the chains of luxury and oppression. Knights and Monks, the former owners of these possessions, had long indulged without reflection or restraint every caprice of their voluptuous fancies, till they became the debtors of their own vassals ; who in the mean while had been advancing silently towards their grand object through diligence in labour and propriety in morals, and now were able to set at defiance those, whose slaves and victims they had been so long. The impoverished libertines found themselves without resource ; they were obliged to rest contented with bestowing angry looks on their enfranchised

chised vassals, as often as accident brought them in their way, and with indulging their spleen in intemperate railing at (what *they* termed) the caprice of fortune.

But Count Leopold belonged not to the number of these reduced Lords. His opulence grew with every day; his possessions were increased by the purchase of those, which the debts of his neighbours compelled them to dispose of. Neither had the country reason to lament, that so much power was concentrated in his hands.

He allowed his vassals sufficient independence to prevent their sighing after a greater share of freedom; he parcelled out some of his estates into small farms, and bestowed them on the most industrious

trious among his people; he even induced several of the inhabitants of the Valteline to settle upon his possessions, by allotting to them a portion of valuable but hitherto uncultivated land, which liberally replaced to them what little they abandoned in their own distracted country.

Oh! believe me, my children, the occupation renders us almost equal to the angels, when we employ our power in bidding some desert teem with harvest, and making it the habitation of happy creatures! I have witnessed many of these transformations, which the Princes of the earth could produce so often and so easily, had they but the inclination. It is in their power to copy the benevolence and might of the Creator; but they choose rather to imitate his chastising justice,

tice, to convert the dwellings of men into heaps of stones, and to pour a deluge of blood over the smiling fruitful vallies.

Among the Lords of that part of Switzerland, whose chief possessions now belonged to my uncle, the Counts of Carlsheim held the most distinguished place. Ethelbert (the only remaining descendant of this family, at least as far as we knew) scarcely inherited from his father the tenth part of that property, which once belonged to his forefathers. Grief and vexation had bowed the young man to the ground; he sought to improve his fortune by entering into the service of foreign princes, failed in the attempt, and returned sorrowing to repair the ruined castles which still were his own, and

and to collect the fragments of his fallen greatness. He had no reason to reproach *himself* as the author of his distress; yet the consciousness of his situation and the feelings of wounded pride kept him in a constant state of humiliation, which became particularly painful at the sight of those, who had established their prosperity on the ruins of that of the house of Carlshelm.

Influenced by these sentiments, did Ethelbert most studiously avoid all intercourse with my uncle. On none of those occasions, which usually bring knights and noblemen together, did he ever appear, if there was the slightest probability of Count Leopold's being present; and in spite of all my uncle's ~~endeavours~~ to form an acquaintance with

with this young warrior, (for whom more reasons than one induced him to feel a lively interest,) still would his efforts in all likelihood have failed of success, had not a circumstance occurred, which absolutely enjoined their meeting, and which was the first link of a connexion which. . . dare I say it? . . . which should never have been formed. Yet the ordinations of eternal Wisdom ought not to be censured: I press my finger on my lip, and am silent.

In the bosom of a tranquil valley situated near the Rhine rose the walls of a monastery, which in point of wealth was only inferior to the monks of Saint Basil in Solothurn, and to the valuable endowments and extensive possessions of the Great Lady of Zurich. Since time immemorial had this district belonged to

to the Lords of Carlsheim; and they were so conscious of its worth, that when they sold the rest of their estates beyond the power of redemption, they had only parted with this as a pledge. My uncle had already entered without success into various negotiations with Count Werner (Ethelbert's father) on this subject; and after the old man's death, he had found his son equally determined never to relinquish entirely his right to "the jewel of the land," for such was the popular name of the Cloister in the Wood. Various means were proposed to my uncle (several by the monks themselves) for subduing the obstinacy of the original possessor: but Leopold's tender conscience thought some unjust, and some unfeeling, and every thing remained as it was.

—"Let

—“ Let us not,” he always answered, when prest upon this subject, “ let us not rob this young man of the flattering hope, that by means of his claims on this delightful territory he may one day be enabled to get a firm footing in the land of his once opulent inheritance ! I will not be the man who deprives him of it ; far more willingly would I lend him my aid towards realizing his expectations, were I assured that he is really the character for which I take him. In the mean while, let him continue to feast his imagination with the hope, of one day enjoying the treasures said to be buried in the Abbey of Curwald, and with the rest of those chimeras which have been painted to me in such brilliant colours for the purpose of seducing me
to

to seize *that* by force of arms, to which without Ethelbert's voluntary agreement I can never possess a satisfactory right."—

It is but too certain, that no means were left untried, which might exasperate my uncle against Ethelbert of Carlsheim; who on *his* side suffered many an interested adviser to assail his ear with similar representations. Things were carried to such a length, that feudal war would certainly have been declared, and the dwellings of tranquillity must have been deluged with an ocean of blood, had not Count Venosta's generosity induced him to give way on all possible occasions.

To talk over calmly these and similar circumstances with Ethelbert in person,
such

such was my uncle's object in endeavouring to throw himself in his way; and the obstinate care, with which the latter avoided every explanation, might as well be ascribed to a sentiment of false pride which made him feel humiliated by Count Venosta's superior wealth, or to the insinuations of ill-disposed advisers, as to envy, or malignity, or any other bad feature in his character. Count Leopold and myself had always made it a rule to consider Ethelbert's actions in the most favourable light. It is true, we had both been long the inhabitants of a court, the proper atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust; but on our first arrival among the frank and honest children of Helvetia, we dismissed those enemies of rural peace

for

for ever, and determined to be open-hearted with those whose hearts were so open to us.

The circumstance which at length brought my uncle and Count Ethelbert together, was a dispute between the monks of Corwald and their Abbot; and which at last was carried to such a pitch, that it became necessary to refer it to the cloister's liege-lord. But who was this same liege-lord? was it Leopold, who was in actual possession of the revenue, or Ethelbert, in whom the legal right still vested? The monks appealed from one to the other over and over again, and at length it became absolutely necessary that a meeting should take place between them, in order that the business might be finally adjusted.

My uncle had never forbidden my interference

ference in matters, which did not exactly fall within the province of women; nor indeed would it have been in my power to remain inactive on this occasion, in which the honour and welfare of those persons who (after my uncle) were most dear to me, were very deeply implicated.

Christian, the persecuted Abbot of Curwald, was my father-confessor; the Prior Matthias, who shared with him the unmerited hatred of the monks, had been my instructor in botany, one of my most favourite studies, and which the Rhætian mountains afforded me every means of cultivating with success. I knew the excellence of both these men, and exerted all the powers of female persuasion, which consist in tears and entreaties,

entreaties, to keep my uncle steady in the interests of my venerable friends.

I was too anxious about the issue of this affair to suffer Count Venosta to go alone to the place, which had been appointed for the interview between him and his rival. Report had informed me, that Ethelbert appeared disposed to protect the persecutors of innocence; I resolved, that he should be made thoroughly aware of the real state of the case; nor could I suppose, that any thing more could be requisite in order to obtain the decision, which I so ardently desired to hear pronounced. I was still to learn, that it is possible to act in opposition to a principle, of whose justice we are thoroughly convinced.

They say, that Female Innocence, forgetful

getful of herself while she is occupied with the interests of others, was never known to supplicate without success. My uncle had exerted all his powers of argument without producing conviction in the bosom of the Count of Carlsheim. He was silent, and I was now permitted to advance a few representations on the subject. I spoke not much ; but I spoke with force and feeling, and I flattered myself, that I could read in Ethelbert's radiant eyes, that what I said had not totally failed of its effect. He answered not ; but he cast on me a look so full of expression, that I felt my cheeks covered with blushes, hastily let fall my veil, and retreated towards my uncle.

—"Count Verosta," said Ethelbert
at

at length, " here is my hand ! decide the business according to your own pleasure. So fair and virtuous a Damsel would never support the cause of guilt ! the discontented monks shall keep their superior—and if the Abbot wishes to secure their obedience for ever, let him only request his powerful advocate to exert upon *them* the same powers of persuasion, which she has just now employed upon *me*, and he cannot fail to obtain his object. Methinks the Man might make himself Lord of the whole universe, would he but use this means, and though loaded with crimes might steal himself into Paradise, covered by the protecting mantle of such a saint.—"

These compliments seemed to me not
less

less free than flattering. A look too of my uncle's informed me, that they were by no means to his taste, and I quitted the room embarrassed and uneasy.

I had the satisfaction to see my friends justified and reinstated in their dignities, in defiance of their numerous foes; but I had also the mortification to experience some consequences of my well-intended interference, which were by no means agreeable. The first was a very severe remonstrance from Count Venosta respecting the ardour, or the importunity as he termed it, with which I had prest my suit upon Ethelbert.

—"Had Urania been a simple Alpine shepherdess," said my uncle, "who, concealed among her native mountains, had
never

never heard of the insolent expectations, which men ground upon the slightest demonstration of female good-will towards them, I might, perhaps, find some excuse for the free tone with which she spoke to a stranger, and the tender expression which she infused into her supplicating looks ; but Urania, educated in a Court, should have been more upon her guard. Handsome as are his features, the Count of Carlsheim's bold and ardent gaze was such as by no means gave me a favourable opinion of his delicacy ; and still less was I pleased by the liberty which he took of addressing you in a strain of flattery so undisguised. Hitherto I have been disposed to entertain a favourable opinion of the young man ; but I confess, what I have

seen of him to-day has shaken my good-will not a little."—

I only answered Count Leopold's warning speech by a respectful silence; and I afterwards reproached myself for the manner in which I had acted, though I was unconscious what I had done, for which I deserved to be reproached. My heart was innocent; my intention was pure; the consequences of the step which I had taken, however, soon convinced me that I had really committed an error.

Ethelbert of Carlsheim, he who, during whole years that my uncle sought to obtain his acquaintance, was never to be found; he, who even now that they were at length known to each other, seemed by no means eager to cultivate a closer
2 intercourse

intercourse with the family of Venosta, from the time of our first meeting presented himself before *me* almost every day. If I sought the neighbouring church, it always so happened that he had chosen exactly the same hour for paying his devotions---if I sat in my balcony, he was sure to ride past the Castle---at the rural feasts, for which among our vassals an excuse was never wanting, and from which I dared not absent myself through fear of mortifying the good people, Ethelbert's hand was always offered to conduct me to the dance. At length it so chanced, that I was under the necessity of confessing that it was to him; that I owed the preservation of my life. One evening as I was proceeding towards the Castle in the twilight, a procession of villagers,

returning from a wedding, happened to cross my path, accompanied by a variety of instruments which produced the most noisy and discordant sounds imaginable. The white banners fluttering before the eyes of my palfrey, and the clattering cymbals which stunned her ears, caused her to take fright and set off at full speed; and in all probability she would have dashed with me from the brow of a neighbouring precipice, to which she was hastening, had not Count Ethelbert fortunately heard my shrieks. He rescued me from my danger, and in return had the happiness (as he called it) to accompany me back to the Castle, and took an opportunity to make by the way a declaration of the most passionate affection.

Another

Another time, late at night I was alarmed by a fire breaking out in my antichamber, and the flames spread with sufficient rapidity to make me swoon through terror. When I recovered, I found myself supported by Count Ethelbert, who advised me to save myself by flight from the threatening danger, and seemed perfectly ready to assist me in putting his advice in execution. However, as I had now regained my presence of mind sufficiently to see, that there was no absolute necessity for taking such a step, my flight extended no further than to my uncle's chamber, whither I requested to be conveyed without delay.

Leopold received my preserver with marked coldness, and concluded his expressions

expressions of gratitude with enquiring —“ by what strange though fortunate accident he had arrived there so speedily and so exactly at the time, when his assistance was most wanted ?” —Ethelbert in his answer talked much of the good angels who watch over the favourites of Heaven, which my uncle heard without any great appearance of satisfaction ; and as soon as the Count of Carlsheim had taken his departure, I received a very serious lecture respecting him. My uncle was inclined to believe, that the accident which had lately alarmed my palfrey, and the fire which had thrown me under Ethelbert’s protection, were both devices intended to bind me to him by the chains of gratitude. It was at least certain, that no
sooner

sooner had my accident taken place, than the bridal procession disappeared; and the fire had done no other damage, than consuming part of the arras with which my antichamber was hung.

—"If the Count of Carlsheim is anxious to win your affections," said my uncle, "why does he not take the straight road to obtain them? why does he not explain his views respecting you to *me*? there was a time, when I should not have refused you to him, and in which I intended to have done an act of justice by making him once more lord over the possessions of his ancestors, by giving him the hand of Urania, the future heiress of Carlsheim and Sargans."—

I knew not, what intelligence or what

accusations could have induced Count
 (who was generally so much
 to think well of every one) so
 to view Ethelbert's actions in an
 light. As for myself, I
 these accusations by no means
 confidence; and I strove to
 excuses for the conduct of a man,
 who every time that I saw him made a
 stronger impression on my heart, and
 who daily rendered it more difficult for
 me to suspect him of any thing wrong.

Ethelbert of Carlsheim was unfortu-
 nate, and had been deprived of the
 best part of those possessions, which
 to have been his birth right;
 alone would have been a sufficient
 cause for my viewing him with inter-
 est; but how much was that interest
 increased

increased by the discovery, that he employed the little power, which he still possessed, in relieving the misfortunes of others; and that by the protection which he granted the oppressed, he had himself incurred the animosity of many powerful foes? what could be more noble and more generous than such a proceeding, and how was it possible to suppose, that a man who could act thus, could ever deserve the most distant appearance of suspicion?

Edith, Countess of Mayenfield, was compelled to fly from her castle, by her bitter enemy the ambitious Abbot of St. Gall: she was a widow, and there were suspicions (and those no slight ones) that she was indebted for the removal of her husband to a present of

wine from the cellar of this dignified prelate. Willingly would he have also sacrificed the unprotected lady, who was the more dangerous obstacle to the enjoyment of his hopes, inasmuch as she was daily expected to produce a child, which (if a son) would be entitled to the whole possessions of his deceased father.

Edith therefore was compelled to seek safety in flight; the time of her delivery was near; she was beset with enemies on all sides; nor could she doubt what would be the fate of herself and her offspring, should he fall into the Abbot's hands. In this dreadful situation she summoned up all her courage, and under the protecting mantle of the night employed the only means
of

of saving herself from destruction, which the severity of her fate had now left her. Her wearied horses refused to bear her further, and she was still far distant from the place, in which she hoped to find shelter and assistance. She doubted not, that the Abbot would pursue her ; not a moment was to be lost ; she quitted her litter, and resolved to prosecute her painful way on foot, unaccompanied except by her orphan daughter, the young and lovely Minna. She ordered her attendants to pursue their journey with as much diligence as possible, hoping by this artifice to lead her pursuers astray. As for herself, she determined to conceal herself in the depth of the forest, thinking she should find

there some retired cottage, in which she might recover herself from anxiety and fatigue, and give birth in tranquil security to her unfortunate fatherless infant. As to being betrayed to her tyrant, she was too well acquainted with the honest and benevolent temper of the inhabitants of these mountains to harbour any apprehensions on that head.

The paths through which she wandered were solitary. At length the trampling of a steed was heard; and soon after a knight, unaccompanied, presented himself before the unfortunate lady, who, supported by the powerless hand of the youthful Minna, was scarcely able to prevent herself from sinking on the ground: this solitary knight was

Count

Count Ethelbert; he was returning from the chase, and had sent his attendants forward.

The Countess of Mayenfield found it unnecessary to represent to him, how much her situation required assistance, or to explain her name and the dangers which still menaced her. Before she had time to request his services, Ethelbert was already occupied in serving her : his pealing horn soon collected his attendants round him. A slight but easy litter was constructed with all diligence; and before an hour elapsed, the fugitives rejoiced to find themselves within the sheltering walls of a castle, whose strength was capable of defying the malice of their enemies, in case they should

should attempt to deprive them forcibly of their friendly retreat.

It so happened that Count Venosta also had dedicated this same day to the chase: the sport had enticed him to a distance from home. Midnight had long been past; and I still sat at my spinning wheel surrounded by my maidens, waiting with most anxious expectation for my uncle's return. A thousand painful thoughts and confused images glanced across my imagination, in which, as usual, Count Ethelbert was not forgotten; suddenly the folding doors of my chamber were thrown open, and the object of my thoughts stood before me, almost breathless through haste and anxiety.

—"Dear lady," said he, "I come to
ask

ask a boon of you. A guest of no mean rank has arrived at my castle, and there is no female there to bid her welcome : a litter waits at your door ; suffer me to entreat that you will let it convey you to my residence.”—

—“ Sir Knight, are you in your senses? This extraordinary request.”—

—“ Is the boldest, the most unpardonable, that fancy can imagine : but judge by the want of preparation with which I propose it, how urgent is the necessity for its being gratified without delay.—”

The Count of Carlsheim had by no means chosen the most fortunate moment for obtaining any favour at all from me, much less one of so extraordinary

dinary a nature. In solitude I had reflected calmly and seriously on my uncle's warning: the frightened palfrey, and the fire so easily extinguished, came into my head; and the uneasiness in which Count Venosta's absence had obliged me to pass the last hours, by no means inclined me to view these circumstances so much to Ethelbert's advantage as usual: at that moment I saw him with my uncle's eyes; and of course this proposal appeared to me as nothing but a most bare-faced attempt on my lover's part to betray me into his power.

—"You are offended?" said Ethelbert, who read displeasure strongly painted on my every feature; "well then! I must have recourse to a more eloquent pleader."—

Saying,

Saying this, he hastened into the anti-chamber, and returned with a little beautiful child, whose countenance expressed the deepest anxiety and sorrow, and whose blue eyes filled with tears strengthened the impression, which was made on me by her unexpected appearance.

—“ Ah ! dear good lady ! ” said the little mourner, while she sank on her knees before me, and kist my hand ; “ I entreat you, do what this knight requests of you ! My mother and myself are alone in a gloomy castle, where there are none but stern-looking men, with great beards and heavy swords ; and my mother is so very ill ! and she asked so anxiously, ‘ was there no lady who would comfort and assist her in
her

her sickness!' and then this knight who, saved us from dying in the forest, answered, that he knew a lady whom he loved as his sister, and that he would bring her to my mother, if she could be persuaded to follow him; and then he took me along with him, that I might help to prevail on you to come and be kind to my poor mother: and now I am here, you *will* be prevailed on; I am sure of it, because you look on me so kindly! Come, dear good lady! Come!"—

I kist the pretty suppliant without thoroughly comprehending what it was that she requested me to do, and cast an inquiring look upon Ethelbert. He related his adventure with the Countess of Mayenfield in so interesting a manner, that

that it was impossible for me to hesitate a moment longer, as to what course I should pursue. Indeed, the history of this unfortunate lady was not unknown to me, when Ethelbert mentioned her name: her misfortunes had for some time been the general subject of conversation, and had already cost me many a sympathising tear, and many an ardent wish to find some means of giving her assistance.

I was deaf to all the suggestions of prudence, and threw myself into the litter, wishing that I could have given the horses wings, so eager was I to reach the illustrious sufferer. My nurse accompanied me; a discreet and benevolent woman, who was likely to be of much more use to the Countess than myself.

So

So completely was I occupied by my anxiety for the poor lady, that I scarcely paid any attention to Ethelbert's tender expressions of gratitude, or to the representations of my nurse, who hinted to me with some appearance of discontent, that I had acted with rather too much rashness in this business; she assured me, that *her* presence at the Castle of Carlsheim would be quite sufficient without my giving myself the trouble to go there; and she confessed, that she thought Count Venosta would have good reason to be offended at finding on his return home, that I had quitted his house during his absence with a young knight, in spite of darkness and an heavy fall of snow.

We reached the Castle; the sight of
us.

us served to give new life to the exhausted lady, who surrounded by none but men had met with but sorry attendance. She embraced me, and called me by the tender name of sister. I soon confided her to the care of my nurse, and quitted her chamber for the purpose of making arrangements for her treatment; and I gave my directions in a tone of as much earnestness, as had I been in my uncle's castle. Anxiety about the Countess made me take the whole business upon my own hands; I saw nothing extraordinary in what I was doing, and could by no means conceive, why Count Ethelbert's people examined me with looks of such surprize; nor why he was himself always by my side, expressing the most excessive
delight

delight and satisfaction at every thing that I did, and loading me with such a profusion of thanks, that it was utterly impossible for me to ascribe them all the interest, which he felt about an unfortunate guest.

Before day-break, Edith became the mother of a boy; and never did another mother feel equal rapture with hers, when for the first time she pressed him to her bosom. In this new-born babe she embraced not merely a child, but the future conqueror of her foes, and the preserver of her family. Nothing more than the birth of this boy was necessary to destroy every claim of the avaricious Abbot of Gall upon Mayenfield, and reduce him to the condition of a feudal vassal.

pendent. Count Ethelbert on *his* part neglected not to spread abroad the news of the birth of a young Count of Mayenfield, and to invite through his heralds both friends and foes to convince themselves by their eyes of the existence of this infant nobleman.

Count Venosta had experienced no trifling anxiety on being informed of my midnight excursion, the motive of which no one was able to explain to his satisfaction. He determined to examine into the real nature of the transaction himself; accordingly the first sunbeams saw him cross the drawbridge of Ethelbert's castle, accompanied by his whole train of hunters, whom he had ordered to hold themselves prepared for a serious engagement, in case
the

the nature of things should make it necessary to come to hostilities.

The Count of Carlsheim was already abroad, employed in business which regarded the adventure of the past night. My uncle found me sitting by the bed-side of the newly-delivered Countess, whose ardent thanks for the assistance, which I had afforded her, instantly removed every trace of anger from his brow; and the severe lecture which he intended to bestow on me, was softened into a gentle remonstrance against my acting in general with too much precipitation.

Ethelbert returned; he shared with my uncle and myself the office of presenting the new-born heir of Mayenfield at the baptismal fount, and we gave
the

the child its father's name, Ludolf. From motives of propriety, we were all anxious to remove the invalid (who earnestly entreated me not to abandon her) to my uncle's castle; but she was at first too weak to bear the journey, and I was under the necessity of submitting for some time longer to act as the mistress of Count Ethelbert's castle.

Now then affairs wore that appearance, which I am convinced it had always been my lover's plan to give them. Doubtless had he thought proper, he might have contrived to show his fair guest all the duties of hospitality without any interference of mine: but he eagerly made use of the opportunity which presented itself, to draw me into a more intimate connection.

He endeavoured to convince me by reliance on my humanity of the es which he entertained for *my* chara and at the same time he hoped to spire me with a favourable opinio his own, by making me a daily wi of the noble treatment which he aff to a stranger, who had no claim t protection except her need of it, who could make him no other r for his kindness, except the invo *him* in her own difficulties and dar

Ethelbert's plan succeeded with completely, and even my uncle t to view him in a more favourable Both were equally interested abou Countess, and swore to exert them to the utmost in endeavouring t instate her and her new-born son i

rights, which were still detained from them by the Abbot of St. Gall; the similarity of their objects naturally induced a sort of confidence between them; and Ethelbert lost no opportunity of turning this confidence to the best account. Perhaps he already reckoned himself on the point of obtaining that, which had long been the mark at which he aimed, though he had never acknowledged it in words; namely, the possession of my hand: but my uncle soon gave a fresh proof, that at present he by no means looked forward to, or desired a connection between the families of Carlsheim and Venosta.

The history of my nocturnal journey (many gave it the name of an elopement,) had not been kept a secret; the

situation of the Countess's affairs made it necessary for her to receive several strangers ; they always found me at her side, saw that I acted as the mistress of Count Ethelbert's house, and the remarks to which all this gave occasion were frequently by no means to my credit. Some asserted, that I was already betrothed to the Lord of Carlsheim ; others fabricated out of facts and guesses such a story, as offended my feelings too severely to admit of my repeating it here, and which no sooner came to my uncle's knowledge, than he resolved at all events to remove me from so unusual a situation. The invalid was now sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of a journey ; and an abode in the house of the potent Count Venosta was likely to

to furnish her both with more consequence and security, than she could expect to find at the Castle of Carlshelm.

My uncle and Ethelbert looked gloomily; my heart was heavy and sad: the fair Edith of Mayenfield alone expressed in words, what no one else was willing to declare to the other.

—"Oh! Heaven," she cried at taking leave of him, who had till then been her protector, while she prest mine and Ethelbert's hands fast together, between her own "unite these two noblest souls, with which you ever blest humanity: this is the best recompense for such generosity and such disinterested friendship, as I have experienced from them both!"—

Edith's expressive eyes were directed towards heaven; Ethelbert and myself blushed as we gazed on each other, without being able to pronounce a syllable. Methought, Ethelbert *should* have spoken on this occasion;—but he was silent.

The Countess³ was long our guest. Open feud was declared between her defenders and the obstinate Abbot of St. Gall, who was worsted in every skirmish without ever being entirely subdued. The contest was carried on for a considerable time: in the mean while my uncle (to whom age advanced with steps so lingering, that no one could easily have guessed his years) discovered, that the charms of the fair widow were still of great power; yet
perhaps

perhaps it was I, to whom the idea first suggested itself, that an union between them would be productive of happiness on both sides. I soon observed, that my hints were far from disagreeable to either party; and I exulted in the hope of soon beholding my friend and my benefactor united in a new course of domestic happiness.

When I imparted my designs to Count Ethelbert, (who was now a frequent visitor at our castle) he listened to me with the greatest astonishment. His countenance at this moment assumed an expression, which I had never seen it wear before.

—"Lady!" said he, "am I awake, or dreaming?—An union, which must deprive you of your fairest expectations,

and will put a stranger in possession of all those rights which ought to be your own, is such an union contrived by yourself?"—

—"And when did Count Ethelbert," I answered with a look of surprise not inferior to his own, "when did Count Ethelbert discover the least trace of selfishness in my character? it is impossible, that such mean considerations should really hold a place in his bosom; or is this only intended as a trial of his friend?"—

He bit his lip, and was for some time silent. My eyes were fixed upon him steadily; and it was long, before he could recover himself sufficiently to assume a different air, and explain to me, that in an affair in which he had not

not personally the slightest concern, he could only be anxious about my interest; and he advanced many arguments to prove, that the most noble and generous soul might feel very differently on occasions which regarded his friend, than he would have felt in affairs, which only related to himself.

I believed every thing that Ethelbert told me; in fact he was soon after complaisant enough to allow, that my reasons were not entirely without weight, and at length even went so far as to declare that on consideration it appeared to him very possible, that an union between the Count Venosta and the widow of Ludolf of Mayenfield might be an advantageous event for *all* parties. He also promised, that as soon as the

next expedition against the Abbot of St. Gall should have taken place, he would come to my assistance, and use every power of entreaty and persuasion to forward this connection, which I so ardently desired.

This expedition was directed against one of the Castles, which our common enemy detained from its rightful owner; on the morning appointed for its taking place, our forces set out before day-break, in pursuit of a victory of which they reckoned themselves secure.

My friend and myself had already seen our heroes return victorious from their excursions too often, to make us think it necessary to accompany their departure with signs and expressions of anxiety. We had exactly ascertained
the

the time, when we might expect them back, and had laid a plan (with the assistance of such warriors as were left behind) for receiving them with all the pageantry and honours of conquest. A procession of knights and ladies was intended to welcome them on their return, and at the head of the joyous band was to wave a banner adorned with mottos and emblems; this gorgeous ornament was to be embroidered by our own hands, and our needles were plyed with unwearied industry, in order that it might be finished at the appointed time.

While engaged at this delightful and now half-completed task; I frequently termed the lovely Edith in jest "my most venerable aunt;" and in revenge

she embroidered upon a vacant shield the united initials of Ethelbert and Urania. By degrees our discourse took a more serious turn. She declared to me her surprise at Ethelbert's persisting in not publicly declaring his love for me; a circumstance which had long been the cause of much secret uneasiness and curiosity to myself. She assured me also, that she had no wish more ardent in becoming Countess of Venosta, than to be authorized to insist on an explanation from the bashful knight (as she called the Count of Carlsheim,) and to become the instrument of accomplishing his happiness and mine.

It was at this moment, that a sudden noise in the court of the Castle interrupted our work and our discourse.

We

We sprang from our seats: the trampling of horses would have led us to suppose, that our lovers were returned, had so speedy a termination of their business been possible. We bade our maidens hasten to enquire the news, and flew ourselves to the window in order to learn (if possible), with our own eyes, what had happened.

Instantly the Countess started back with a loud shriek, and fainted; nor was my own condition much better on beholding in the court a single warrior covered with blood, and holding two unmounted horses, whose trappings spoke too plainly the fate of their riders!

—"What has happened?" I cried from the balcony, in a voice half choaked by anxiety.

—“ Ah! noble lady!” answered the messenger,” my lord your uncle the Count of Carlsheim too. . . . an ambuscade among the mountains. . . . both taken prisoners. . . . help! help for heaven’s sake!”—

Our people hastened to assist the soldier, who seemed to be desperately wounded, and could scarcely hold himself upright through loss of blood; the agony, which this news occasioned me, instead of overpowering me like my friend, gave me additional strength, and I lost not a moment in hastening to attempt the rescue of our knights. I directed the preparations myself, and before an hour had elapsed, all the warriors whom my uncle had left behind to protect the Castle, were completely armed, and ready to set out. I
de-

determined to head them myself; and being accoutred in a light suit of armour, I hastened to bid farewell to my afflicted friend (whom I had committed to the care of her women), and to comfort her with the hope of my returning crowned with success.

—“What, Urania?” exclaimed Edith wringing her hands; “and do you too leave me?—Heavenly mercy! what will become of me! take me with you, Urania, or stab me before you go! foreboding terrors weigh down my heart! dreadful as my sufferings have been already, I feel that I have still much more to endure! Urania, we shall never meet again!”—

I prest my trembling friend to my heart with affection, recommended her

to

the kindness of her attendants, and then hastened, where I was far less invited by courage and resolution than by urgent necessity and despair. We gave the reins to our coursers, flew over the plain, and soon reached the winding pass through the mountains, where our brave friends had been subdued by treachery and malice. Ah! what a dreadful sight! the place of combat floated with blood! various were the occasions presented to induce our pity to stop, in the hope of rescuing from death some of his yet lingering victims: but still more weighty considerations compelled us to close our ears against the cries of suffering humanity, and pursue our progress without delay. However, I failed not to leave some of
my

people behind to discharge those offices, which I would so much more gladly have fulfilled myself; and I charged them (in case any thing of importance could be learned from those who still survived) to lose no time in bringing me the information.

It was from them, that I learned the road, which the forces of the Abbot of St. Gall (whose number trebled ours) had taken with the captive knights. It was not yet evening, when I reached the fortress, which had been pointed out to me as the prison of my friends.

We prepared for storming the walls. I possest among my followers several experienced warriors, who supplied my want of intelligence in affairs of this nature, and who seemed to derive
double

double strength from witnessing my resolution, the resolution of a distracted woman! It was not long, before we saw a white flag waved by the besieged; and soon after (having received our solemn promise for the security of his invaluable person) we beheld on the battlements the robber of my beloved friends, the oppressor of the unprotected innocent, in short the execrable Abbot of St. Gall.

I had taken off my helmet to cool my burning cheeks; and my ringlets still adorned with flowers, which in my haste I had forgotten to remove, streamed freely in the wind of evening: the Abbot therefore easily guest at my sex and name.

—"You are welcome, fair damsel of Sargans!"

Sargans!" said the monk with a malicious smile; "the friends, of whom you are in pursuit, are no longer inmates of these walls: then forbear to persecute the innocent! lay aside that heavy armour, which so ill befits your sex, and enter to partake with us, poor monks, of a friendly though frugal entertainment!"—

I was already preparing to return the insulter such an answer, as his insolent speech demanded; but ere I had time to speak,—“treachery! treachery!”—was shrieked in my ears by an hundred voices. I looked round, and saw the glittering of hostile swords. My people were beaten back, and the ground was strewn with their corpses—the soldiers of the perfidious Abbot had stolen upon

us

us through secret passages, had taken my followers by surprise, and were hewing for themselves a way to me with their faulchions. Terror deprived me of my senses! what would have become of me in this dreadful moment of confusion and fear I know not, had not my faithful Gertrude, who had followed me to battle with undaunted courage, been close to my side; and ere I fell, she caught me in her arms. The loss of my helmet made it easy for me to be recognized by my pale and feminine features. She seized the casque of one of the Abbot's soldiers, who happened to be struck down near us, and concealed my face with it; she then wrapped me in his cloak, on which the Abbot's coat of arms was emblazoned; and

and under favour of this disguise she succeeded in extricating me from the throng, and in conducting me in safety towards the side, from which the combat seemed at that time to be retiring.

I recovered myself, and we hastened to seat ourselves on horseback. Gertrude convinced me that my presence was now quite unavailing, and that my being taken prisoner would be unavoidable, if I suffered the least delay. In truth, my nerves had been too much shaken by this last dreadful piece of treachery to admit of my adopting any other resource than flight, the woman's constant refuge.

The darkness of the night enabled us to escape; and we arrived in safety at the Castle, which (while unacquainted with

with my own want of strength and ability, and the power and perfidy of the foe with whom I had to deal) I had left with such sanguine hopes of victory. We were obliged to traverse the narrow pass through the mountains, where the fatal ambuscade had been stationed in the morning: as I hastened through it, methought the groans of dying men sounded in my ears, and my hair stood erect, and my blood ran cold, as I listened. Woman's weakness re-assumed it's rights; and she, who so lately had dared to trust herself among hostile faulchions, now trembled at a sound, at a shadow, which only existed in her over-heated imagination.

I reached the Castle more dead than alive. We found the Castle-gates closed.

We

We called in vain for admittance ; no signal was attended to ; every thing within seemed to be silent as the grave : no glimmering of light was visible in the high-arched casements, and we were compelled to pass the night in a small ruined chapel at no great distance from the Castle.

Convinced, that nothing but the fear of being surprised by the enemy could have induced the Castle's inhabitants to observe such obstinate discretion, we waited for morning with the utmost impatience and anxiety. Perhaps the enemy might pursue the fugitives hither, and make himself master of the Castle, before our vassals could be summoned to its defence? perhaps, it might already have

have been attacked, and might be at that very moment in possession of the foe? I had left the Countess of Mayenfield but ill-protected. My anxiety to rescue my uncle and Count Ethelbert had induced me to leave no one behind, except our women, the old seneschal, the warder, and a few domestics.

At break of day we again approached the Castle; we then perceived (what the extreme darkness of the night had before prevented our discovering) that the draw-bridge had not been raised. We crost it, and on approaching the gates had the satisfaction to see them opened for our admittance by the Seneschal. We were received by the weak old man with every appearance of alarm: the first questions which
were

were asked on both sides related to our return unaccompanied, and to the ghastly appearance of the old man ; but neither of us could restrain impatience sufficiently to give an answer. I hastened into the court yard, anxious to embrace my friend, and consult with her, what precautions should be taken for our future safety ; but the first thing, which met my eyes on entering, was an heap of bleeding corpses !

I started back in horror, and wished to ask, what dreadful events had taken place in my absence ; but fear and agony choaked my words. Besides, I was soon summoned to the assistance of Gertrude, at whose feet the Seneschal (who probably had exhausted his little remaining strength in opening the gates) had now fallen senseless.

Yet while so many scenes of terror are reserved for my pen, why do I dwell with such minuteness on the first? I will not describe, how the whole shocking mystery gradually unfolded itself; I will rather state at once and briefly the total sum of my misfortune.

The only object which after the loss of Ethelbert and my uncle was still dear to me, my friend, my Edith, she too had been torn from me during my unfortunate expedition. Scarcely had I quitted her, when a troop of unknown enemies had forcibly gained entrance; had either slain or mortally wounded the few male inhabitants of the Castle; had confined the women in the upper apartments; and when they retired after their bloody work, had conveyed away with them the Countess of Mayenfield

and her weeping children ! The robbers closed the doors after them and fled, leaving the Castle in that fearful solitude, which had occasioned me so much anxiety and surprise. The Warder and the Seneschal were the only men, whose wounds had not already terminated their existence ; but fainting through loss of blood they heard not the signals, which I made to obtain admittance. It was morning, before they were sufficiently recovered to examine into the circumstances of the former day ; and while the first had dragged his feeble steps towards the Countess's apartment, the other had sought the Castle-portal, with the intention of obtaining assistance from the neighbouring villagers.

The Countess's women, with their
C 2 hands

hands still fettered, now threw themselves at my feet, and enquired, what was become of their beloved mistress, whom I had imprudently left behind under such inadequate protection. Grief for her loss overpowered our apprehensions of further danger ; and had our foe thought proper to make use of the present opportunity, he would have found us an easy prey.

About mid-day, some peasants in the neighbourhood arrived, and brought with them the young Minna of Mayenfield, whom they had found weeping and bewildered among the mountains.

—“ Oh ! dear, dear lady !” she exclaimed, while she threw herself into my arms “ my mother ! oh ! what have the villains done with my mother !” —

I could only answer with my tears. The child too was in such dreadful agitation, that it was long before I could obtain from her an explanation of the manner, in which the Countess had been conveyed away: as for herself, the ravishers became weary of her incessant tears and shrieks, and abandoned her among the mountains. How painful must the unhappy mother have felt this parting with her only daughter! nothing could have induced her, to submit to it, except the threat of her persecutor to deprive her also of the baby at her bosom.

The evening was far advanced, before I could recover myself sufficiently to take some precautions for our security, and make such enquiries, as appeared

to me highly necessary; the gates were carefully fastened; the draw-bridge was raised. As our strength was unequal to the task of burying the dead, we were obliged to throw the corpses into a ruined well, situated in a back-corner in a remote part of the Castle: and this melancholy duty being performed, we employed ourselves in collecting every circumstance, which might assist us to guess at the authors of our late misfortune.

The Seneschal, before whose bed the consultation was held, produced many weighty reasons for asserting, that the Abbot of St. Gall (to whose account we were inclined to set down any wickedness) in the present instance was perfectly innocent. As to the person, at whose door

door he was disposed to lay the blame, he obstinately refused to give the least hint; but he made no scruple of avowing, that he was not without suspicions.

The little Minna, who now never stirred a moment from my side, and to whom we were not paying the least attention, interrupted us to say,—“ that she had never heard the Abbot of St. Gall speak, and that she was sure, that the voice of the chief robber was not unknown to her, though she could not recollect where she had heard it. She had even said as much, while in his power; but the only reward of her recollection had been a blow, which struck her senseless at his feet. Shortly after she had been forced from her mother’s arms, and left among the mountains.”——

—“ Alas, my child,” said I, “ you were probably deceived by some fancied resemblance!—But what must now be done? where is the messenger, who informed us yesterday of the fatal ambuscade?—Perhaps, he may be able to give us some insight into the author of this second attack.”—

—“ Ah! would to God,” answered the old Seneschal, “ that I had either examined that messenger more circumstantially, or at least had watched him closer! yet who could have imputed treachery to Dietrich, or suspect a man, who seemed to be at the point of death, of an intention to escape?”

—“ To escape?” I exclaimed; “ has Dietrich fled? when and how did this take place?”——

—“ We were all busy in making preparations

preparations for binding up his wounds, of whose pain he complained bitterly, but which it seems none of us ever saw. We left him alone for a few moments, and in the meanwhile he disappeared. We sought him long, but he was not to be found; and we finished by conjecturing, that courage and fidelity had induced him to follow you in spite of his wounds, and to endeavour at contributing to his master's rescue; though we doubted not from his apparently weak condition, that he must have died by the way."—

—"And why should not your conjecture have been well-founded? Dietrich was ever one of Count Venosta's most faithful servants."—

The Seneschal assured me, that during the hostile attack which followed close

on the heels of Dietrich's disappearance, circumstances had occurred, which made him view the fellow's escape in a very different light. He was proceeding to explain himself more clearly, when the sound of a trumpet threw us all into the most violent alarm! every one hastened to the place, where duty or inclination called them: the Warder ascended the watch-tower; my terrified damsels fled to conceal themselves; in the mean while, I and the little Minna descended to the lower battlements, in order to inform myself at once of the extent of my danger.

—"Almighty powers!" I exclaimed, on casting a fearful look on the plain before the fortress, which was now covered with warriors; "is it possible?

—my

—my uncle's banner?—Count Ethelbert's soldiers too!—surely this must be a dream !”—

Count Venosta now advanced before the rest, in order to answer in person the usual questions, which the Warder asked from the tower ; but I had not patience enough to wait for the termination of this ceremony. The Castle-gates were thrown open ; the draw-bridge was let down ; and I already was clasped in the arms of my beloved uncle, ere I had yet convinced myself, that his delivery was real.

—“ Yes ! my dear child ! ” exclaimed Count Leopold, as soon as I had recovered myself from the first tumult of delight and astonishment ; “ yes ! I am free, and knowest thou, to whom we

are both indebted for life and all that we possess? 'tis to this hero, whose character I have so long mistaken, and from whom my suspicions have till now withheld the only gift, which is worthy to reward his merits!"—

—"What!" I replied—"Count Ethelbert? he, who was made prisoner at the same moment with yourself?"—

—"Heaven be thanked, that he escaped!" interrupted my uncle. "While the Abbot's soldiers (after their successful ambuscade among the mountains) were conveying me to their lord, Count Ethelbert was employed in collecting his remaining vassals, whom he had left behind to protect his castle: with these he hastened to my succour, and this morning saw my deliverance effected.

Oh ! my Urania, help me to discharge my debts to this excellent man ! none but yourself can do it !——Draw near, Count Ethelbert, and receive the hand of the sole heiress of all those possessions, of which your ancestors formerly were the lords ; the hand of one, who boasts a still more precious title ; the hand of that beloved-one, whom you have so long adored in secret.—Why advance you not ? stretch forth your hand, and clasp that, which Urania has not hesitated to extend towards you.”—

Ethelbert was still silent for a moment : at length he advanced a few steps, his left hand placed on the hilt of his sword, his right upon his bosom.

—“ Count Venosta,” said he, “ have I demanded of you the hand of the heiress of Sargans ?”——

—“ I

—“ I understand ; you allude to my intended union with the Countess of Mayenfield.—But fear not, that I need recall my words : when I have restored your paternal possessions, I shall still have enough remaining to confer a rich dowry on my wife.”——

—“ I speak not of that : I only ask, have I ever intreated you to make me the lovely Urania’s husband ?”——

—“ No, and I can well guess the reason of your silence ! your fortunes are fallen ; your heart is proud ; you dreaded a rejection : but surely now there can exist no difference between us. You are my preserver ; I offer you in gratitude my dearest treasure, and you love Urania with too much passion to reject her hand.”——

—“ Yes,

—“ Yes, Count Venosta ; yes, I love her!—but my pride requires that all the world should know, that I became your nephew through your own free-will; without your having been moved to pity by lovesick intreaties, and without my having been obliged to enter into humiliating explanations.”—

—“ My friend ! my preserver ! why pain me by recollecting at such a time . . . but you shall be satisfied!—Now then, all the world may know, that I freely offer my neice’s hand to the Count of Carlshelm, supplicate him to accept it, and wait his answer with impatience.”—

—“ And you, lady ?” said Ethelbert.
 “—Urania ! pronounce my doom!”—

I was silent ; I blushed and cast down
 my

my eyes. Oh ! this noble pride, which made him hesitate to accept the hand of the richest heiress in Helvetia, lest he should be suspected of having sought it through interested motives, would have gained him my heart, had it not already long been his ! my uncle was the interpreter of my looks ; I did not contradict him ; my lover clasped me in his arms for the first time, and I heard myself called by the title, which was dearest to me in the world.

These moments were heavenly ! alas ! how soon were they interrupted by the most bitter recollections !—my uncle turned from the scene of our happiness, and enquired—“ where he should find the Countess of Mayenfield !”—

Oh Heaven ! what did I suffer at
hearing

hearing that question ! what did I suffer, when compelled to answer it ! vainly should I attempt to describe Count Venosta's situation, when informed of the loss of his beauteous Edith !

Men express grief and resentment in a different manner from us, helpless females. My narrative of Edith's carrying off was followed not by idle complaints, but by active exertions to recover her. The wearied soldiery again seated themselves on horseback, and were ordered to scour the country round in pursuit of the ravishers. I was myself too much interested in the business to oppose my uncle's orders ; but Count Ethelbert, who retained more presence of mind than the rest, enquired,

quired, whither we should first direct our course in hopes of delivering the Countess ?

—"Doubtless," answered my uncle, "the place most likely to be converted into her prison must needs be the nearest fortress belonging to the perfidious Abbot ; no one can doubt, that this misfortune is a work of his hand."—

Here I interrupted him by stating, that I had heard the Seneschal very positively contradict this supposition ; and I entreated, that before the expedition set out, the old domestic might be examined, as he seemed to possess more information on the subject, than he had yet imparted to *me*. Unfortunately, we found on enquiry, that shortly after my uncle's arrival the Seneschal had expired
of

of his wounds; and Count Venosta (who in the violence of his despair preferred acting upon uncertainties to remaining entirely idle) immediately entered upon his search after the unfortunate Edith. At the end of several months of fruitless enquiry, we were obliged to abandon all hopes of success.

It was during this period of anxiety, which seldom permitted my uncle and Ethelbert to lay aside their armour, that I received the name of Countess of Carlshelm. The ceremony was sad and solemn, prognosticating the days, which were so soon to follow it.

I was now the wife of my lover, and enjoyed that sort of happiness, which most women enjoy who marry a warrior-husband; I was the object of a wild
tempestuous

tempestuous passion, whose expressions were sometimes so rough and violent, that they might have been mistaken for those of hatred. In truth, I had fancied, that the happiness of marriage was somewhat different; but alas! what girl does not fancy the same, and find at length that she has been deceived?

No information could be obtained respecting the Countess of Mayenfield. The Abbot of St. Gall persevered in asserting his claim to her possessions; and the deep melancholy, which took possession of my uncle, betrayed but too plainly, that his love for the dear lost-one was stronger, than he had dared to acknowledge either to her, or to himself.

—"My children," said he one day to me and Ethelbert, "Edith is lost to me,
and

and with *her* the joys of life! It was folly in me to expect on the brink of the grave, that I should be so singularly fortunate, as to feel my eyes closed by the hand of affection. I have suffered for that folly ; I feel that my powers of life are hourly growing weaker, feel that the day of death is at hand. The few evening hours which remain, before the night of the grave closes around me, will I dedicate to solitude and repose. All that I possess is now your property ; I only reserve for myself the pleasant vale of Munster, and the Castle of Upper Halbstern on the banks of the Rhine. I will hide myself in the distant shades of the *first*, when oppress by serious melancholy thoughts, and repair to the *second*, whenever more lively moments
make

make me wish for the society and comfort of Ethelbert and his beloved Urania."—

I opposed this determination of Count Leopold ; but my husband did not second me. He saw, that this arrangement was greatly to his advantage ; and I had already found on several occasions, that he was not quite so incapable of attention to his own interest, as I had formerly supposed. It by no means occurred to him, that Count Venosta proposed to do too much for us ; on the contrary, he lost no time in giving solidity to my uncle's kind declarations, and only appeared to lament, that the deed of gift had not included his whole property. The waving shades of the vale of Munster and the proud castle on
the

the Rhine seemed to have acquired double charms in his eyes, since Leopold declared his intention of retaining them for himself; and their value was increased beyond bounds on Ethelbert's being given to understand, that my uncle did not intend to leave them to us even at his death, but destined them for a bequest to that beloved woman, whom he could not resolve to give up all hopes of recovering.

Count Venosta (that honest open-hearted man, who withheld no sentiment from those, whom he looked on as his children) was amusing himself one day with the youthful Minna, whom the recollection of her mother rendered inexpressibly dear to him. Ethelbert remarked, as if by accident, that the
child

child already had acquired the se-
appearance of the station, which she
hereafter to occupy.

—“What station?” asked my u
with surprize.

Minna, who had been accustomed
hear her future lot pronounced by
husband almost daily, answered v
her accustomed candour—“What ot
shelter can a poor orphan expect to fi
except a cloister?”—

—“What?” exclaimed Count I
pold, while he prest her still closer to
bosom, “you poor? you an orph
while Venosta lives? No, no, my chi
I know too well, what I owe to
memory of your excellent mother! :
who will forsake you, never shall you
forsaken by me!”—

Cot

Count Ethelbert had never been partial to the Damsel of Mayenfield ; from that day he began to hate her.

Minna too on *her* side seemed to harbour towards my husband a secret aversion ; whose expressions she would have been unable to restrain, had he not also inspired her with sentiments of the most unbounded terror.

—“ Ah ! dear Countess !” she said to me one day, when she found me weeping at having made new discoveries of his evil dispositions, discoveries which almost every day afforded ; “ you know not yet, what a bad, bad man he is ! Scarcely do I dare to tell it you ; but that voice which I heard among my mother’s ravishers I am certain, *quite* certain, that voice was Count Ethelbert’s—I had

then never heard it speak but so gently and so kindly But the first time that I heard him rage, I recollected it that instant. How could I have been deceived? Oh! I remember too well the terrible sound! But I have been silent till now, for I tremble when I but think of the cruel manner, in which he used me, when (while imploring him to take pity on my mother) I let fall, that I was sure of having heard his voice before.”—

I was now better acquainted with the character of the man, whom I had once looked upon as an angel of light; and I recollected several hints of the old Senechal, which seemed to imply a suspicion similar to that of Minna. Yet the fact appeared to me in a light too dreadful to admit

admit of my giving it implicit confidence ; and I judged it prudent to contradict it with my lips, though in my heart I could not help dreading, that the accusation was but too well-grounded.

Alas ! it was not long, before I was thoroughly convinced, that my husband was capable of many a deed, of which during the happy days of my love-sick delusion I would have asserted his innocence with an oath, and have suffered the weight of his guilt to have been charged upon my own conscience ! Alas ! it was not long, before I had but too much reason to confess, that there was no impossibility in his having been concerned in that perfidious act, which his innocent accuser had alledged against him.

The persons, who had been the original means of bringing me acquainted with the Count of Carlsheim (an acquaintance which I already began to consider as a misfortune), the Abbot and Prior of Cloister-Curwald had been maintained in their rights by my good uncle ; and under his powerful protection they lived in harmony with their monks from the time of my interference. However, no sooner had the jurisdiction of this monastery been made over by Count Vénosta to my husband, than discontent and rebellion began to resume their influence over the younger monks, who felt themselves oppressed by the restraints imposed on them by their virtuous superiors. Often did Abbot Christian, when I knelt before him in
his

his confessional, return my confidence by an acknowledgment of his secret sorrows, and explain his melancholy forebodings of what would be his convent's future fate, in a manner that touched me to the very heart. But I was myself too weak to assist the venerable man ; my husband was deaf to my entreaties ; and Count Venosta was at too great a distance to admit of any good effects being produced by my applying to him.

It was long past midnight, that I once happened to besitting alone in my chamber, expecting my husband's return from a carousal at a neighbouring Barón's; and I was endeavouring to prepare myself for the painful scenes, which seldom failed to follow such entertainments. Sudden-

denly Gertrude entered the room with a terrified countenance, and informed me that having seen from her window which overlooked the garden some dark-looking figures, whose appearance was made still more terrific by the contrast of the newly-fallen snow, she had descended to examine what they really were; and that she had found it necessary to admit into my anti-chamber the persons, who had given her so causeless an alarm.

—"Do not be terrified!" said she, "they are only poor afflicted spirits, who hope for relief from your hands."—

I was too well acquainted with the friendly anxiety of my faithful attendant to spare me pain, and prepare me for unpleasant news by the manner in which she related it, to be deceived by her assurance,

assurance, that I had nothing to fear. I waited for the appearance of these strangers with a beating heart. What was my surprise at recognizing the excellent Abbot of Cloister-Curwald, the venerable Matthias, and several other of the most respectable monks, whose evident consternation already seemed to implore my assistance, before they yet had time to give their petition words.

—“ Oh! dear good lady,” exclaimed the Abbot, “ we are undone! the dreaded storm has burst, and we must all be the prey of death, unless *you* can find means of preserving us! This morning while officiating at the altar, we were seized in the name of our liege-lord, the Count of Carlsheim, and imprisoned in a subterraneous dungeon. Our appeal

to the Bishop of Coira was treated with derision ; and we collected from some suspicious remarks of our jailor, that our doom would be finally determined, long before our appeal could be made to a superior jurisdiction. Alas ! we know but too well, what *can* be done in convents ! The fore-warnings of approaching death presented themselves on all sides ; the noise of revelry resounding from the chambers above us increased our anxiety ! What had we not to fear from the rage and malignity of these intoxicated monks !—Fortunately, one of my secret friends found means to gain admittance to our dungeon, and explain to us the real and pressing danger of our situation. It seems, that the enemies of order and of virtue
are

are protected by the Count of Carlsheim; he was himself assisting at the dissolute entertainment; and probably at this moment we should no longer have been numbered among the living, had not the friend who brought us this intelligence, secretly assisted us to escape from the convent, and accompanied us in our flight. Now then our life is in your hands; save us, dear lady, either by softening your husband through your entreaties, or by pointing out to us some place of concealment. To you alone could we have recourse; had we sought any other refuge, we must surely have been overtaken before we could have reached it."—

—"Save you by entreaties?" I exclaimed, while I hastened to unclose a

door conducting to my baths; "entreaties to Count Ethelbert? Instant flight is your only chance for safety! Follow me, father! Follow me, and lose not a moment!"—

I hastened onwards, and conducted the trembling monks through a long subterraneous passage, unknown to all in the Castle except myself and the faithful Gertrude. The outlet was in the mountains; and here I quitted the fugitives, convinced that they would easily find their way through the intricate passes, with which the Prior Matthias was perfectly well acquainted, having frequently traversed them in his botanical pursuits.

Half of the night was consumed in this employment. On my return, I

found the furious Ethelbert waiting for me in my apartment, and immediately a tremendous storm of rage burst over my devoted head. Convinced that my friends were now in safety, I attempted not to conceal my share in the transaction; and when he loaded me with insults, I replied to him by reminding him of the promise which he had formerly given me, to protect the oppressed Abbot in the preservation of his rights, a promise which he had so shamefully broken. Truth and justice were on my side, but power was on that of my adversary. There was no one to hear me, and judge between Count Ethelbert and myself; he was the strongest; the reward of my remonstrances was the most

unworthy treatment, and my chamber became my prison.

The vassals, who loved me, exclaimed against such an act of violence, as soon as they understood by means of Gertrude, how cruelly I was treated; but Ethelbert's art soon succeeded in giving another colour to the transaction. He justified his severity by accusing me of a shameful intrigue with the banished Abbot of Cloister Curwald. His assertions were so positive, that they soon produced the desired effect; and it was without any violent agitation, that the peasants a few days after saw me conducted away under a strong guard, no one knew whither; nothing gave me more pain in this abrupt departure than

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being deprived of the only comfort which was still left me, the society of my faithful Gertrude, and of my young friend, the Damsel of Mayenfield

One man alone, one of the most distinguished inhabitants of that quarter, a man who breathed the true spirit of Helvetic courage, and of love of freedom, Henric Melthal alone dared openly to blame the proceedings of my tyrant. He spread his own noble sentiments around him, and communicated his feelings to his companions with a success, which might have rescued me from my bondage, had not Count Ethelbert resolved to withdraw me from public attention without a moment's delay.

On the other side of the mountain of Halsberg, near the lake of Thuri, stands
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an old Castle belonging to the family of Ravenstein, a family which has been in alliance with the Counts of Carlsheim and Sargans since time immemorial. At the period of which I am now treating, it was entirely deserted. The owner resided in a remote part of Italy, where he had lived on terms of intimacy with Ethelbert; and having himself no occasion for this mouldering castle, he consigned the use of it to his friend the Count of Carlsheim; the use to which the Count applied it, was the only one for which it now appeared to be adapted, the confinement of the innocent.

Tedious and fearful was the way which conducted me to my destined abode; but the place itself, which I looked upon as my eternal prison, far exceeded

exceeded all the horrors, which had struck my imagination so forcibly while approaching it. It was an antient fortress, perched high on the brow of a precipice like an eagle's nest, which now received the unfortunate-Urania. The peculiar form of its architecture announced it to have been raised in the time of Charlemagne ; and the incessant howling of the storm, and raging of the billows seemed with every moment to threaten its downfall. I saw it from a distance seemingly suspended on the very brink of a steep and barren rock, which overhung the Lake, and I shuddered, when my conductors pointed it out as my future dwelling !

Fool that I was ! I flew with rapture into the arms of Ethelbert, where I expected

pected to find an earthly paradise and was deceived: with agony, keen as that of the dying, did I enter Ravenstein Castle.....and was deceived again! Ah! will short-sighted mortals never succeed in comprehending, that that which *appears*, and that which *is*, but rarely coincide? Yet, when we have experienced these deceptions twice or thrice, the experience makes us in future calm and resigned; and we acquire from it that indifference which raises us above the frowns and smiles of fortune, and enables us to repress with equal strength groundless apprehensions and unavailing wishes.

During the first days of my confinement I was in truth most wretched. My situation was rendered almost insupportable

supportable by the want of every convenience and comfort, and by the tediousness of unbroken solitude. I sighed after society of any kind, even though it had been such as (to judge from its outward appearance) would have promised me but little entertainment.

Some days had thus elapsed, when I observed through the bars of my closely-grated window, that a boy apparently between three and four years old, was sometimes suffered to amuse himself by playing in the neglected garden, which I was myself forbidden to visit. The innocent gaiety of the child made an impression on me, which frequently filled my eyes with tears.

—"Happy unthinking creature!" I exclaimed, wringing my hands in the bitterness

bitterness of grief, "this garden appears to you a paradise, because you know none better. You are poor, forsaken, perhaps menaced by a thousand dangers which every moment brings nearer; but you see them not! Regret for the past troubles you as little as anxiety for the future; and it were difficult for a monarch with all his power to make you more happy, than you are even now! Oh! that I were like you. Oh! that at least I could clasp you in my arms, and learn from your sweet smile the art of smiling though in prison!"—

My wish to become more intimate with the happy trifler was too ardent, to remain concealed. I entreated my jailor to gratify me with a nearer sight of him, and after a few difficulties I was
 at

at length permitted to receive the little Ludolf in my gloomy chamber.

—"Ludolf?" I exclaimed, when the child first told me his name—"Ludolf?" I repeated still more anxiously, while I examined his features, and fancied that I could trace a resemblance, which excited hopes in my bosom so sweet that I trembled to indulge them.

What then was my emotion, when the lovely boy convinced me that this was not the first time of our meeting, by naming as his mother, "Edith of Mayenfield!"

Yes! this dear, this long-lost friend was like myself an inmate of this place of terror! I breathed the same air with her; I was allowed to hope, that every succeeding day would afford me an opportunity

portunity of beholding her : the pleasure which I felt from these reflections, was too great to admit of my observing, that Count Ethelbert's confining me in the same place with a captive, whom he had secured in a manner so treacherous, was a proof that he designed my imprisonment to be eternal. Whatever might have originally been his motives for treating us with such severity, it was at least certain, that he would not permit either to regain her liberty, lest she should discover the mystery of his inhuman conduct, or take measures for rescuing from his power her companion in misfortune.

Considerations of this kind did not at first suggest themselves; I felt nothing but the joy of being once more united

to my friend, an event which I now looked forward to with the most eager expectation. Heaven knows, it would have been no trifling comfort to me had I met with the most insignificant of created beings, would but that being have listened to me with compassion, and endeavoured to soothe me in the paroxysms of my despair; but to dare to hope that Edith would now be my comforter in this dreary prison, oh! who can express the countless sources of satisfaction, which that single thought contained!

But alas! the completion of my hopes was not so easy as I expected. The Countess of Mayenfield was confined not less closely than myself; and our sailor was not to be prevailed on to depart

depart in one single instance from the instructions of his inhuman lord. Yet methinks this man was not cruel by nature. Perhaps, it grieved him to be compelled to treat us with so much harshness; but he made it a point of conscience to adhere in the most punctual manner to the oath, which (as he frequently assured me, in answer to my complaints and reproaches) he had been compelled to give to the Count of Carlsheim.

—"You see," said he, "that wherever it is in my power, I refuse no indulgence. I received no particular command respecting the child's imprisonment, who was delivered to my custody at the same time with his mother, and therefore I allow him to enjoy all the advantages

advantages, from which I am compelled to debar her and yourself. Neither was it forbidden me to furnish the Countess of Mayenfield with such sources of mental amusement, as might beguile her solitary hours. She has a variety of books, has her spinning-wheel and her embroidery frame; if she chuses it, she may lay these aside, and employ herself with her pen; this indulgence, lady, shall also be granted to *you*; and methinks, it must be almost the same thing, whether what you have to say to each other is imparted in writing, or in person."

Here then did our jailor kindly open a door for those communications, for which we had so long thirsted; we returned him our most ardent thanks for the

the hint, and lost no time in making use of it. We wrote to each other daily; and as the conscientious feelings of this trusty domestic of my tyrant would not allow him to deliver our letters himself, they were confided to the care of the little Ludolf. The lovely boy soon became attached to me; he was ever ready to visit my narrow chamber; and besides the information which Edith's letters contained, I gleaned from him in conversation many interesting anecdotes, which however serious their subject, frequently assumed so whimsical an appearance through his infantine mode of relating them, that it was impossible either for his mother or myself to refrain from smiling. Heavens! we smiled! little did our tyrant imagine

that in the gloomy walls of Ravenstein Castle his captives would have ever found cause for mirth !

Edith's letters contained explanations of many circumstances, which till then had appeared to me quite unaccountable. These precious memorials of the most sacred friendship are still in my possession. You, my dear children, for whom I write this narrative of my sufferings, will find them after my death, as documents serving to corroborate the veracity of my statements. Oh ! how will you blush for your ancestor, when you read that Ethelbert had never been the character, which we (poor deceived ones !) believed him to be, and that from the very beginning his whole conduct had been an artifice !

Its true, my person at first was the object of his desires; but much more so were the possessions, which I was expected to inherit. Anxiously did he seek to bring about our union; but circumstances, with which Edith herself was unacquainted, forbade the explanation of his wishes, and compelled him to wait, till my uncle should actually force him to accept my hand. Fear, lest my expectations of being raised to power and wealth (on which his own depended) should be overturned by Count Venosta's second marriage, induced him privately to remove the dreaded Edith. He had chosen the time for carrying her off admirably well. A secret understanding with the Abbot of St. Gall, (whose enemy he profest to be in public) enabled

enabled him at once to get rid of Count Venosta's vigilance, entice me out of the fortress, and thus leave Edith totally without protection. It also afforded him an opportunity to establish himself in my uncle's favour, by rendering him so essential a service as the restoring him to liberty; a service, which my too grateful uncle thought could only be rewarded by the gift of my hand, without allowing Ethelbert time to solicit it.

Alas! my fortitude fails me, while endeavouring to unravel the whole web of artifice and villainy, which our persecutor had woven to ensnare us with no less cunning than success. He contrived to cheat the Abbot of the prisoner, whom he had first himself betrayed into his power; Count Venosta of his possessions,

his mistress, and his niece; poor Edith of her liberty; and me of the happiness and tranquillity of my whole life!

Never had Count Ethelbert felt for me one spark of real affection. Even the passion, with which my person had inspired him, was subordinate to his desire of becoming master of my large possessions. No sooner was this point accomplished, no sooner had the daily sight of it deprived what little beauty was mine of the charm of novelty, than the continual presence of a virtuous wife appeared to him a check upon his pleasures. He therefore seized with eagerness the first opportunity of delivering himself from my presence; nor did he forget to sully my reputation by imputations so disgraceful, that I appeared

pared to the world unworthy of either relief or pity. Even my good uncle wept, and resigned me to my fate.

The Countess of Mayenfield had learned the greatest part of the circumstances, which she related in her letters, from the wife of the Castellan of Ravensstein; this good-hearted matron (who died a few days before my arrival at the Castle) had a son in Count Ethelbert's service, by whom she was informed of most of his lord's proceedings. The conversation of this compassionate woman had beguiled many of the heavy hours of Edith's imprisonment; nor had she ever neglected an opportunity of evading the too conscientious adherence of her husband to his oath, and of furnishing to the noble captive many allevia-

tions of her sorrows, all of which vanished at her death.

Oh! had I but found her still in existence on my arrival at Ravenstein, what might we not have hoped from her friendly aid! what would have been too difficult for three women to accomplish, of whom the one possessed power, the second prudence, and the third resolution! Surely it would have been easy for us to have obtained our freedom; at least, I should not have been so long deprived of the happiness of clasping my faithful Edith to my bosom.

Often in our epistolary conversations did we lament over the great loss, which we had sustained in being deprived of this worthy creature! yet the Countess comforted herself with the pleasure of knowing,

knowing, that I was near her and in a place, where she looked upon me as enjoying both more happiness and more safety, than would have been my lot in the arms of Count Ethelbert.—As for myself, I wept, and prayed for better times.

And better times arrived! We had long suspected, that we were not the only unfortunates confined at Ravensstein; and in the truth of this suspicion we now were fully confirmed, though our curiosity was by no means fully satisfied.

The Castle, as I before stated, was built on the summit of a lofty rock, whose point appeared designed as a mark for the assaults of all the four winds of heaven. Storms here were frequent and tremen-

dous. In the middle of a tempestuous night, when the whirlwind was raging with its greatest violence, suddenly a remote wing of the Castle burst into flames ! the wind set towards our quarter ; the sparks flew in at our grated windows ; our danger increased with every moment, and every human being seemed to have totally forgotten us. No one had consideration enough to unlock our dungeons ; no one showed the slightest disposition to come to our assistance. The general attention was directed towards the eastern wing of the fortress, which was entirely in flames.

Our terror is not to be described ; yet certainly mine was far inferior to that of Edith, who had not to fear for herself alone. The preservation of
a life,

a life, which was infinitely dearer to her than her own, occupied all her thoughts; she trembled for the life of her son!

She was desperate; she felt, that his destruction was inseparably united with her own, and resolved to dare every thing to preserve him. In the wall of her dungeon was an opening, barely large enough to suffer the child to pass through; she fastened her bed cloaths together; she resolved to let him down by them to the ground, and charged him, as soon as he should have reached it, to release himself and fly, or else to find some hiding place, where he might remain till the danger was past. The risque was dreadful; nothing but despair could have induced her to adopt such a resolution.

Edith's endeavours to preserve her little darling were not unsuccessful. He reached the ground in safety; but scarcely had she parted with him, when the increasing heat (for by this time the balconies of the neighbouring buildings were in flames) and the volumes of smoke, which poured into her chamber, overpowered her senses, and she sank without animation on the floor.

My situation was exactly similar. At the moment when I fainted, the only thought, which employed my mind, was the hope of an happy meeting with Edith in another better world; an hope which (I fully believed) was accomplished, when on once more unclosing my eyes, I found myself breathing pure air in a light and spacious chamber, and perceived

perceived by my side the friend whom I loved so tenderly, and for whose sight I had so long and so anxiously sighed in vain.

—“ Oh ! Edith ! ” — “ Urania ! my Urania ! ” — we both exclaimed at once, while we sank into each others’ arms ; “ What has happened ? are we rescued from captivity on earth, or released from the fetters of mortality ? Where is it that we meet, in freedom, in captivity, or in the life beyond the grave ? ” —

Too soon were our doubts removed ; too soon were we compelled to feel, that we were rescued from death, but not restored to liberty. The still smoking ruins, which met our eyes from afar, told us but too plainly, that we were still

within the walls of Ravenstein ; and the unremitting vigilance, with which we were observed, made us well aware, that we had reaped no other advantage from the transactions of the night, except the delight of seeing and embracing a long lost friend. But alas ! what cruel reflections embittered this delight. Edith sorrowed for her son, and reproached herself for having suffered herself to part with him in despair, when had she detained him with her in the dungeon, he would have been preserved as well as his mother.

I felt scarcely less sorrow for the loss of the beloved child, than Edith herself ; I would gladly have comforted her, but alas ! where was comfort to be found ? Even should he have escaped from the
2 flames,

flames, which were raging with such violence at the moment when he quitted his mother, how difficult still did his preservation appear ! We failed not on the day after the fire to examine the place, whence Edith had caused him to descend. The opening was not situated very high in the tower ; but close to the place, where he must have reached the ground, there yawned a tremendous precipice ; the depth of which when we vainly endeavoured to measure with our eyes, the flesh crept upon our bones, and cold drops of terror chased each other down our foreheads.

Bitter was our grief, but no one heeded our lamentations ; our guards attended to nothing but the adventures of the past night, and we collected from
their

their discourse, that the fire had been kindled by a lady confin'd in the eastern wing of the Castle. Her object, as they supposed, was to find some means of escaping during the confusion, which her rash action had necessarily produced; she had not only failed in her design, but had suffered so severely by springing from a lofty window, and by the wounds which she had received from the fragments of a falling tower, that she was not expected to outlive the night.

The Castellan too, in his endeavours to prevent the escape of this prisoner (whose confinement seemed to be a greater object of anxiety to him, even than that of Edith and myself) had met with a fatal accident, and was every moment expected to breathe his

last. We desired to see him before his death. With a feeble voice he entreated our pardon for the injustice, with which he had been compelled to treat us ; but he called Heaven to witness, that the dreadful oaths which had been exacted from him, had deprived him of the power of acting differently. Yet did he not think it necessary to enjoin our future jailors to treat us with greater lenity ; and they, being in all probability fettered by the same oaths with himself, esteemed it their duty to retain us in a captivity no less strict than before.

All we could obtain from them was, that we should not again be separated ; and also that we should be permitted to visit that unfortunate lady, of whose existence in the Castle we were this day informed

informed for the first time; who had made use of such violent means to obtain her liberty; and who (as our guards, assured us) was on the point of paying with her life, for having dared to commit so desperate an action.

Curiosity, hope, the fear of finding some beloved acquaintance in this wretched captive, or the desire of giving some alleviation to the sufferings of an expiring partner in affliction, which of these motives induced us to make this melancholy visit, I cannot pretend to decide. When we received the permission to enter her dungeon, we were assured, that we should find nothing that would diminish our own distress, and the event justified the assurance.

They conducted us to a wretched
pallet,

pallet, on which lay a female, whose features were totally unknown to us, but whose appearance excited in us the deepest sentiments of pity ; of that painful-pity, which knows itself unable to afford relief ! On hearing our footsteps she raised with difficulty her half-closed eyes, and with a smile of anguish extended her hand towards us. We exerted ourselves to afford her every little alleviation of pain, which our narrow means could furnish ; and in executing these mournful services, our tears sufficiently declared the feelings of our hearts.

—“ Forgive me !” said she, when after two or three hours our endeavours to relieve her had produced some little effect ; “ I wished to rescue myself from
captivity,

captivity, and had nearly brought the same fate on you, under which I am now groaning. But long suffering is the mother of despair!"—

Shortly after she seemed to be nearly delirious; she counted the years which she had already past in this dreary dungeon, and those during which she expected to be detained in it by her tyrant; then she raved about her son, for whose arrival she had so long waited in vain, and she entreated him to hasten to the rescue of his unfortunate mother!

Towards midnight she declared, that all pain had entirely left her. With an appearance of gaiety she thanked us for our attentions, and entreated to know the names of those, to whom she was so
much

much indebted. The Countess revealed herself, and the captive in return bestowed upon her a look of interest and compassion.

—"Edith of Mayenfield?" repeated the invalid; "oh! I know your story well: you too have suffered much; not so much, it is true, as I have suffered, yet enough to know what it is to incur a villain's hatred.—And your name, gentle lady?" she continued, addressing herself to me.

—"I am Urania of Carlsheim and Sargans," was my answer.

—"Urania of Sargans!" shrieked the stranger in a dreadful voice, while she clasped her hands violently together; "Urania? Ethelbert's beloved Urania? Oh, Fortune, this blow was still wanting

ing to make me completely miserable
 ——Away from my sight, abandone
 woman! away, and leave me to die
 But with my last breath I swear to b
 revenged! Even from my grave will
 shriek to Heaven for vengeance! Trem
 ble, detested girl; thou shalt not tr
 umph over my corse unpunished!"——

I stood like one petrified near the be
 of the sufferer; astonishment and terror
 almost deprived me of my senses, an
 nothing but the consciousness that sh
 spoke in the heat of frenzy, could hav
 preserved me from sinking on th
 earth.

—"Noble lady," I said as soon as
 could recover myself, at the same time
 advancing towards her, and offering t
 take her hand; "recollect yourself, fo
 pity

pity's sake! I never saw you till now, and can never have offended you. You surely cannot have heard me aright. I am Urania, the unfortunate Urania Venosta, who rejected by a cruel husband, and undeservedly branded with shame, have been condemned in this Castle to wear eternal fetters, which the flames of last night in vain attempted to break."—

—"Ha!" said the stranger in a gentler tone, "is it so?—Are you then Ethelbert's *rejected* wife?—Unfortunate, let me clasp thy hand in mine; we are sisters in calamity."—

Already was I advancing to take the hand which she held out, when Edith uttered a loud scream, and hastily drew me back. . She had observed the captive's

tive's countenance change suddenly, and we now saw, that she grasped a poniard till then concealed in her bosom. From that moment the senses of the wretched stranger were irrecoverably lost. Her eyes full of rage were constantly directed towards me; she foamed at the mouth; she loaded me with execrations, and I was compelled to retire, that she might have a chance of regaining some composure.

The meaning of this dreadful scene was to me an absolute enigma. I lamented the poor wretch's condition; though a secret horror, whenever I recollected her words and manner, took complete possession of my soul. In this painful situation did I pass the night; the morning had scarcely dawned,

dawned, when the Countess of Mayenfield rejoined me, and informed me that the unknown lady was no more. Edith was quite exhausted by the terrible occurrences of the past night. I enquired, whether she had made no discoveries, which might unravel these mysterious circumstances: but she answered by an assurance, that it was impossible for her to give me any light upon the subject.

In mournful silence did we follow to the grave the corse of our wretched partner in captivity. She was interred in one of the back-courts of our prison; and we were conducted after the burial into a gloomy apartment in a quarter of the Castle, which had escaped the violence of the flames. Our present dungeon was in no respect better, than our
former

former had been; and the small portion of freedom, which we had enjoyed during the few last days, now appeared to our stern jailors too great an indulgence, and we were accordingly deprived of it.

We heard the door barred on the outside; we sank into each other's arms and wept bitterly: then we rejoiced that at least we had been suffered to remain together, and then we wept again. We endeavoured to escape from present miseries by recalling former happiness, and indulging future hopes; but alas! this resource was but of little avail. Yet among all the agonizing reflections which tormented us, nothing was so painful to remember, as the loss of our little darling, Ludolf!

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I will not pain your gentle hearts, my children, by dwelling on our sufferings in this forlorn situation, during which our only support was the soothing of mutual pity. A change at length took place in it, but we had little reason to expect, that it would turn out to our advantage ! Our guards informed us one day, that the Count of Carlsheim had sent a new Castellan to superintend the government of this half-ruined fortress ; and they added, we should soon find cause to regret under our new overseer that treatment, which we had complained of as being so harsh and rigid. We trembled, as we listened to this prophecy. Aversion and spite against this new instrument of Count Ethelbert's vengeance were plainly ex-

prest in every feature of our former jailors, yet did they scarcely dare to express their dislike of him aloud : what then had *we* to expect ? How dreadful must that man be, who could strike terror even into the flinty hearts of these barbarians !

We had not long been informed of his arrival, when this dreaded Castellan entered our dungeon, accompanied by several of our former guards. We trembled, as we gazed on the gloomy brow of the man, to whose hands our fate was consigned. Walter Forest, for (so was our jailor called) scarcely deigned to honour us with a look, while he informed us, that we must prepare ourselves to quit Ravenstein at midnight, the Count of Carlsheim not thinking
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the Castle safe enough, since the late fire, for the confinement of prisoners of our consequence. We wished to address a few words to him, imploring better treatment for the future ; but he turned away from us rudely, blamed the attendants for having suffered us to remain unfettered, and having caused heavy shackles to be brought immediately, he saw them rivetted before he left the dungeon.

The doors were fastened after him more cautiously, if possible, than before. Yet in spite of his vigilance and positive commands, the former chief of our guards (who seemed to look on his being deprived of his cruel office as an insult) contrived to gain admission to us privately, and to confirm by his warn-
K 2 ings

ings the dreadful suspicions, with which our imaginations were but too strongly imprest already.

—“ I advise you by every means in your power,” said he, “ to avoid committing yourselves to the power of this intruder: depend upon it, this removal to a different place of confinement is only a pretence to persuade you to follow him without trouble; and I doubt not, he intends to convey you to some solitary spot, and put an end at once to your captivity and your lives. But take my counsel, and you shall be rescued from this danger: Walter is accompanied but by few attendants, and those badly armed; our people are treble the number of his, and we can easily overpower him, if you will but give us the

2 command.

command. Call to us for assistance; we will all be on your side; and as we have carefully avoided asking to see our master's orders for giving you into Walter's custody, we can easily make it believed that we took him for an impostor, and thus shall we escape Count Ethelbert's vengeance, if you will but engage not to betray our secret!"—

The fellow, who hitherto had seldom deigned to hold a parley with us, said much more to the same effect. He left us undecided, what we ought to think of this proposal, and what mode of conduct it would be most prudent for us to pursue: yet after mature deliberation, and having completely canvassed the business by ourselves, the consideration, that in a situation so desolate as ours,

any change must be for the
made us resolve to submit qu
Ethelbert's lately-issued comm
New situations might furnish
sources, perhaps even an opportu
flight ; at all events our present
tion was so hopeless, that we co
wish it to continue ; and when
night Wãlter Forest unbarred ou
geon door, we followed him wi
murmur.

In all probability the enemies
new comptroller had agreed, th
resistance should be the signal for
upon him. We found our anti-cl
filled with them ; all were arme
the threatening looks, which they
on our conductor, sufficiently d
their purpose.—But when the

that we accompanied him willingly, their courage appeared to fail them. Some few indeed unsheathed their swords, and made a faint show of resistance ; but Walter's people were neither cowards nor ignorant of the use of arms, and we were soon permitted to quit the Castle unimpeded.

—" Tremble !" we heard Walter exclaim, as we crost the threshold, " tremble, rebels, when I return ! You shall not have opposed our master's will without reward, and you shall find, that I am able to preserve the office, which Count Ethelbert has thought fit to intrust to my care !"—

At the entrance of the steep and narrow path, by which we descended the rock on whose brow the fortress was
K 4 situated,

situated, stood a close litter, to which we were conducted. We entered it; the carriage moved on with rapidity; and now it was, that I ventured to discover to my friend my astonishment, at a circumstance which had just occurred. In quitting the Castle one of Walter's people had raised the visor of his casque for a moment, and had shewn me what seemed to be the countenance of Henric Mekthal! My narrative had already made Edith acquainted with the character of this man. In the whole circle of the ten jurisdictions there existed not a heart more honest or more brave. He had been one of my uncle's most faithful vassals; and even when that domain where he resided was made over to the Count of Carlsheim, Henric still remained

mained most tenderly attached to the interests of Count Venosta and his unhappy niece.

—“Henric Melthal?” exclaimed the Countess; “Oh! Urania, if this honest man is among our attendants, we are already more than half at liberty.—He surely knows not the prisoners whom he is guarding, and doubtless if we can but find an opportunity of discovering to him our names and danger, he will omit no endeavour to free us from our chains.”—

To confirm her in these pleasing hopes, I was on the point of informing her, that when I was forcibly removed from the Castle of Sargans, this very Henric was the only person who dared to assert

my innocence; when Walter Forest rode up to the side of the litter.

—"Noble ladies," said he, while the moon showed us, that the gloom, which had overspread his countenance, was replaced by the smile of benevolence, and while the tone in which he address us was the most gentle and respectful, "Fear nothing; you are safe, and here is the person, whom you have to thank for your rescue."—

I will not attempt to describe our feelings at hearing these words, which were no sooner spoken, than Walter again withdrew. The litter was dark; we could not see the person who entered it; but how were our doubts converted into rapture, when Edith felt her neck

encircled by two little arms, and heard herself called by the name of mother!

With one voice we both pronounced the name of the dear lost child, who was now restored to us so unexpectedly. Rapture almost deprived the Countess of speech and recollection; and I was myself too much bewildered with the joy of having recovered the little Ludolf and my own liberty at the same time, to be capable of affording my friend much assistance. As soon as we could recollect ourselves, we endeavoured to call Walter to the side of the litter, in order that he might explain these mysterious transactions; but he paid no attention to us. This was not a fit time for explanations and expressions of gratitude. Not a moment was to be lost,

and we traversed the valley with the rapidity of the tempest. Till we were safe on the other side of the mountains, or had crost the lake of Thun, we were desired not to expect our curiosity to be fully gratified; in the mean while we were obliged to content ourselves with such circumstances, as we could collect from Ludolf's unconnected account, which however left us no doubt, that we were indebted for our rescue to the courage and address of Walter Forest.

Providence had made use of Edith's desperate resolution of dropping her little darling from the prison-window, to effect our deliverance. You see in this an example, my children, what insignificant trifles furnish the Omnipotent Ruler of all things with the means of blessing his creatures! Our imprudences,

dences, nay even our very faults are not without their use in the great chain of accidents; and managed by a hand of superior power they often produce consequences totally different from those, which might naturally have been expected to follow!

In that night of terror Ludolf's better angel had guided him safely through a dangerous path on every side beset with steep precipices and vast tremendous chasms. Weeping and exhausted with fatigue, he was found at the foot of a rock by a peasant from the vale of Frutiger. On being informed that he had just made his escape from the burning Castle, and was unwilling to return thither, the honest countryman conducted him to the house of Walter Forest, one of the most distinguished inhabitants of those

those parts. He received the child with that hospitable kindness, which no true Helvetian ever refuses to the unfortunate. Walter was *indeed* a true Helvetian ; and he felt double pleasure in giving protection to a child like Ludolf, who to the beauty of a cherub united the most unprotected helplessness : surely there is no chain more powerful to bind a noble heart.

It was long, before his new guardian could comprehend the meaning of the child's broken narrative ; but the names of his mother and myself (both of whom Ludolf supposed to have perished in the conflagration) and his calling himself the Count of Mayenfield, roused Walter's attention sufficiently to induce him to enquire farther into the business ;

and

and those enquiries at length made him master of the whole truth.

The virtuous inhabitants of that tranquil valley troubled themselves but little about what past in the rock-founded Castles of the neighbouring lords. They looked upon them as the abodes of vice and of injustice, loathed their possessors for the one, and feared them for the other. Their power was too weak to permit their preventing the commission of those crimes, which frequently took place in these fortresses, though the report of such deeds of horror occasionally reached them ; therefore their most earnest wish, respecting these dens of robbers, was to escape the notice of their owners, who might otherwise have been
tempted

tempted to make them also experience the weight of their oppression.

But Walter Forest (a man, whose sentiments and actions were in every respect far superior to those of his contemporaries) needed only to be informed, that two unhappy women stood in need of his protection, to make him resolve on granting it. By making enquiries cautiously and discreetly among the household of the Count of Carlsheim, he ascertained the truth of what he had collected from the child's narration, and also that the captives of whom he spoke had been rescued from the flames. His resolution was immediately adopted, and swift and successful was the execution of his design.

Henric

Henric Melthal was an old acquaintance and friend of Walter; and it was to him, that the latter applied for information respecting the history of Edith and myself. That faithful vassal of Count Venosta had long lamented in secret the fate of his former mistress, and anxiously wished to discover the place of her confinement. Readily therefore did he enter into Walter's plan for my deliverance; and in the meanwhile (through fear of losing time) he dispatched his son in all haste to give my uncle information of every thing that had taken place.

The measures adopted for our rescue by these two honest Helvetians is easy to be guessed from what has been already related. Henric brought with him a small

small band of faithful friends from the neighbourhood of Sargans, which Walter strengthened with some of the bravest inhabitants of the vale of Frutiger. They were daring enough to present themselves at Ravenstein, as Envoys from the Count of Carlsheim; and the very rashness of the design made it pass without suspicion. The firm and commanding tone, which they assumed, overawed the numerous soldiers of Ravenstein; our friends were well aware, that their artifice could not remain long undiscovered, and therefore they lost not a moment in endeavouring to reap the fruits of it; they were successful, and the captives were once more free!

Edith! Ludolf! dear partners in
affliction,

affliction, ye were restored with me to liberty!—Walter! Henric! our benevolent deliverers, what thanks could suffice to reward your services!—But the generous men expected neither rewards nor thanks. What they had done appeared to them an act so simple, that they rather supposed, we should complain that our rescue had been delayed so long; and they thought it necessary to assure us a thousand times, that ignorance of our situation and want of power to assist us had unavoidably prevented their coming sooner to break our chains; excuses, which we (only awake to sentiments of gratitude and joy) thought perfectly unsuited to the occasion.

These excellent men, who had bravely
hazarded

hazarded their lives in a manner so perfectly disinterested, belonged to the inferior class of people; they were the sons of labour, and strangers to the refinements of wealth and grandeur. Yet does there really exist an *inferior* class among a people, who inhale with every breath of air the spirit of generosity and the love of freedom? Oh! rocks of Helvetia, 'tis only among *you*, that we find ~~that~~ mixture of magnanimity of soul and unaffected simplicity, which attracts to your children so large a portion of our admiration and our love at once!

Prevented by distance and by the increasing infirmities of age, Count Venosta had not yet completed his preparations for attempting our rescue, when.

when we threw ourselves at his feet. Arnold Melthal (Henric's son, whom his father had dispatched with the account of our situation) had assured him, that it was unnecessary for him to collect his forces, since we should certainly be delivered without their assistance; but when those we love are concerned, who ever believes, that too many precautions can be taken? The news, that Edith still lived, and that his niece was innocent, had agitated the venerable warrior's mind so violently, that had he been master of it, he would have summoned the whole world to our assistance.

The small estate, which Count Leopold had alone reserved for himself out of all the wide-extended possessions, which

which his generosity had bestowed my ungrateful husband, was in a per uproar, and his few vassals were already in arms. As our arrival made the preparations unnecessary for our resistance, it was determined that they should be employed for our revenge. As Edith and myself, we entreated peace might be preserved ; we implored my uncle to recollect the great superiority of strength and riches, which his foes possess : but how difficult is it to prevail on an ancient warrior to lay aside the sword long accustomed to victory !

—“ Oh ! Edith,” he replied to my supplications, “ spare me these entreaties ; the unmanly conduct of your tyrant is too base to be permitted to go unpunished.”

unpunished. Reflect, of how many happy years the monster has deprived us, which we might have passed together in peace and joy ; reflect too, that he robbed you, my innocent Urania, of your good name, and by that means of the assistance of your best, your only friend. Fool that I was, how could I have been so credulous as to believe his calumny ! How artfully did he long contrive to keep me ignorant of his separation from you ! and when at length the remonstrances of Henric Melthal, and the cries of your faithful Gertrude, penetrated to my solitude, how skilfully did he lull to rest my love and my anxiety by slanderous tales, to which your uncle (under whose eye you had so long past a life of the purest innocence)

cence) ought never to have given credit?"—

Such being his feelings, it was impossible for our entreaties to make any impression on Count Venosta. He was positively determined to punish the Count of Carlsheim, not only for the crimes which he had committed, but for the error which (through him) he had himself been induced to commit. For this purpose he conducted us to the strong Castle of Upper Halbstein, on the banks of the Rhine, which was situated not far from the scene of action, and consequently was then more convenient for our abode than the distant vale of Munster.

Scarcely had we reached the Castle, when we received a pleasure totally
unex-

unexpected, but long most anxiously desired. In vain had we endeavoured to discover, what was become of the youthful Minna, of Mayenfield, whom I had been compelled to leave behind in Count Ethelbert's power. My uncle assured us, that no sooner had he been informed of my departure from the Castle of Sargans, than in hopes of gaining some consolation for my loss, he had requested the Count of Carlsheim to entrust her to his care. His application however had been unsuccessful; and the only intelligence which he could gain respecting her was, that on the day after my forcible departure from Sargans, Gertrude had found means to quit the Castle privately, and had been accompanied in her flight by the Damsel

of Mayenfield. Yet when Gertrude made her appearance at Count Venosta's to prevail on him to attempt my deliverance, and was questioned respecting the above report, she denied any knowledge of the place of Minna's concealment. The mystery was now dissolved; on the day after our arrival at the Castle on the Rhine, I had the pleasure of being welcomed by my faithful Gertrude !

—“ Oh ! my dear ladies !” she exclaimed, while she threw herself at our feet, and prest an hand of each alternately to her lips, “ how much have I felt for your misfortunes ! how much trouble has it cost me to preserve for you that treasure, which I am now going to restore ! I dared not intrust it to the custody of the weak and credulous
Count

Count Venosta; but under your care
 our lovely girl can have nothing to
 apprehend."—

Scarcely had Gertrude ceased to speak,
 when a blooming maiden about sixteen,
 whose charms perfectly answered the
 expectation of what was promised by
 the childhood of Minna of Mayenfield,
 rushed into the room, and bedewed with
 tears of filial affection the bosom of
 the delighted Edith: it was her beloved,
 her long-lost daughter. Bewildered
 with joy, for some time neither the
 mother nor myself could do any thing
 but gaze upon and embrace the weeping
 Minna; and Gertrude recounted with-
 out being attended to, why she had so
 obstinately denied any knowledge of
 concealment, and had resolved not

to intrust her to the care of my uncle, who had suffered himself to be so grossly deluded by the slanders of the Count of Carlsheim.

It was long, before we could recover ourselves enough to thank the trusty Gertrude, and listen to the tale of Minna's adventures, of which a detailed account will be found among my papers (as well as a supplement containing what afterwards happened to her) under the title of "*Minna of Homburg*." Suffice it to say in brief, that I had no sooner been torn from the arms of the afflicted Minna in order to be conveyed to Ravensstein, than Gertrude hurried her away from Sargans, and hastened to conceal her in the celebrated convent of Zurich. Their whole wealth in gold

and jewels was scarcely sufficient to pay for their entrance into this consecrated retreat, which (as is well known) is seldom open but to ladies of the highest rank ; and Gertrude's prudence forbade her announcing her young charge as a daughter of the House of Mayenfield.

Here they remained under feigned names quiet and concealed, unknown to, and even scarcely remarked by their hostesses the Nuns, till Minna's expanding beauty began to excite attention. The Abbot of St. Gall, and the Bishop of Coira were more frequent than usual in their visits to the Domina, and never suffered an opportunity to escape them of bestowing a blessing on the lovely stranger. Gertrude, who had never been observed to judge the actions of

the dignitaries of the church too favourably, suspected that her pupil was no longer safe at Zurich, and determined to change her abode, which she had the power of doing without difficulty.

This excellent woman had been long courted by a man of no small consequence in the village of Stein; he was in every respect deserving of a reciprocal attachment, and she had long since acknowledged her consciousness, of his merit; but still the affection which she felt for me, with whom she had lived even from my infancy, was so great, that she could not prevail on herself to quit me. After the loss of me and Edith, when the young Minna was left entirely to her care, she was less disposed than ever to think of altering her situation.

A cloister

A cloister seemed to her the only proper retreat for herself and her adopted daughter ; and she contented herself with only seeing her faithful lover at such few hours, as she could steal from her attentions to Minna. Then she confided to him her grief for our loss, and her anxiety for the fate of her pupil. He was her only confident ; and now that the holy walls seemed to afford no longer a secure retreat, Werner Bernsdorf became more urgent in his entreaties, that Gertrude would exchange her abode at the Convent for an husband's house.

Gertrude at length consented to become his wife, and accepted the protection, which he offered for herself and her lovely charge. She quitted the Convent

L 4

privately,

privately ; and they had already past year in his dwelling at Stein in a manner which left them nothing to desire, except that which they now enjoyed, the embraces of those dear friends whose loss they had never ceased to lament.

Nosooner had the intelligence reached her of our release and arrival at Upphalbstein, than Gertrude hastened to restore Minna to our arms, and give an account of the manner, in which she had preserved this treasure. Her husband, the worthy Werner Bernsdorff accompanied her, and brought with him a considerable number of his count neighbours to assist my uncle against the Count of Carlsheim, whose conduct had made him the object of universal detestation.

He

Here Minna eagerly interrupted Gertrude's narrative.

—"Oh!" said she, "however good Werner's intentions may be, we are already provided with a much more powerful ally. You are not aware, dear mother, that Count Lodowick of Homburg."—

—"Forgive me, lady," said Gertrude smiling, "for having so long omitted the mention of that favourite name!"—then turning again to us, "you must know, my dear mistresses, that the assistance, which the Count of Homburg prepares to give you, is given solely, because one of the persons injured by Ethelbert is the mother of Minna. Count Lodowick is my husband's declared patron; he saw the Damsel of

Mayenfield in one of his visits at Stein, and from that moment his heart
.....”—

—“Have mercy on me, dear Gertrude, “exclaimed the blushing Minna; “you punish me too severely for my imprudence!”—

Gertrude was silent, but we insisted on an explanation. We now heard all the circumstances of an attachment, which are detailed at length in Minna’s history, but which I could not relate in this place without breaking the thread of my narrative, which I shall now pursue without interruption.

The arrival of the forces of the Count of Homburg and of Werner Bernsdorf was highly acceptable to Count Venosta. A variety of circumstances had already

convinced him, that by the gift of his estates to Ethelbert he had purchased a dangerous enemy, too powerful for him to subdue without assistance. Long was the contest doubtful; but the vengeance of Heaven at length was made manifest, and the balance inclined towards the rightful cause.

Ethelbert was now reduced to solicit an accommodation. He enquired, what satisfaction for the injuries, which I had suffered, would content Count Leopold; and he flattered himself, that an acknowledgement of my innocence, and the offer of receiving back his repudiated wife, would cancel all offences: but the demands of Count Venosta extended much farther. He required the resto-

ration of the whole of that property which he had made over to Ethelbert with such imprudent generosity ; property, to which the latter had only a right in quality of my husband, and to which he had forfeited his right, when he ceased to consider me as his wife. The negotiation continued for some time ; each side abated something in their respective demands ; large sums were offered to facilitate the conclusion of the business ; but I doubt much, whether an adjustment involving so many difficulties on both sides could ever have been brought, to an amicable termination, had not fate collected some few bitter dregs still remaining in the cup of sorrow, that cup which I could not have

have *completely* emptied, without submitting to a re-union with my barbarous husband!

Almighty Providence, if ever I have murmured against thy decisions, if even now a tear of discontent steals down my cheek, oh ! think on the weakness of human nature, and pardon mine ! Still, still I suffer !—But doubtless there will one day come an hour, when time, or oblivion, the shadows of the grave, or the brightness of eternal life, will efface the memory of what I have endured. Till I can learn forgetfulness, I can never forbear to sorrow !

Not the most distant rumour had ever led me to believe, that there existed another Count of Carlsheim besides Ethelbert. Now all at once the assurance

ance reached me from all quarters, that Count Donat of Carlsheim was arrived from Italy; that after having made many enquiries respecting Ethelbert's situation, (whom he called his father) he had established himself in the old Fortress of Ravenstein; and that he was there collecting a considerable military force, whose destination was still a profound secret.

We, poor anxious females, trembled in our solitary Castle, while we listened to this account of the proceedings of one, whose very name made us already look upon him as our enemy. Yet I could by no means understand, how he should be the son of Ethelbert, never having heard, that my husband had been married, till I gave him my hand, nor that
he

he had any natural children, whose existence (I had no cause to flatter myself) he would have concealed out of respect for me!—Edith sighed, when I stated to her my reasons for disbelieving, that Ethelbert had a son; and my uncle, who just at that moment happened to return from one of his daily skirmishes with his enemy, explained to me the cause of her sighing.

—“Alas, my child,” said he, “it is not without reason, that you look with terror on this newly-arrived Count of Carlsheim. It is but too probable, that he is Ethelbert’s son, and is come to strengthen his father’s party. Before your union with him a report had reached me, that Count Ethelbert was already the husband of another, though
his

his passion for you induced him to conceal his marriage. This story, making me look upon him as a seducer, was the motive of my unexplained antipathy towards him, and of the displeasure with which I observed your growing attachment. I therefore took an opportunity of questioning him seriously respecting the report ; but no sooner had the first hint escaped my lips, than his pride took the alarm.

—“ To justify myself from such accusation,” said he haughtily, “ is beneath me ; thus much I will answer and no more. Yes ; some years ago I married a noble Italian lady (alas ! now she will never claim her rights !) rich and beautiful. Before I was deprived of her, she bore to me a son, whom

left to the guardianship of his mother's relations ; they were anxious to retain him with them, as being all that remained of a person so justly dear to them. The partiality of his mother has made this boy already master of very large possessions ; nor would his birth at all interfere with the rights of any future children ; should ever a second wife. . . .

But why do I thus condescend to explain the circumstances of my private life to one, who looks on me as a seducer ?— You have suspected me of artfully endeavouring to ensnare your niece's affections for the basest purposes ; here then I solemnly swear in the face of Heaven that nothing shall ever tempt me to offer her my hand, or condescend to seek a connexion with a man, who
has

has exprest an opinion of me so degrading! I love Urania, love her passionately; but never will I become her husband, unless you solicit me with your own lips to accept her hand, and thus wipe off the injurious aspersion, which you have cast upon the character of one, whose sentiments are as elevated, and whose honour is as strict as your own."—

—"At hearing this declaration," continued my uncle, "I could not restrain a smile; so impossible did it appear to me at that time, that a situation should ever occur, which could induce me to force the heiress of all my possessions on the noblest and most powerful man on earth.—But from that moment Ethelbert never missed an opportunity
of

of working himself into my heart. The services, which he rendered me, increased in number so rapidly, and were of such material consequence, and his countenance bore so plainly the melancholy impression of hopeless love, that I could not avoid wishing to gratify him with your hand. I now began to make all possible enquiries respecting his former marriage. Proof upon proof met me at every step, that he had acted by me with candour; I daily received fresh assurances, that he had indeed been married to an Italian heiress; but that his wife was dead, and his son richly provided for. The last and most essential service which he rendered me, the delivering me from the chains of the Abbot of St. Gall, put the finishing-hand to my
reso-

resolution in his favour. I solicited him to become your husband ; cursed be the hour, in which I did so ! Ah ! what did it avail, that Ethelbert's wife was no more, since her death only left him at liberty to contract an union with one, who has with every hour had fresh cause to lament the moment, in which that union was formed ?"—

—" And are you then quite certain," interrupted his wife (for Edith was now the Countess Venosta) " that when Ethelbert became Uraniá's husband, his hand was *really* free?—Oh ! Leopold, how much have we all reason to lament, that your own guileless nature should have made you so unwilling to suspect, that others were deccivers ! that even when your suspicions were so justly
excited

excited, your inclination to find them groundless should have so lightly made you abandon them, and resume your good opinion of a man, whose only talent consisted in concealing his vices with dexterity!—Alas! alas! even from the grave thy voice, unfortunate Lucretia, calls Ethelbert a murderer! Soon may the curse, which you breathed against him in your last moments, fall on the tyrant's head; but far be its accomplishment from her, whom your unjust fury joined with him in the malediction. Urania is guiltless of your sufferings; surely had not frenzy and despair made you deaf to all conviction, you could not have resisted the arguments, which I advanced in proof of her unconscious innocence!"—

Struck

Struck dumb with astonishment stood my uncle and myself, and gazed in silence on Edith. Her arms were crossed upon her bosom; her eyes were raised towards Heaven; the tears streamed down her cheeks. She replied not to the anxious enquiries, which her extraordinary agitation and incoherent exclamations at length compelled us to make.

—"Be patient with me for a few moments!" said she after some time; "the dreadful scene, which I witnessed at Ravenstein Castle, stands before me exprest in such strong and lively colours, that horror almost robs me of my senses! Allow me time to recover myself, in pity!"—

We now remained in anxious expectation

tation of the moment, when Edith should be sufficiently herself to clear up this mystery. My uncle was totally in the dark as to her meaning ; but certain obscure suspicions flitted before my recollection, which Edith's narrative soon confirmed. That unfortunate captive, who had endeavoured to destroy by fire the gloomy prison, in which she had groaned away so many wretched years ; she, in whom the bare mention of my name had produced so violent an emotion, that it threw her into the delirium, in which she ended her life ; she, that unhappy one, had a claim to Ethelbert's hand prior to that of the betrayed Urania ! In her last moments she called me the cause of her misfortunes ! In her

her last moments she cursed me
and I was innocent !

Edith's tenderness had induced her to conceal from me the dreadful scene which she had witnessed, and in which Lucretia had made known to her this important secret. She was well acquainted with the weakness of my nature ; she thought, that for an heart so tender and so fond as mine, to remain ignorant of the *whole* extent of the misfortunes, which had been the consequence of my so earnestly desired marriage would be more supportable, than to know that I had been the cause (however innocent) of Lucretia's sufferings, and had been myself so grossly deceived by a man, whom I had once loved

loved so passionately, and whom in spite of all his cruelty I could not yet bring myself to hate.

The veil was now withdrawn! I now found, that I had for many years been the unlawful consort of one, who only deserved my love so long, as I remained ignorant of his real character. I now found, that I who would not willingly have crushed a worm, who would gladly have banished from the earth every trace of sorrow, had for many years caused the sufferings of an unknown, who perhaps was good and amiable!—But no! that was not Lucretia's character. Of this you will be convinced, my children, on reading her story traced by the hand of Edith, and entitled "*Lucretia Malaspina*." You

see, that she had obtained
 's hand by a series of the vilest
 ; that her conduct afterwards
 er such, as almost justified his
 ent of her ; that the son (whose
 l she so eagerly expected, though
 in) had been abandoned by her to
 y licentiousness, and bred up in
 red of his father ; and her miserable
 ath was exactly such an end, as was
 est adapted to a life so destitute of
 virtue.

But alas ! this knowledge of her want
 of merit was still insufficient to suppor
 me under the weight of her dyin
 malediction. Methinks, undeserved
 it was by me, her curse still hangs ov
 my head, and sooner or later I sh
 its effects.—My child
 I r

re break off for a few moments:
 ful emotions overpower me:
 ble to proceed!

possest still more information
 ; Count Ethelbert's family.
 , that by some means or other
 of Lucretia's sufferings had at
 ached her son in Italy; but
 voluptuousness and totally
 l by his libertine pursuits, he
 red from day to day the hasten-
 accour his imprisoned mother.
 he arrived at Ravenstein, and
 d the liberty of her, whose
 re already mouldering among
 of the half-burnt Castle. The

reflection—" *hadst thou come sooner, she had been saved,*"—drove him almost frantic, and in the violence of his despair he committed the most inhuman outrages. The whole garrison of the fortress was sacrificed to the shade of Lucretia; the remaining towers of the Castle were converted into her funeral pile, and were consumed to ashes! He was informed, that the unfortunate Urania (whom he, as well as his mother accused of having caused all these misfortunes) had once been an inmate of these walls; and he foamed with rage at not finding her still there, that he might have sacrificed *her* also to his hatred and revenge!

The inhabitants of the tranquil vale of Frutiger, to whom I had formerly been indebted for my rescue, did not
escape

escape without feeling the weight of his fury. *They* too suffered for the dilatoriness, with which he had fulfilled his duty to an unfortunate mother; a crime, which he punished in those guiltless people, but of which he could accuse no one justly but himself.

Every one fled before the raging Donat, whose cruelties were supported by a strong army composed of his Italian vassals. He now was advancing towards the place of our abode by rapid marches, though no one yet knew, against whom in particular his fury would be directed. We trembled at his approach, for our feuds with Count Ethelbert had greatly diminished our strength, and we were ill-prepared for encountering troops so fresh and nu-

merous, as those which accompanied our new enemy. Neither was Ethelbert without his fears. He imagined with no small probability, that his son was coming to demand the blood of his mother at his hands ; and he was himself already engaged in a contest with the Count Venosta, whose military prowess supplied the deficiency of numbers in his army. Nothing could save both us and him, but an union of our forces against the common enemy ; and now it was, that I was compelled to place myself in a situation, than which no other could ever have entailed on me even half such misery.

In the anxiety of his heart Count Ethelbert made proposals, which my uncle (who had scarcely less cause for anxiety)

anxiety) judged it imprudent entirely to reject. A negotiation was entered into; an alliance was concluded against Donat between Ethelbert and Count Leopold; and the wretched Urania was the victim sacrificed to their mutual fears. Almighty Heaven! the man who had deceived my uncle, imprisoned Edith, murdered Lucretia, and branded myself with shame, this man was I obliged for the second time to call by the name of husband.—It was in vain, that I resisted; that I wept, and knelt at the feet of my uncle. He bade me remember, that I had for many years lived with Ethelbert as his wife, and that should I go to my grave without a legal claim to that title, it would leave such a stain upon the family honour, as

all the waters of the Rhine and Danube could never wash away.—Nor was this reflection without its weight in my own balance—to be handed down to posterity as the licentious votary of pleasure! “Urania Venosta, the concubine of the Count of Carlsheim!” was such the description, by which I must be known in after ages? As the hateful thought glanced upon my imagination, I recoiled with horror; a crimson blush suffused my cheeks, and the blood as it rushed through my veins, seemed boiling.—And yet to prevent this odious image from being realized, there existed no possible means except the consenting to give the most inhuman of men a second legal claim to torture and insult me!—Yet still did I resist; and still did

id the dreaded Donat advance towards us. Count Venosta's persuasions became every hour more urgent. Intreaties, threats, anger, kindness, were employed alternately to obtain my unwilling consent.—Edith felt for me, and aided not her husband; but she felt too for the dangers of her situation, and shuddered involuntarily at the bare mention of Donat's name. Her silent terrors affected me to the very soul: I was not insensible to apprehensions on my own account: Ethelbert's arms at least afforded me a refuge from disgrace: I yielded, and with my eyes open doomed myself to a life of wilful suffering.

Yes! I became again the wife of Ethelbert!—Expect not from me a cir-

cumstantial account of my first interview with a man, whose crimes had now made him as much the object of my aversion, as he had once been the object of my love. The news of his approach made me shrink with terror ! I painted to myself this imperious tyrant in the most frightful colours, which imagination could supply ; but in the present instance, as had been the case on many former ones, I was deceived in my expectations. Its true, the scene which I had to go through was a most painful one, but very different from that for which I had prepared myself.

Three years, which had elapsed since I parted from Count Ethelbert, had produced a change in him, which struck me with astonishment ; he was no longer,

ger, as in former times, either an object of love, or of terror: his appearance was capable of exciting, even in the bosoms of those whom he had injured, no sentiment but compassion. It seemed, as if the natural consequences of his dissolute life had made a much more wretched creature of himself, than he had been able to make of the victims of his tyranny. Edith and myself had lost that pale and emaciated appearance, which we brought with us from Ravenstein, and were fast resuming our natural bloom and health; while on the contrary our persecutor seemed to have but just escaped from the dungeons of that gloomy Castle. Nor was it only his body's strength which had suffered; his excessive libertinism, the stings of con-

science, and his terror of impending punishment had broken down the fortitude of his mind completely.

No sooner did he enter the room in which I waited for him, than he threw himself at my feet, and entreated me in the most abject manner to pardon what was past. He also bathed Edith's feet with his tears, and stammered out a long confession of the injuries which he had done her, and of which she was already but too well informed.

This excessive and unmanly degradation of himself was neither what we expected, nor wished from him. My sensations were equally composed of contempt and pity, and I could not decide, which of the two was the more powerful. The latter at length prevailed,

vailed, and I suffered myself to be drawn by Ethelbert's entreaties into making a promise, which I found in the end most painful to perform !

I am not certain, what were my uncle's feelings on this occasion : methought I could read in his eyes a strong expression of pity for the poor victim, who was thus sacrificed to the common safety, and of anger against himself for having consented to the renewal of a connexion, whose consequences must needs prove to be the most bitter sufferings, that could have been inflicted on his unfortunate niece. Terror of his two powerful enemies had compelled him to free himself from one of them by this sacrifice ; but alas ! he had soon to find his regret at having made this sacrifice increased

increased by the knowledge, that it had been made without advantage. It was only at a distance, that Count Ethelbert appeared dreadful. Our scanty troops, under the command of the martial Leopold (who in spite of his increasing age was still an hero) were of much more effective consequence, than all the thousands who were ranged under the banners of the powerful Count of Carlsheim and Sargans; for their chief was a wretch, infirm both in body and mind, made fearful of encountering the wrath of man by his consciousness of deserving the vengeance of Heaven, and who (as we had soon but too much reason to suspect) was not always in his proper senses.

This last was a circumstance, which
had.

had been carefully concealed from all our family : but I had not resumed the title of Countess of Carlsheim and Sargans more than a few days, when I made some observations respecting my husband's conduct, which opened before me the most terrific prospects for the future. I never could ascertain, whether Ethelbert's incurable disorder owed its origin to his imagination having been struck by any one particular circumstance, for it was seldom prudent, or indeed possible to speak to him on this subject ; but why should we seek for a cause, knowing the life which he had led ? Seldom does the hand of licentiousness fail at length to guide her votaries to the brink of an abyss, the very sight of which makes the brain turn

turn giddy, and scares away reason, never to resume her seat again!

Ethelbert's profound and fearful melancholy afflicted him at periodical intervals. There were times, when he shut himself up from every one, but more particularly from me, in order to indulge himself in solitary sufferings. In one of these hours of voluntary seclusion I was induced (not by curiosity, but by my earnest wish to afford him some relief) to intrude upon his privacy. All that I gained by this well-intended interference was, (besides beholding a sight the most heart-rending that ever was presented to the eye of woman) that I drew down on me in the present moment the whole storm of my distracted husband's fury, and in future was compelled to witness those

those sufferings, which out of a sort of delicacy for my feelings he had hitherto been careful to hide from my observation. His secret being now discovered, he constrained himself no longer. Till this unfortunate day I had never seen the wretched man except in those gloomy and capricious humours, which occupied the greater part of his time. I was now forced to witness his delirious follies, which sometimes rose to such a pitch of extravagance, that Edith and myself had good reason to tremble for our lives. Often have we been pursued by the frantic Ethelbert through every chamber of the Castle, without being able to find a place secure from his fury, except on the borders of that ruined well, in which I had caused my vassals to inter the dead bodies

bodies of those, who had fallen by the swords of Edith's ravishers.

Never did Ethelbert dare to enter the Court, in which this well was situated. The moment that he attempted to cross the threshold, he shrieked out that he saw bleeding spectres rising out of the abyss; that Lucretia was among the number; and that he could hear her threaten to drag him down with her to the grave.

Tortures of a guilty conscience, who can paint you in colours sufficiently strong! Who can endure you without sinking at last beneath your weight! The phantoms, which in his disordered moments terrified the mind of Ethelbert, presented themselves in a thousand different forms. Many of them were
totally

totally unintelligible to me, as I was not fully instructed in the history of his past errors ; nor was I at all inclined to inquire further into events, whose consequences sufficiently assured me, that their knowledge would afford me no sources of consolation.

Count Venosta was at this period compelled to be often absent from the Castle of Sargans. His renewed connection with Ethelbert made it incumbent on him to become the General of those troops, whom their master's infirmity would otherwise have left without a leader. Such preparations therefore, as were necessary for our safety, were made by the sole orders of my uncle ; and alas ! every succeeding day made us feel with an added certainty, that

that no precautions could be superfluous.

Our dreaded enemy, the fierce and incensed Donat, was now daily expected to appear. I knew well his animosity against myself; and it is not to be wondered at, that in spite of the consciousness of my innocence, I shuddered when I heard of his approach. But my anxiety was not to be compared with the horror, which shook Count Ethelbert's frame, whenever he heard Donat mentioned. He no longer recollected, that he was his own son; he only saw in him Lucretia's offspring and avenger; and often when his bewildered brain pictured him present, did he fly for shelter to my arms, and entreat me to save him from Donat's imaginary dagger.

What

What I endured at this period, is not to be believed ! My friend Edith had often advised me to quit my frantic husband ; and so excruciating were my sufferings, that I probably should have taken her counsel, had not compassion in the first moments of my re-union with the wretched man forced from me the inconsiderate promise, “ that I never would abandon him through life, but that whatever fate was allotted to him should be shared by me ; ” a promise, which I had confirmed by too solemn an oath, and on which Ethelbert relied with too much confidence, to admit of my departing from it without his consent.

Previous to Donat’s approaching so near the Castle, I had been offered many opportunities of exchanging my melan-

choly situation for a secure retreat in the arms of friendship; but I was too strictly bound by my fatal oath to profit by the kind offices of my friends. Count Ledowick of Homburg, the declared admirer of the young Damsel of Mayenfield, had been compelled to leave us for a time, that he might support the claims of the family of his mistress against the usurping Abbot of St. Gall. Fortunately, the sudden death of this tyrant greatly facilitated the completion of his views. He now returned to Sargans, for the purpose of conducting the young Count Ludolf to Mayenfield, and seeing him re-instated in his natural rights.

It was thought necessary, that Ludolf should be accompanied by his mother; but

but she protested, that she could not consent to leave me exposed to such dangers, and insisted on my accompanying her to a place, where I should be in security. Oh ! how gladly would my heart have embraced her offer ! Nor in truth did Count Ethelbert positively forbid my leaving him : in his calmer moments he acknowledged in a tone of humility, that after his treatment of me he had no right to detain me contrary to my inclination ; he left it entirely to myself to decide, whether I would go or stay ; and declared, that he would not oppose my abandoning him, if after what I had sworn, I could *reconcile it to my own conscience.*

You may be certain, my dear children, that having witnessed in my husband
the

the tortures of an accusing conscience, I had not courage to run the risque of imposing the slightest burthen upon my own. I had sworn, and was compelled to keep my oath : I even renewed it, engaged once more never to forsake my husband, and only entreated my friend, that she would yield to her daughter's entreaties not to be separated from me at a time, when I was so much in want of consolation. Habit had attached me so tenderly to the charming girl, that to have parted with her would have seemed to me like the stroke of death ; and even Ethelbert felt such reverence for the angelic innocence which beamed in her every feature, that in his unhappy moments I had frequently found a safe retreat from his

violence in Minna's arms. Minna too was resolutely determined to share my dangers: nor was it affection for *me*, which alone made her unwilling to depart from Sargans. Count Lodowick was soon to rejoin us for the purpose of defending our boundaries against the still encroaching enemy, and I extorted a confession from Minna, that she was anxious to continue near him.

We separated; I lost my Edith! Minna remained with me, and with beating hearts did we look forward to futurity, whose gloom appeared to increase with every moment. Will not my hand fail me, when I attempt to describe the most cruel blow, which ever fell upon my heart? Edith was dear to me; so was her daughter, the gentle

affectionate Minna ; but dearer than either, oh ! dearer a thousand times, was my uncle, my second father, the venerable Count Venosta !

Count Lodowick's appearance at the Castle of Sargans made my uncle's return necessary. The young warrior was desirous of discussing in person with an hero of such experience in military affairs, what mode of proceeding would be most likely to produce advantage to the cause of those, whose interests were equally dear to both. Till this business was settled, the Count of Homburg did not think it prudent to quit the Castle, and leave Minna and myself exposed to the enterprizes of the enemy, under no better protection than Ethelbert's. The venerable Leopold therefore set forward
for

for the purpose of acquainting his ally with every thing relating to the present situation of our affairs, and at the same time to inspire our drooping spirits by his presence with hope and consolation.

Yet once more (alas! but once!) did I clasp my benefactor to my bosom; I bedewed his furrowed cheeks with tears of gratitude, and imparted to him my anxiety for a life so precious! The next tears, which I shed on his account, were destined to fall on his grave. He accompanied Count Lodowick to review his forces; here he parted with his youthful friend, and the path which he traversed on his return to Sargans conducted him to death. In the deepest part of the wood assassins were lurking;

his attendants were few, and their resistance was soon overpowered. Count Venosta fell by the hands of villains, as many a brave man had fallen before him; and the dreadful news was brought to the Castle of Sargans by two or three of his followers, the swiftness of whose steeds had enabled them to escape from the massacre.

What name shall I give to my feelings, at receiving this most cruel blow of fate? Shall I say, that I sorrowed? that my senses forsook me? that despair took possession of both my head and heart?—No! no! all this would but ill describe what I suffered. The excess of agony can never be justly exprest; grief like mine can only be pictured in a veil.

I felt only how dear he was to me,

how much I had lost in him. These recollections made me incapable of all others; and I reflected not, that his death was the certain pledge to me of approaching danger, and future sufferings. Count Donat was no longer more than two leagues distant from the Castle. No one doubted, that the hand which murdered my uncle, was armed by Donat: how indeed could he sooner gain possession of his destined victims, than by depriving them of their most able protector?—It is true, Count Lodowick of Homburg. . . . but his youth, his inexperience, even his consternation and sorrow for the loss of his heroic guide in the paths of glory, all tended to prevent his being to us of as much assistance, as he would gladly have been, and

as we too fondly expected that he would be.

I will pass over in silence the days of anxiety, which followed my uncle's death, nor will torture your tender hearts, my children, by relating how cruelly I suffered from terror while looking forward to events, which (dreadful as my imagination painted them) you will find, were far exceeded by the reality!

Count Lodowick fought bravely, but unsuccessfully. His troops were cut to pieces; their chief was compelled however reluctantly to find safety in flight. The most faithful of our vassals under the command of Henric Melthal still defended for a while the approaches to the Castle of Sargans; but they too at length

length were compelled to give way—
And now there was nothing to prevent
the dreadful victor from seizing the
unfortunates, who trembled at his ap-
proach.

Among the many unpleasant circum-
stances, which had followed my re-union
with the wretched Ethelbert, it was not
the least of my griefs, that I was com-
pelled almost constantly to endure the
presence of a man, whom I had but too
just grounds for abhorring.—This
person, whom I half despised and half
dreaded, was at that time Abbot of
Cloister-Curwald, and by name Guide-
rius. Had there been no other reason
for my disliking him, it would have
been sufficient, that it was he, whom the
rebellious monks of that monastery had

elected their Superior after the expulsion of my friends Christian and Matthias ; and that he had taken a conspicuous part against his predecessor, whose dignity he coveted, and whose blameless life made his own appear the more disgusting. Never did I see him approaching the Castle, in all the state and splendour of a petty prince, without comparing his ostentation with the dignified simplicity of my venerable friend ; of whose fate no intelligence had ever reached me, after I had procured his escape by the private passage conducting to the mountains.

But the repugnance towards him, which these reflections inspired, were not my only reasons for disliking the society of Guiderius. He had formerly
been

been Ethelbert's companion in his profligate enjoyments; he was now his confessor and the only confidant of his secret sins, and in this quality he assumed a much greater share of authority in the Castle, than was left to its weak master and his powerless wife. At first I occasionally forced myself to throw aside that timidity, which I had acquired from so many years of suffering, and endeavoured to dispossess the hypocrite of my husband's favour and of such moderate influence: but the attempt was always attended with so little success, that I was compelled to abandon it, and submit patiently to bear the yoke, which the omnipotent Abbot imposed on all the Castle's inmates.

Guiderius was young; he might

have been called handsome, had not every feature betrayed the traces of riot and licentiousness. When I complained of his usurped authority, he frequently assured me, that I was not *his* captive as I stated, but much rather was he *mine*: but these declarations, which made him still more hateful to me, were received and answered with such contempt and bitterness, that he at length desisted from making them. Instead of these insulting liberties, he seemed to adopt a particularly delicate and humble manner in all things, in which *I* was concerned, and about which I appeared interested. So that as I now began to feel easy respecting his professions of too warm an attachment, and in this moment of most urgent necessity, when our terrible

foe was at our gates, and as every one had recourse to me for that advice, which I, poor trembling woman, would so willingly have asked of others; in such a situation, helpless and bewildered as I was, I did not think it wise to reject without an hearing the proposition, which the Abbot of Curwald requested leave to lay before me, and whose adoption (he said) would be greatly for my advantage. It proved to be of a nature so innocent, that ill as I thought of the person who proposed it, I could find no reasonable grounds for its rejection.

—“There are few hearts,” said Guiderius, “so hardened as to resist the tears which flow from the eyes of women, or the voice of God when it speaks from the lips of his servants. I am tho-

roughly persuaded, that Count Donat's fury would be this moment disarmed, could he witness the streams of anguish, which fear of his vengeance forces into eyes so bright ; nor did he once see you kneeling at his feet, could he resist raising you, to fall himself at yours. But you are unconscious of the power which Heaven confided to you, when he formed you so lovely ; or knowing it, you will not condescend to make it of use. Well then ! Let us have recourse to some other means of softening Count Donat. Permit me to assemble the whole brotherhood of my convent in the Castle-chapel : these holy monks shall form around you with their prayers a wall more solid than one of brass ; as soon as your dreaded foe approaches, I will
place

place myself at their head, go forth with them to meet him, command him in the name of our patron-saint to lay aside his blood-thirsty designs, and you will be astonished to witness the effects of our interference.”—

I consented to his proposal. Guide-rius gave his orders; and it was not long before *the holy monks* (no one but their Abbot could have had the assurance to call them holy) set forth on their march with all possible solemnity, and with every circumstance of pomp, which might make them appear of the more consequence in the eyes of him, to whom their embassy was address. They laid no slight stress upon the merit of this act of heroism, as they scrupled not to call their interference; and one of the
most

most learned brethren went so far, as to compare their conduct with that of the Roman Deii, who for the general good devoted themselves to the infernal gods ; a comparison, which would have extorted a smile from Minna and myself, had any thing at that moment of danger been capable of making us smile.

We waited for the return of these modern Deii with inexpressible anxiety. Yet unhappy as we were, and much as we required all our strength of mind and body to support *ourselves*, we were compelled to exhaust our powers in the difficult task of preventing Ethelbert from sinking under his apprehensions of his foe's approach, which he dreaded, as if it had been that of an avenging Deity.

During the consultation, which took place

place on the proposition of Guiderius, we had been necessitated to leave the wretched sufferer to himself. After the departure of the monks, we found him to our great astonishment busied in removing the stone, which covered the mouth of that well, which I have already mentioned as being so terrible to him in his hours of distraction. A variety of circumstances, as well as some broken sentences, which at first escaped from him, left us no doubt, with what object he had sought that particular spot, and what would have been the event, had we not arrived in time to rescue him from his own fury.

In the situation in which he then was, it was unsafe for us to suffer him out of our sight for a moment. We
employed

oyed all our powers of persuasion
 soothe his agitated mind; Minna,
 ose kind and gentle manner had
 eat influence over him, at length suc-
 eeded in kindling a faint spark of hope
 n his anxious bosom; and he seemed
 to derive some comfort from her assur-
 ances, that (even should Count Donat
 prove the furious tyrant, which repor
 described him to be) still it w
 impossible for him to have so tota
 laid aside all vestiges of humanity, a
 look on his father as on a foe, and pu
 him for offences, which it was no
 yond his power to remedy.

—“ You are right, sweet angel
 Ethelbert with a childish vacan
 which generally took possessio
 countenance, when he felt hi

hausted by any violent breaking out of his delirium ; “ you are quite right ! Donat should not revenge his mother’s death on *me* ; I never hated Lucretia ; no, no ; she was my first love. Its true, I was unfaithful to her ; but though Urania was more beautiful and rich, that could only have injured Lucretia for a while. Had but death relieved me from my second wife, nothing need have prevented my restoring my first to liberty, and permitting her to resume her legal rights ! then all would have been well ; then Lucretia and Donat would have been appeased : fool that I was ! Oh ! that I had not suffered Urania to live ! ” —

The pious Minna shrunk back in horror at this proof of aggravated wickedness,

ness, which she had undesignedly drawn from an heart, whose sentiments (I had so vainly flattered myself) had been chastened by adversity. Minna dropt the miscreant's hand in disgust, while she cast upon me a look expressive of the deepest sorrow and compassion ; I could not restrain my feelings, and burst into a flood of tears.

—"Nay, weep not !" said the wretched man, whose senses had quite forsaken him ; " trust me with a dagger for a few minutes, and neither you nor I shall have reason any longer to tremble at the thoughts of Donat's vengeance !"—

This conversation, which became more painful with every minute that it lasted, and which was only calculated to make two unprotected women apprehend

bend a nearer danger than Count Donat's sword, was interrupted by the return of two of the monks, who had accompanied Guiderius. They accosted us with countenances expressing the greatest consternation, and gave us to understand, that the eloquence of their holy brethren had by no means produced the desired effect. Count Donat, an avowed enemy of the church and her servants, had ordered them all to be made prisoners, and flight alone had enabled these two to hasten back to the Castle, and apply to us for assistance.

—"For assistance? assistance from us?" Minna and myself exclaimed at the same moment.

—"Yes, noble ladies, from you!" answered one of the monks, whose
name

aine was Hilderic; “a sign from our discreet Abbot gave us to understand, what steps he wished to be taken. He is certain, that the intercession of the Damsel of Mayenfield, one tear falling from her dove-like eyes, one word spoken in her touching voice, would be sufficient to preserve us all! Oh! dear lady, be not deaf to our entreaties! A mule stands ready at the Castle-gate to bear you to the camp, and we will accompany you thither, and protect you back in safety.”—

—“Oh! for the love of Heaven, exclaimed my husband eagerly, “g Minna, go! Soften my son’s heart towards his wretched father, and I bless you with my latest breath.”—

Minna shuddered, while she list

to Hilderic's proposal and Ethelbert's entreaties: nor did I hear this singular request without making many objections. Yet Hilderic's powers of persuasion, and the humble supplications of his companion, the unsuspecting Mark, began to make us relax in our opposition, when the Abbot himself made his appearance, and decided our conduct at once.

—“ If it is your intention to preserve us,” said he, addressing himself to Minna, “ hasten to the camp, ere it is yet too late! Under our safe-guard you cannot have any danger to apprehend, and in the few minutes, which I passed with him, I took care to make your situation so well known to Count Donat, that you need not fear, lest the power
of

of your charms should produce an effect on his heart prejudicial to the rights of your destined husband.'—

These assurances Guiderius failed not to strengthen with a variety of others; Hilderic also exerted all his eloquence in support of his superior; and their joint efforts were so successful, that Minna was obliged to give a promise to follow them to the camp.

What line of conduct was it now most proper for me to adopt? My ideas were too confused, my apprehensions too painful, to admit of my observing a thousand contradictions in the Abbot's statement, a thousand trifling circumstances indicating some concealed design, which could not have failed to strike any indifferent person. Besides, as Minna had

had now promised to accompany the monks, it seemed impossible that I should suffer her to set out without the sanction of a female's presence, and expose her beauty and innocence to the perils, which threatened them in Count Donat's camp. It was equally impossible for me to leave my poor weak husband to himself, and resign him to the dangerous caprices of his delirium, which during our absence would most probably return. Yet my blood ran cold at the idea of remaining alone in the power of a desperate man, who had so lately declared his intentions to destroy me; intentions, which in his frenzy he would find but little difficulty in carrying into effect. Part of our adherents had already hastened to the camp, in hopes of avoiding

avoiding Count Donat's vengeance by a voluntary surrender ; the rest of them had either betaken themselves to flight, or had sought various places of concealment, till the first storm should have subsided. After Minna's departure I should be left quite alone with the frantic Ethelbert. I knew not what to resolve, and yet it was necessary to resolve on something without delay.

At length it was settled, that accompanied by the fathers Mark and Hilderic I should set forward with Minna, and throw myself at the feet of our enemy. In the mean while the Abbot consented to watch over my husband's actions ; a consent, which he seemed to give with evident reluctance, though the great influence which he possessed over the maniac's
mind

mind pointed him out as well suited for the employment.

We proceeded slowly, as those are accustomed to do, whose road conducts them to certain sorrow. The learned Hilderic endeavoured to inspire the trembling Minna with confidence, for which purpose he vainly exhausted every argument of consolation, which religion or philosophy could furnish. In the mean while, I was busied in trying to draw such information out of the simple Mark, as might confirm either my hopes, or my apprehensions. This man, both in conduct and inclinations, was in truth the best among the brotherhood of Cloister-Curwald; but his perception was so limited, that the world

might have perished, without his having the least suspicion of such an event taking place, or being able to give the least account of it after it had happened. All that he could produce to satisfy me, were repeated assurances, that he believed the step which we were taking to be right and prudent; but as to what had past between Guiderius and Count Donat, or what reception we might reasonably expect from the latter, I found that father Mark was no less ignorant than myself.

We drew near the conqueror's tent: My heart beat violently: what was I to expect from one, who had sworn to sacrifice me to the manes of his mother! I endeavoured to muster up all my resolution;

lution ; I threw back my veil, and followed with desperate courage, whither the Monks conducted us. Count Donat stood before me. I threw myself at his feet, and strove to comprise in one imploring look all that I wished to ask of him, but which terror prevented me from expressing in words.

Donat's piercing eyes dwelt for some moments on my face in silence. He then turned to one of the Friars of Curwald who stood behind him, and asked, "if his was the person, whose beauty he had heard him praise so highly ?"

—"That is Urania Venosta," answered the Monk, "Countess of Carlheim and Sargans."—

Instantly the expression of Donat's

features changed, and the look of satisfaction, which they had worn at first, was replaced by that of aversion. He turned from me without speaking, and advanced to receive Minna, who approaching slowly raised her veil, and sank on her knees before him with that inexpressible grace, which accompanied even the most trifling of her actions.

—“Mercy! mercy!” she exclaimed, while she extended towards him her hands clasped in supplication; “mercy for the helpless and the innocent! Is it possible, that the victorious Donat should stain the glory of his sword, by directing it against trembling women, against an infirm father, against a people who willingly submit themselves to

his power?—Oh! be that far from him!”—

Donat drew back a few steps, and gazed on her with a look, in which we endeavoured vainly to read the sentiments of his bosom. No one could guess from it, whether he suffered the fair suppliant to remain kneeling through forgetfulness of every thing but her beauty, or from feeling the same contempt for *her* entreaties, with which he had treated mine.

—“ Rise!” said he at length in a stern voice, but whose sternness was evidently assumed; “ who are you ?” —

—“ Minna of Mayenfield.” —

—“ And your companion ?” he resumed, pointing to me.

—“Urania Venosta, my adoptive mother, and the wife of your father who shudders at your approach ! Oh ! Donat, think how dreadful it is to be the cause of terror to a repentant father !—Mercy, Donat ! mercy for us all !”—

Donat raised the imploring girl without replying ; he also motioned her to quit my kneeling posture, and then ordered his attendants to conduct her into another tent.

Towards evening he visited us, and gave that answer in person, which he had vainly solicited in the morning. Now that he had laid aside his threatening casque and blood-stained armour, he appeared to be entirely a different person.

person. His manner was respectful to Minna, courteous to me. He mentioned his father in terms rather of grief than anger; Lucretia's name, (which, as we had been informed, used to be constantly on his lips) was not pronounced by him; and in the course of conversation he once so far forgot his wrath, as to mention me by the title of "his mother."—

—"Oh! rejoice with me, dear Minna," I exclaimed, while I 'prest the Damsel of Mayenfield to my bosom; "it is now certain, that we are safe! Heard you not, that Count Donat called me mother? See'st thou in him that terrific conqueror, such as report described him? Oh! that Ethelbert were

but here to know, and love the real character of his so dreaded son : all would be pardoned, all forgotten !”

—“ That is possible,” answered Donat, who could not help smiling at the unrestrained expression of my feelings ; “ the only person who has anything to pardon is myself ; and I cannot deny that beauty like Urania’s may well excuse an act of injustice, even though it should be monstrous as that, which was suffered by the poor Lucretia !”—

We saw, that at the recollection of Lucretia a cloud seemed to pass over Donat’s countenance, though it soon disappeared again. We therefore lost no time in mentioning to him the only request about which we were now
anxious,

nious, fearful lest he should alter his
 od dispositions towards us, before
 y had produced the effect which was
 earnestly desired.

We entreated him to suffer us to
 turn to his anxious father, and inform
 n, how unjustly he had doubted his
 r's filial affection. Donat hesitated,
 d inquired, why we were desirous of
 ving him in such haste?—Besides our
 sh to relieve Count Ethelbert from his
 prehensions without loss of time, we
 edged as an excuse the impropriety of
 r remaining in a camp without any
 her females.

—“ Oh !” replied Donat, “ this last
 ison can be none for your departure ;
 d if you have no better, I flatter my-

self, that I shall not lose your company, till after I have been presented by you to-morrow to my long-estranged father in the Castle of Sargans. You are not the only ladies in my camp; I have a wife and sister with me, who will be delighted to welcome you, and who (to confess the truth) pleaded with me in your behalf most urgently, ere I was yet decided, what answer I should make to your request."—

It is impossible to express the various causes of satisfaction, which we discovered in these few words. It is no trifling comfort for bashful timid women to meet with persons of their own sex in a place, where they expected to find only rude turbulent soldiers; and

here we found two benevolent beings, whose kind hearts had already induced them even without knowing us to interest themselves in our behalf. But that which above all seemed music to my ear, was the information, that one of these unknown ladies was Count Donat's wife. In the course of our conversation, our conqueror's eyes had frequently dwelt on Minna's face with an expression by no means equivocal; I was strongly inclined to attribute his unexpected lenity entirely to my companion's charms. Minna was the betrothed of another. Donat was a tyrant. My heart foreboded from these circumstances a long succession of difficulties and dangers; all of which were

banished as phantoms existing only in my imagination, as soon as I understood, that Donat was already married, and that he hesitated not to place the young creature, whom he looked upon with so much interest, under the protection of his wife.

We were presented to the ladies, who composed Count Donat's family. We were graciously received : yet we could not help remarking, that the behaviour of the young Countess of Carlsheim rather exprest that condescension which is only used with inferiors, than the friendly openness which marked our reception by Count Donat's sister, who was made known to us by the name of Adelaide, Lady of the Beacon-Tower.

Besides

Besides this, it must be confessed that the appearance of the Countess Mellusina (such was the name of Donat's wife) was by no means such, as prejudiced us in her favour. The best that could be said of her, was that she was not ugly; and the haughty manners, which she thought proper to assume, were but ill calculated to make her person appear to advantage.—Oh! how different was Mellusina from the interesting Lady of the Beacon-Tower!

—“ Can this lovely woman,” I said to Minna, as soon as we were left alone, “ can she be Lucretia's daughter, and the sister of Count Donat? I vainly endeavoured to find in that heavenly coun-

countenance a single feature, which resembled her nearest relations."—

Minna however maintained, that she could discover a strong likeness to Count Donat; we at length determined, that early misfortune had extinguished the brilliant fire of Lucretia's eyes, which (on further reflection I was compelled to own) had descended to her daughter; and also that female delicacy prevented her superior stature and commanding make (in both of which she was her brother's very counterpart) from inspiring that terrific awe, which at sight of Count Donat made every beholder's heart tremble.

The night, which succeeded a day, in which we had gone through so much, and

and with success so unexpected, was past in a state of no trifling anxiety. Finding ourselves obliged to accept the invitation prest upon us most earnestly by Count Donat and the ladies (to remain with them till the next morning, when the camp would be raised) we entreated, that at least a messenger might be despatched to assure Ethelbert, that his fears were without foundation. Adelaide lost no time in causing Mark and Hilderic to hasten back to the Castle; and relieve the Abbot from the difficult task of watching over the actions of a man, who was by no means fit to be trusted with himself; they were also commissioned to request Guiderius to return without delay to the camp, and inform

inform us, in what manner our absence had affected the unfortunate Count of Carlsheim.

Gladly would Adelaide have accompanied the Friars, and thrown herself at the feet of her wretched father, whom she had never seen. Her brother however did not think proper to permit her departure ; and she now shared in our uneasiness at perceiving, that one hour after another stole away without the arrival of any intelligence from the Castle.

Yet great as was my own anxiety, it was evidently far inferior to Adelaide's. Her evident agitation was so excessive, that I found some difficulty in ascribing it entirely to the interest, which she felt
about

about a father, whom she had never seen, and for whom she had nothing to fear, since his fate depended on her brother. She had suddenly left the tent during supper without taking leave of us: it was already past midnight; when, guiding her steps with a dark lanthorn, we saw her return, under the pretence of paying us those compliments of the night, which she had before omitted, and of talking over with us undisturbed the circumstances of our mutual inquietude. But it was clear, that she had not yet mentioned all her motives for visiting us at this unusual hour. Somewhat lay concealed in her heart, which she longed to reveal; unluckily she delayed the wished disclosure,

sure, till the opportunity was lost. The curtain, which closed our tent, was suddenly withdrawn, and Mellusina entered.

While her manner gave us to understand, that her presence was an honour which she bestowed on us extremely against her own inclination, she entreated permission to share our nocturnal conference. Adelaide inquired with her accustomed gentleness, why her dear sister should think it necessary to deprive herself of her night's repose?

—"You have not the same cause that we have," said she, "to watch away the melancholy hours; sleep is not banished from *your* eyes, by anxiety
for

for the fate of an husband and a father, and by those foreboding fears of some misfortune having befallen him, which the long delay of our messenger must needs excite."—

—"Whatever may be the reason," answered the Countess coldly, "I found it impossible to sleep. The glimmering of your lamp attracted me hither, and I was much surprised much rejoiced, I meant to say, at finding that *you*, Adelaide, had arrived here before me!"—

Good heavens! how is it possible for any being possest of common feeling, to intrude into a circle without any other object, than disturbing the pleasure of those who are already assembled!

bled! Mellusina's situation must have been as unpleasant to herself, as her presence was to us. She resisted with difficulty her inclination to slumber; and on the other hand, we suffered under the most torturing impatience to see her either departing, or asleep. It was more evident with every moment; that matters of the utmost importance floated upon the lips of Adelaide, and we waited with inexpressible anxiety for the moment, when she would be at liberty to disclose them.

Thus did we mutually torment each other during more than half the night; when suddenly we were startled by a circumstance, at once the most unaccountable and the most impossible for me

me to forget.—It was almost morning. We were all silent, for we had long exhausted the few uninteresting topics, on which we could converse with Mellusina.

Adelaide had already made two or three movements, as if she would have taken leave of us, and yet could not resolve to abandon all hopes of finding an opportunity of speaking to us unobserved. The lights burned faintly. Mellusina's eyes at length closed; and to our great delight we saw her head recline against her shoulder with a look, which convinced us, that sleep had at last taken complete possession of her. Adelaide drew nearer to us, and pressing her finger on her lip with an air of caution,

caution, pointed with her other hand
to the sleeping Mellusina. At that
moment

* * * * *

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick-Street, Soho.

FEUDAL TYRANTS.

VOL. II.



FEUDAL TYRANTS;

OR,

The Counts of Carlsheim and Sargans.

A ROMANCE.

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By M. G. LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF

The Bravo of Venice, Adelgitha, Rugantino, &c.

VOL. II.

THIRD EDITION.

The portals sound, and pacing forth
With stately steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of regal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go.

GRAY.



London :

Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick Street, Soho,

FOR J. F. HUGHES, WIGMORE STREET, CAVENDISH
SQUARE.

1807.



FEUDAL TYRANTS,

&c. &c. &c.

*Elizabeth, Countess of Torrenburg, to
Count Oswald of March.*

WITH this letter, my dear brother, you will receive a part of the manuscripts, which I engaged to send you: these leaves contain the memoirs of the unfortunate Urania Venosta, which have interested me greatly from a variety of reasons. I had erroneously supposed that the MS. was complete, but it proves to be nothing more than a fragment. Perhaps I imprudently included the second

VOL. II. B part

part of her adventures in the number of those papers, which I was compelled to restore to the Abbess's custody; but I am rather more inclined to believe, that Time has destroyed the remainder of these memoirs, whose conclusion I am so desirous of perusing.

It's true, I have found a few more detached leaves, and the last page or two; but these only serve to augment a curiosity, which would have remained totally unsatisfied, if I had suffered the labour of examining the moth-eaten parchments to overcome my perseverance. I have now no reason to regret the trouble which I gave myself, since I owe to it the possession of several other manuscripts, relating to persons and circumstances already mentioned by Urania. The me-
moirs

memoirs of Minna of Homburg and of Lucretia Malaspina are both lost; but I have found much respecting the two Ladies of Sargans, to whom Urania's narrative is address'd; much too respecting the noble and ill-fated Adelaide; as also several letters written by the latter, one of which seems to supply tolerably well the chasm in Urania's memoirs. As soon as I succeed in decyphering them (which, thanks to the dust and the moths, is no easy task) I will not fail to impart to you their contents.

You will ask me, what impression the perusal of this history has made on my heart. Ah! my dear brother, it is but too certain, that the unfortunate are apt to find their own resemblance every where! At first, how little simi-

lar do the fortunes of Urânia and myself appear! and yet how easily might it have happened, that we should have both been sisters united in the same misfortune! Might not Henry of Montfort, (whose loss has cost me so many tears,) in spite of his fair exterior, have proved at heart as great a monster, as Ethelbert of Carlsheim proved in spite of *his*? May not the prayers, with which I solicited Heaven to grant me Henry's hand, have pleaded for that, whose possession would have proved to me the bitterest curse of Heaven?

Eternal Providence! never more will I murmur that you denied me a request, whose consequences were known to you far better than to myself. I besought you to bestow on me a blessing; you granted

granted it by withholding that, which if
 conferred on me would perhaps have
 made me miserable for ever.

*Adelaide of the Beacon-Tower to Urania
Venosta.*

Oh! tell me, unhappy wife of my unhappy father; you, whom I would so gladly call my mother, had not she to whom Nature bade me give that valued name, compelled me to blend with it no ideas but those of pain and terror; you, whom I already love, and whose future affection I wish so anxiously to obtain; oh! tell me, Urania, was it but a dream, or have I indeed found at length the friend and sister whom I sought so long in vain, and whose counsels and whose comfort my tortured heart needs so greatly?

Yet

*What is what I have said
Hear me now*

Yet alas! what avails it that we have met? Already are we separated, as I feared we should be, and separated (as I now fear) for ever! Yet, much as I grieve for what I lose myself by this event, still more do I grieve to think, that what *you* lose is greater!

How much do I now reproach myself, that when I stole to your tent at midnight to warn you and the fair partner of your captivity of what was about to happen, I should have been so tardy in acknowledging,—“*Count Donat of Carlshelm is a man not to be trusted.*”—Yet forgive me, Urania; Donat is my brother; and oh! it is so painful to declare a brother's disgrace!

I charge you, dear friend, in the name of Heaven and the Holy Virgin I charge

you, suffer not yourself to be deceived by his perfidious friendship. On your journey to the Castle seize the first opportunity of escaping; should you be once inclosed within the gates of Sargans, you have nothing to expect but a cruel death or an ignominious prison; and, alas for the damsel of Mayenfield! she has a still more dreadful lot to apprehend!

That hypocritical abbot Guiderius, or whatever be his detested name, who came to my brother's camp with his monks under pretence of pleading in your behalf, was skilful enough to discover Count Donat's darling weakness. He promised him the possession of a young beauty, who (according to his account) was entirely at the Abbot's disposal.

My

My brother, who never confides in the word of ecclesiastics, insisted on the immediate accomplishment of this promise; and the poor Minna was betrayed into the seducer's hands. You accompanied her, and by your presence increased the ardour with which I had resolved to labour at preserving the innocent girl; a service which I had already rendered to many others, who found themselves enveloped in the same snare.

I saw you, Urania; oh! how strong was the sympathy which attracted my heart towards you, my heart to which at this moment a friend is so necessary! It's true I have a sister; but she. . . . But you have already *seen* Mellusina, and you shall now *know* her.

Melhusina is privy to the designs of her faithless husband. Nothing but the promise of overlooking all his errors of this nature, and the temptation of her immense wealth, could have induced Donat to bestow on her the title of his wife. She is neither lovely in person, nor amiable in manners; and she bears a mortal hatred to every woman, who possesses those advantages which Nature has denied to herself. I cannot boast much of her good will towards me; yet I am compelled to pay my court to her, that she may not injure me with my brother, of whose powerful help my dear unfortunate husband stands at present but too much in need.

I trust a time will come when I may reveal to you the whole history of my sorrows;

sorrows; at present I can only repeat my warning. Yet surely some invisible power was disposed last night to give that warning in my stead! What could be the cause of that singular and terrific sensation, which we all felt at that moment, when Meliosina's sleep at length left me at liberty to afford you the information, which this letter contains? What was it that startled us all at the same instant, and made us utter a scream of fear? What form was it that passed before us so swiftly? Whence came that sound, which seemed like a distant bell tolling? Whose were the cold fingers which seemed to grasp my neck?—Struck with an universal terror, we sprang from our seats at once, and asked each other—"What was that?"—Even

the slumbering Mellusina was roused from her insensibility by alarm, and the hand with which she drew me from your tent was cold and trembling!

.. Surely, Urania, this *must* have been the warning of your guardian angel, who wished to accomplish that which Mellusina's presence forbade my performing without danger... unless indeed I were to give this mysterious event a different, and a more dreadful meaning! I know not why, but since that moment of terror in which we parted, the thought of my father never quits me for an instant! I trust no misfortune has befallen him.—Is he not in the hands of his son?—Alas! alas! and is not Donat capable of violating even the first and most sacred rights of Nature?

Oh!

Oh! good, good father! since I have seen Urania Venosta, how much more warmly does my heart glow towards you with filial affection! How despicable, how execrable was *she* described to be, for whose sake my mother was sacrificed; and how different did I find her from the description! Her dignified air, her interesting countenance, inspired even the savage Donat with respect! Oh! surely I have been equally deceived respecting Count Ethelbert; surely I shall still enjoy the blessing of being clasped to the bosom of a *virtuous* father!

Once again, beloved Urania, be cautious both with regard to your own proceedings and Minna's.—Fail not to let me know, as soon as possible, what passes

passes at the Castle, if your evil genius decrees that you should be brought thither, and if an opportunity is afforded you of answering me by the faithful messenger, by whom this letter will be delivered. With regard to myself, I shall only inform you briefly, that my intention of warning you was suspected. Melusina was commissioned to watch over me last night, as soon as it was discovered, that I had stolen to your tent unknown to my brother and his wife. In order to prevent the execution of my good design this morning, I was forcibly compelled to suffer you to depart without me for the Castle of Sargans; and I understand, that my absence was accounted for to you by the pretence of sudden illness. I am now setting

ting

ting out, by Donat's orders, for the convent of St. Mary, at Basle: the Abbess is my secret friend, and soon after my arrival you shall hear from me. I trust, that I shall learn what has happened to you at the return of my messenger; and I need not assure you, that nothing in my power to assist you shall be neglected for a moment. Farewell!

Urania Venosta to the Abbess of St. Mary's.

The explanation which you demand of me, dear mother, would be very painful to make. For the benefit of my husband's grand-daughters, I have confided to paper the whole history of my misfortunes; and the first time that you visit our Domina, the manuscript shall be laid before you. For the present I shall only tell you thus much: From that fearful moment when an invisible agent warned me, that misfortune was at hand; when we all felt, saw, heard something, which even yet none of us have been able to describe or understand; when I saw my earthly guardian angel, *your*
Adelaide

Adelaide and mine, torn from me, and felt (yet knew not wherefore) that a separation from her was the signal for robbing me of all my hopes; from that moment was I doomed to experience sorrows, whose bitterness was till then unknown to me, practised as I was in the school of suffering.

The morning had scarcely broken, when we set forward for the Castle of Sargans; illness, as it was said, compelled Adelaide to remain behind, and her letter was not delivered till too late to be of use. Ere we reached the fortress, intelligence arrived that my unfortunate husband was no more. Guiderius, to whom the charge of him had been committed, had either been too remiss in watching him, or had trem-
bled

bled for his own miserable existence while exposed to a madman's fury; or, as his enemies scrupled not to whisper (though the fact seems too atrocious for me to give it credit), had himself been the means of "ridding the world of an tieeless creature." Such was the impression used by the insolent vassal, who informed Count Donat that his father had perished by an untimely death: I had the satisfaction of seeing, that the Count of Carlsheim rewarded the base wretch as he deserved!

The body of Count Ethelbert was found in the ruined well, into which (so said the Abbot) he had precipitated himself in a fit of frantic passion. This story did not meet with implicit belief; even Count Donat was openly among
the

the disbelievers. Yet (after I had passed some time in the prison, which I was compelled to enter on the very evening of my arrival at that castle, of which I was the rightful owner) I was assured by my jailors that the Abbot of Curwald was fully reinstated in Count Dolnar's favour, and constantly partook of the licentious feasts, the noise of whose riotous pleasures penetrated even to the depth of my subterraneous dungeon.

Yet I was not entirely forsaken. My guardian angel, my kind protecting Adélaïde suffered no circumstance to escape her, that might tend to my relief. On the first evening of our acquaintance (ah! it was the first and last, for never since have I been permitted to embrace the dear one!) I mentioned accidentally
that

that the daughters of the Emperor Rudolf had been my earliest friends and playmates: from this trifling hint did Adelaide derive means for effecting my deliverance. No sooner was she permitted to leave the convent, in which her brother at first caused her to be confined, than she made use of her liberty to procure mine; and (since she knew that gentle means would be of no avail) she endeavoured with the strong arm of authority to force me out of the power of my inhuman jailor.

She, who in a single interview had been inspired with so much interest and compassion for the unfortunate Urania; she, who in spite of her want of power was still able to benefit me so much, could little suspect that six powerful Princesses

Princesses would remain inactive, when the business was to rescue from misery the companion of their childhood, the selected friend of their youth. Alas! she found herself mistaken: five of Rudolf's daughters were the wives of sovereign Princes; the interests of kingdoms occupied their attention, and left them no thought to bestow on her whom they had once treated as their equal, and to whom they had sworn at parting firm friendship and affection without end. One only of the five (it was Matilda, the virtuous Duchess of Saxony) listened to Adelaide's unwearied intercessions, and exerted her whole influence to obtain the Emperor's interference in my behalf.

Her endeavours were at length successful;

cessful; but ere I regained my freedom many years had elapsed, and by all but Adelaide's ardent friendship I was believed to be no more. During the first months of my captivity Minna of Mayenfield had experienced a persecution, compared to which my dungeon appeared a Paradise. For its particulars I refer you to the journal of her imprisonment, as written by herself: the Helvetian women even then were well skilled in guiding the pen, and did not yield in that noble art to many of the highest dignitaries of the church. Dear unfortunate Minna! who can restrain their tears while reading in your own affecting language the sad account of sufferings and trials, almost too difficult for the strength of a Saint to endure with

with fortitude or even patience, much less for an unprotected girl; and yet Minna passed through the flames victorious!

The enamoured Donat neglected no means of seduction, which might tempt his virtuous captive from the path of honour, and in this shameful attempt Mellusina was his faithful assistant. It is shocking to think, that a wife should be so depraved as to aid in removing the obstacles, which impede her husband in his licentious pursuits; and that a woman should forget her sex so far, as to aim at the destruction of female innocence! I am persuaded, since the world was created, there has been but one woman capable of such unworthy conduct; and that one was Mellusina.

The fascinating arts of seduction hav-
ing

ing proved vain, they were followed by violence and ill-treatment; and when, after passing several months in ignorance of her fate, Lodowick of Homburg at length forced Count Donat's fortress in search of his bride, he found her in a subterraneous cell, similar to that in which I was myself imprisoned. I heard the tumult occasioned by her deliverance, and doubted not that my own was at hand.—Alas! my hopes were vain! My feeble cries could not reach the hearing of my friends; they knew not that those caverns contained any captive except Minna. Mellusina managed to persuade my adopted daughter and her deliverer, that I had paid the debt of Nature. They shed unavailing tears upon the grave, which the deceiver pointed out

out to them as mine, while buried alive beneath the castle's foundations I shrieked to them for help in vain; and I sank from the height of my deceived hopes into the deepest despair, till time and faith in God at length restored me to composure.

The only effect resulting to myself from Minna's deliverance was, that the strictness of my imprisonment was increased. The Count of Homburg's desperate enterprize could only have succeeded, while Donat was absent; and the latter now seldom left the Castle, lest similar accidents should occur. They say, that the fires of the infernal regions burn doubly fierce, when their monarch returns from his wanderings on earth; such too was the case in the Castle of

Sargans—When their tyrant breathed the same air with them, the chains of the poor captives were rendered doubly heavy, and their sufferings doubly sharp!

Yet was he not permitted to kill me, since Heaven had decreed, that I should at last see the moment of deliverance. Adelaide still maintained, that I was in existence; imperial majesty interfered in my behalf, and insisted on Donat's producing proofs of my death. My tyrant became embarrassed, and at length proposed to me that my liberty should be restored, provided I would voluntarily make over the whole of my possessions (which descended to me in right of my uncle) to the man, who had so long unlawfully possessed them. I joyfully embraced the offer. I had long considered liberty as
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the only real wealth; I had long harboured no other wish than to end my wretched life in the repose and security of a cloister!

The sacrifice of my inheritance was completed, and Donat condescended to conduct me from my prison with his own hand; he even carried his hypocrisy so far (when he presented me to the nobleman who had negotiated with him by order of the Emperor and the Duchess of Saxony) as to call me "his kind mother, to whose affection he was indebted for the greatest part of his possessions." Yes! the wretch dared to profane the name of mother! How all would that sacred word have accorded with the marks of his tyranny, with which my wrists were still scarred, had it been

pronounced before impartial hearers! But the persons into whose charge I was delivered, were contented with having obtained my liberty, the only point expressed in their instructions. Far was it from the intention of my royal deliverers, that I should have been compelled to pay so dearly for my escape from Donat's power; but I was myself prepared to make the sacrifice, and was besides much too weak to vindicate my rights against my powerful oppressor. Those who could have advised me and acted in my behalf, Edith and her daughter, were far from me, and still believed me to be no longer in existence.

Under the protection of the imperial envoys (though in truth their manner
of

of executing their commission had given me but little reason to believe them much disposed to protect me) I hastened to the convent, which I had selected for my future abode. Yet I left behind me in Count Donat's castle a treasure, with which I was deeply grieved to part, and which I would most joyfully have taken with me. During the few days which want of strength to begin my journey compelled to remain his guest, the Count of Carlsheim thought it proper to shew me every mark of outward respect; his attentions, which he forced me to endure, excited in me only sentiments of disgust at his hypocrisy, till he presented to me his daughters, or (as he chose to call them) my grand-children, whom my

bounty had destined to be the future heiresses of Sangam.

They were lovely innocent cherubs, born during the second year of my captivity. The birth of these twin-sisters had cost Mathusina her life; and the loss of a mother so unworthy might have been reckoned their gain, had not Heaven abandoned them to the care of a father, whose example was likely to ruin them both in body and mind. Oh! Emmeline! oh! Amalunga! how closely did you entwine yourselves round my heart, even in those few days of our first acquaintance! When I was about to leave you, you clung to me, wept, and begged me to take you with me! Oh! could you but have known what I suffered,

suffered, when I tore myself from your little arms, Heaven knows how unwillingly!—I cast a melancholy look on Count Donat, and in the most humble manner hazarded a request: but instantly his brow was clouded with frowns, and in an ironical tone he asked me—“Whether I could not confide in his sincerity without his delivering up hostages!”—

Heaven be praised, his sincerity and his insincerity have been since then a matter of indifference to me; protected by these holy walls and the power of the good Domina of Zurich, I no longer tremble at the thoughts of Count Donat's hatred. Nor have unexpected causes of rejoicing been denied me, even in this abode of pious seclusion. The

youngest of the Emperor Rudolf's daughters, the gentle and pious Euphemia, whose grave and prudent air had made her an object of ridicule to her sportive sisters and the thoughtless Urania, and who in the days of petulant youth had ever been excluded from our circle and our girlish secrets; Euphemia was the first, whose open arms received me on my arrival at the convent of Zurich. She congratulated me with a joy, which evidently came from the heart, on my having reached a place of security; and she offered me a friendship, whose value I now first learnt to estimate, when time and sorrow had humbled and instructed me.

She had learnt my story through her sister, the Duchess of Saxony, and had
quitted

mitted the convent of Tull, where she led the life of a Saint, to wait for my arrival at Zurich, and comfort me in person for the many sufferings which I had undergone. I have since had good reason to believe, that her approach to Count Donat's neighbourhood, and her declared resolution never to rest till she had obtained my liberty (a resolution which she took care should reach the Castle of Sargans), had no slight weight in influencing the determination of my tyrant: the wretched Urania would probably have expired long since in Count Donat's dungeons, had not the eyes of his benevolent Princess been fixed upon the forlorn one's destiny!

What have I not besides to thank her for! It is to her that I am indebted for

a reunion with my beloved Edith and her daughter, who received me as one just risen from the dead. It is to her too that I am indebted for your valuable friendship, Holy Mother, and for the hope of once more embracing my preserver, my sister, my Adelaide ! Till that wished-for moment arrives, never must you expect me, venerable Lady, to desist from entreating you to make me more accurately informed respecting the past adventures and present situation of my unequalled friend. I know, they are both strange and melancholy ; and a cloister is exactly the place, where the relation of such histories nourish the emotions of holy pity, and produce a calm submissive adoration of the wonderful and mysterious ordinations of that Providence, which formed and which governs the world.

PART THE THIRD.

MEMOIRS

OF

Adelaide of the Beacon-Tower;

Written by the Abbess of St. Mary's,
and addressed to Urania Venosta, Countess of
Carlsheim and Sargans.

I must begin, noble Lady, by requesting your pardon for having delayed so long to make known to you an history, which I thought would have more interest in the mouth of its heroine, than it could possibly receive from my unskilful pen. Fatal events (I grieve to

say it) have for ever deprived you of that satisfaction; and you must either learn Adelaide's adventures from me, or from no one.

Have not these few words already led you to guess the melancholy truth, which this letter is intended to break to you? Oh! that the painful task of being the first to inform you "that Adelaide is no more," had been imposed upon another! Yet surely it is scarcely possible, that report should have been totally silent at Zurich, respecting events which have excited the attention of the whole German Empire.

Yet dry your tears, virtuous Urania! they who have lived in the world so long as we have done, should not grieve for the departure of our beloved ones; the

the hope of speedily rejoining them in another world, never to be separated from them more, should console us under this temporary deprivation. Lament not, that you are prevented from shewing your gratitude to your generous deliverer; she will find the reward of her glorious deeds in Heaven; alas! she found none on earth!

Tell me, dear Adelaide, thou suffering Saint! Chaste martyr of the holiest love, say, with what feelings do you now enshrined in glory review the sorrows, which oppressed you in your mortal progress? Doubtless you review them not with such tears as obscure the eyes of your friend, while in this mournful hour of midnight solitude she retraces the transactions of your eventful life! Me-
thinks

thinks I see your form radiant with light
 hover round me, and hear you with a
 smile bid me weep no more over afflictions,
 which now seem to yourself no
 longer deserving of a single tear!

You see, Urania, how difficult I find
 the task of beginning a narrative, which
 must rend open anew many an old and
 cruel wound; you see how anxiously I
 endeavour to delay the executing so
 painful a commission. But I gave you
 my promise! You shall be satisfied!—
 Permit me, however, to be as brief as
 possible, and to reserve the relation of
 minute particulars till the time, when I
 shall have an opportunity of explaining
 them to you in person.

That which I look upon as the first of
 our dear Adelaide's misfortunes, was her
 being

being the daughter of Lucretia Malaspina. Lucretia (you already know but too well) was not lovely enough to bind Count Ethelbert's heart in lasting fetters; nor did she possess that generous and almost Saint-like forbearance, with which Urania supported the misfortunes necessarily entailed upon the wife of such an husband. The discovery of an artifice, which her short-sighted policy had induced her to practice upon him, contributed to alienate Ethelbert's affections, and to convert what already was indifference into the most positive aversion.

Lucretia's wealth was a chief inducement with the Count of Carlsheim, when he offered her his hand. The birth of a son gave occasion to a discovery, that
the

the estates believed to be her own absolute property were only held in trust for her eldest son, to whom they descended with the first breath of air that inflated his lungs. Within a year after Lucretia had been brought to bed for the first time, to Ethelbert's infinite surprise he was summoned to surrender his wife's estates to the guardians, appointed by her uncle's will to take charge of them, till the new-born infant should arrive at years of discretion. Ethelbert's rage was extreme; he was compelled to surrender the property, and in revenge was barbarous enough to tear the child from its mother's arms, commit it to the care of strangers without informing her to whom, and then to abandon her with every expression of hatred and contempt.

tempt. Lucretia bore this parting (dearly as she loved her incensed husband) with the more fortitude, from her secret consciousness that she nourished in her bosom another innocent creature, and from her fears that if Ethelbert were present at the time of her delivery, the new-born babe would be separated from her in the same manner, that she had been deprived of its brother. The same apprehension, on being brought to bed of twins, induced her to conceal the birth of one of them, in order that she might at least have the pleasure of seeing it grow up under her own eye, should Ethelbert's vengeance induce him to deprive her of the other. Accident directed her choice, which fell upon Adelaide.

The

The event, however, proved her fears to have been for this time unfounded. At a distance from her, and totally engrossed by his own libertine pursuits, Ethelbert scarcely deigned to bestow upon her a single thought. Yet Lucretia's partiality for her son Donat, which every day increased, prevented her from revealing the birth of his twin sister, who would then have had a joint and equal right with him to those estates, of which at that period the death of his elder brother (while yet an infant) made him to be supposed the sole inheritor. Thus Adelaide grew up under her mother's eyes, and was the play-mate of her brother, without having the least suspicion how nearly she was related to either of them. This was of inconceivable advantage.

vantage to her in her early education. She believed herself to be a vassal's daughter in that house, of which she ought to have shone as the joint-heiress; and as the youthful Donat enjoyed all the advantages of his rank, and made his dependents feel the whole weight of his influence, many a lesson of humility and patient suffering did Adelaide learn in her youth, which was of material service to her in the painful scenes, which she had afterwards to encounter. Donat ruled his mother with the most despotic authority; his resemblance to herself, that violence of passions which he possessed in common with her, and the docility with which he received her pernicious instructions had won Lucretia's whole heart, and left no room in it
for

for her neglected daughter; who thus was early afforded frequent opportunities of submitting to injustice, without being conscious that her treatment was unjust.

Lucretia had been wise enough to foresee, long before they arrived, that such events might very possibly happen, as actually did at length take place. With all her love for Ethelbert, she had discovered his faults sufficiently to make her take precautions for her own security; and she endeavoured to confine his actions by means, which though they still preserved her the title of his wife, were nevertheless insufficient to prevent her suffering the extreme of misery and disappointment.

She knew well, that little as Count
Ethelbert

Ethelbert *loved* religion, he greatly *dreaded* it: she therefore (previous to their marriage) insisted on his taking a most solemn oath, that however they might disagree, or however his sentiments might alter, he would never attempt her life, nor would (even in case of a divorce) make the offer of his hand to a rival, as long as she herself should still be in existence. She thus hoped to bind her inconstant lover in eternal chains; but she little dreamt of so tyrannical a subterfuge, as that by which the hypocrite contrived to evade the consequences of his oath.

Though she found all endeavours to regain his affection were vain, she still watched her husband's conduct with jealous eyes. While he visited in turn
every

every Italian state, whose reputation promised him new means of indulging his propensity to pleasure, her spies still pursued him wherever his footsteps strayed. Lucretia was accurately informed respecting his intrigues; and seldom did the objects of Ethelbert's licentious passions escape without experiencing the vengeance of his wife. His short-lived inclination once gratified, the Count of Carlsheim heeded but little what became of his victim, and Lucretia was suffered to exercise her resentment unimpeded; but the case was altered, when Urania Venosta became the mistress of his heart. Her extraordinary beauty, her high rank, and her immense possessions made him at the same time desirous of becoming her husband,

hopeless

hopeless of gratifying the passion with which she inspired him, except by giving her his hand. It therefore became absolutely necessary, that Lucretia should be removed. He contrived by various well-imagined artifices to lure her into Germany; where she had no sooner set her foot, than he caused her to be seized privately, and confined in Ravenstein Castle. A plausible story was then spread of her having expired suddenly: no one was interested to dispute the fact, except her son, who in truth was fondly attached to her; but his youth and devoted attention to licentious pursuits prevented Donat from inquiring minutely into the circumstances, which attended his mother's death. Lucretia was believed to be no more by all but

Count

Count Ethelbert, who was thus left at liberty to pursue his designs upon the lovely heiress of Sargans.

Adelaide had accompanied her mistress (for such she was taught to believe her mother) when she quitted Italy; she refused to be separated from her, followed her courageously to the Castle of Ravenstein, and shared with her the miseries of her long captivity. Then was it, that the mother's heart for the first time felt a sentiment of tenderness for her rejected daughter. Adelaide learnt from Lucretia's lips her real name and rank, and while she clasped her to her bosom, was permitted for the first time to call her mother. Yet was the severity of her fate but little alleviated by this discovery. Lucretia's heart was
naturally

naturally hard; it was incapable of harbouring so pure a sentiment as that of the parental love. Long sufferings and such disappointment had still further embittered her character. To that kind of moral delirium, which ever attends a corrupted heart, was now frequently added a temporary alienation of the understanding; and when Adelaide reflected, that the wretched woman, whose complicated misery (both mental and corporeal) was every moment before her eyes, was her own mother, the knowledge of her birth only served to make her feel a double-portion of agony.

Day and night was Lucretia employed in forming plans of revenge against her cruel husband, and the innocent usurper of her matrimonial rights. She had

~~early taught the innocent~~ Adelaide to
 hate Urania Venosta: in the eyes of that
 deceived girl the heiress of Sargans was
 nothing better than Count Ethelbert's
 abandoned paramour, who had insolently forced herself into the place of his
 lawful wife, and had been the principal
 and conscious cause of her mother's
 being confined in that deserted castle.
 But in despite of these prejudices against
 you, which Lucretia had infused into
 the heart of her daughter, she found it
 impossible to make her enter cheerfully
 into the plans, which she was continually
 forming for your destruction. Adelaide
 was well aware, that her mother was
 totally without the power of carrying
 her wicked designs into execution; but
 still she could not prevail on herself to
 assume

assume even the appearance of giving them her approbation. This obstinacy and incessant contradiction of her hopes and views at length made her so completely the object of Lucretia's aversion, that she insisted on her daughter's being separated from her, and confined in the deepest dungeon, which the subterraneous caverns of the Castle could supply.

You are acquainted, Urania, with the weakness of the man, who was at that time Castellan of Ravenstein. He possessed a singular kind of conscience, which frequently made his actions contradictory. Lucretia had found means to send letters to her son in Italy, of which conduct (as it was not formally prohibited in his instructions) he af-

fect not to take notice; but as he had been ordered to confine her *rigorously*, she found it impossible to obtain from him the slightest alleviation of her sufferings. Again, as Adelaide had been delivered to his custody at the same time with her mother, no entreaties could prevail on him to restore her to liberty; but it required but little persuasion to make him believe, that she ought to submit to the punishment, which the person (whom he believed to be her mistress) thought proper to inflict on her.

Adelaide therefore was separated from her unnatural mother. She was removed to a subterraneous cell, whose strength proved the means of preserving her on that dangerous night, when Lucretia in
despair

despair and frenzy enveloped the whole fortress in flames. The fire raged above her; but she knew not what occasioned the confusion, which seemed to have taken place in the Castle. Her wretched mother died without mentioning her name, and her corse was committed to the earth unknown to her daughter. The deliverance of Urania and the Countess of Mayenfield was effected; the Castellan, who alone knew the place of her confinement, had been dangerously hurt during the conflagration, and in his last moments was too much occupied by the terrors of approaching dissolution to bestow a thought on his prisoner. No one knew what was become of the poor Adelaide; no one enquired, no one cared.

Scarcely had you escaped from Ravenstein through the well-imagined device of Walter Forest and his followers, before your jailors began to suspect the truth. A variety of circumstances combined to prove that they had been overreached, and they were enabled to see the whole adventure in its true light. In truth, nothing but the rashness of the attempt and the rapidity of its execution could have prevented them from making this discovery sooner.

They were provoked beyond measure at the contemptible part, which they had played on this occasion; too much time had already elapsed to leave them any hopes of over-taking the fugitives, and to pursue them now had been only giving themselves unavailing trouble.

When

When they reflected on the wrath of their tyrannical lord, terror almost turned their blood into ice. It was evident, that nothing could preserve them from destruction, but immediate flight from a place, whose natural horrors were increased tenfold by the ravages of the late conflagration, and by the recollection of many a cruel action, which they had committed within those dreary walls!

Flight then was resolved upon unanimously; but they thought it as well, not to quit Ravensstein with empty hands. Its true, the whole wealth, that was to be found there above ground, consisted in chains, rusty armour, and instruments of torture; but report had assured them, that treasures of immense value lay concealed

cealed in the subterraneous parts of the Castle, and these they determined not to leave behind them.

They tore open the bosom of the rock, on which the Castle was situated, without discovering aught but Adelaide's dungeon, in which she was found almost at the point of death, not having tasted nourishment for several days. They were humane enough to remove the unfortunate girl into a purer atmosphere, and to exert themselves in some measure to effect her recovery. Her beauty probably was of some use in persuading the younger part of the garrison to assist her the more readily; and what little wealth she possessed in jewels (the only presents of her unnatural mother) purchased for her the protection of the more ancient and flinty-hearted.

While

While they were busied in attending upon her, she heard them talk much respecting the escape of two ladies, who as well as Lucretia and herself had been prisoners at Ravenstein: she also heard Walter Forest mentioned as their deliverer, for Count Ethelbert's deceived soldiers had by that time discovered who their deceiver *really* was, and where he resided. On these hints did Adelaide build a plan for her escape from the society of these lawless ruffians, for whose temporary mercy (she saw clearly) she was only indebted to her illness and to the hurry of their preparations for flight. At the risk of her life therefore did she, in spite of her weak condition, take the advantage of a stormy night to escape from the Castle, and hasten to the tran-

quil valley, inhabited by that friend of the oppressed, Walter Forest, who failed not to receive the poor Adelaide also with the same openness and hospitality, with which he had received ourselves.

She rewarded his kindness by apprising him of the attack, with which he had been threatened by the soldiery of Ravenstein in revenge for the artifice, by which he had contrived the escape of their captives. The war, however, proved unnecessary, for the cowardly vassals of the Count of Carlsheim had already altered their plans. Adelaide's flight had ruined their hopes of falling upon Walter by surprise; they did not dare to attack openly the brave inhabitants of the Frutiger Valley; and they judged it more prudent on many accounts

counts to proceed without delay to request protection of the Lords of Eschenbach from the resentment of the Count of Carlsheim. Ravenstein Castle had originally belonged to the family of Eschenbach; the protection asked was readily granted; the rebellious vassals of Count Ethelbert took the oath of allegiance to their new master, and the shattered towers of Ravenstein Castle were delivered into his possession.

In the mean while Adelaide, under the escort of some of Walter Forest's people, arrived in safety at the place, to which she had desired to be conducted. She knew in what part of Italy Donat was then resident; and as the prejudices, with which she had been inspired against Count Ethelbert and his second wife,

prevented her seeking a refuge in her paternal mansion, there seemed for her no proper abode except with her brother. Her reception was kinder, than she had expected from her experience of Donat's unfeeling nature. He was young, and indulged himself to excess in the pleasures of voluptuous Italy: if his dissolute mode of life had not bettered his heart, it had at least made it softer, and more accessible to compassion, when the indulgence of that sentiment did not interfere with his own gratifications. Therefore though he listened with impatience to Adelaide's melancholy account of her mother's sufferings in Ravenstein Castle, and suffered his pleasures to make him put off from day to day the affording Lucretia that

that aid, of which her daughter (who was still ignorant of her decease) never ceased to assure him, she stood so much in need: still was he not without compassion for the helpless situation of his sister, nor so blind to merit, as to reject the title of brother to a creature so amiable and so deserving. Of their relationship he had no doubt; Adelaide had brought with her the acknowledgment of her birth written by Lucretia's own hand; and had other proofs been wanting, the strong resemblance imprest by Nature on the features of Donat and his sister would have left the spectator no doubt, that they sprang from the same parents.

Adelaide, however, soon discovered, that she could not long accept with propriety

priety the protection afforded her in her brother's house. : Count Donat was surrounded day and night by a swarm of youthful libertines, who sported in the sunshine of his wealth, assisted him in his licentious pursuits, and were his companions in all the excesses of his unrestrained habits of enjoyment. His lovely sister became the general object of their insolent addresses; and Donat had neither firmness of mind nor love of reputation sufficient to guard her against their importunities.

She entreated permission to retire into a convent; but this was refused her with too much anger and determination to permit her making the request a second time. She therefore found herself compelled to give her hand to one of
her

her admirers, who might at least protect her from the insults of the rest; and fortunately both for him and for myself, the man who was least displeasing to her among the number, was Rodolpho of the Beacon-Tower; was my brother. I have to thank *him* for the happiness of calling one of the best of created women by the name of friend; I have to thank *her* for having snatched from the jaws of ruin the dear but erring youth, whom I loved, though but his sister, with affection not less fervent than a mother's!

At that time I resided in an Italian cloister, sufficiently near the theatre of Count Donat's exploits for the report of them to reach me, and to make me bewail the fate of those, who were drawn by his example into the whirlpool of licentiousness.

Alas!

Alas! the intelligence at length reached me, that my unfortunate brother was one of the young Count of Carlsheim's most distinguished companions in his profligate career. Mutual friendship united them; and Rodolpho's warm heart and too yielding nature made him look upon it as the highest pitch of human glory, when he trod in the footsteps of his abandoned friend.

My warnings and remonstrances had no effect upon the poor misguided youth. You must be well aware, dear Urania, that instructions coming from the mouth of a Nun are little regarded by the worldly, merely because it *is* a Nun who speaks them. Very different was the effect of those reproofs, which the lovely Adclaide condescended to bestow

stow on her admirer. I have already told you, that among the Damsel of Carlsheim's suitors my brother was the man who displeased her the least; and this is the strongest term which can be applied to her sentiments towards him at that period. It is true, Rodolpho was esteemed (and that justly) the handsomest youth in Italy; but Adelaide's mind was too elevated to suffer her heart to be captivated by the mere glare of a pleasing exterior. The man, whom she now honoured with her choice, would undoubtedly have been seen by her with as much indifference as his worthless companions, had she not found some traces of manly sense in his bewildered brain, and in his erring heart
some

some still surviving sparks of the love of virtue.

What cannot female beauty, when united with solid sense and a feeling mind, effect upon a being, who is not yet totally lost to every sense of goodness? Guided by the hand of Adelaide, already had Rodolpho retraced many a step in the paths of vice: she made his immediate departure from the theatre of his follies the only condition, on which she would bestow on him her hand. He loved her; he complied: Adelaide became my sister, and my brother was entirely rescued.

Oh! dearest Adelaide, how heartily did I thank you (when bidding you farewell) for removing from the dangers of Italy

Italy a man, whom I knew to be as safe in your arms, as under the wings of his protecting angel! Willingly did I part with him, since he left me but to follow the path of virtue, in which you knew how to guide him so well!

She was no sooner Rodolpho's wife, than Adelaide insisted on his immediately performing his promise to quit Italy: she saw, that her personal remonstrances had no power to hasten Donat's departure for Ravenstein; and she was obliged to content herself with receiving from him the most solemn assurances, that he would proceed to liberate his unfortunate mother without further delay; assurances, which he had frequently made before, and which were performed

on

no better on this, than they had been on former occasions.

Adelaide advised her husband (who could refuse nothing to her entreaties) to accompany her to the Court of the German Emperor, where there was no doubt of his easily obtaining an employment suited to his rank and talents. Rodolpho had but one objection to offer against taking this step. Rudolf of Hapsburg had been succeeded in the imperial throne by Adolphus of Nassau. This unfortunate monarch, who was long the friend and benefactor of our family, was cut off in the middle of his glorious career by the sword of Albert of Austria; and his crown became the prey of the powerful conqueror, whose brows it still

still decorated. My father lost his life in defence of his sovereign at the battle of Worms; and his last words commanded his son Rodolpho (who together with many other young Knights made on that day his first trial in arms) to revenge the deaths of his father and his sovereign.

This dying injunction was the reason, why Rodolpho had hitherto refused to accept any employment from the successful Albert; and as good intentions frequently produce bad effects, the want of proper occupation had betrayed him into that dissolute course of life, from which he was snatched by Adelaide. This dying injunction was the cause also of his being still unwilling to lay himself under obligations to one, whom he
had

had long been accustomed to call by no other name, than that of the "regicide Albert."

Adelaide however prevailed at length over all his objections; he entered into the Imperial service, and endeavoured to forget, that the man, whom he acknowledged as his master, was the murderer of the beloved and still regretted Adolphus: yet frequently no influence less strong than Adelaide's would have been able to repress the ebullitions of that struggling resentment, which still existed in his bosom, and to retain him firm in the path of his duties. However, in spite of his disinclination to Albert's service, he proved himself to be a hero on all warlike occasions; and often did he express the warmest gratitude

tude to his wife for having rescued him from his ignominious effeminacy, and excited the dormant flame of valour in his bosom.

Still he lost no opportunity of showing, that Albert's yoke sat heavy upon him, and that he desired nothing more ardently than to exchange the Imperial service for some other. Dissentions arose between the Emperor and his two sons, the Margraves Dietman and Frederick; Rodolpho failed not to side with the latter, and became their father's prisoner. The unfortunate Adelaide could of herself do nothing to assist her husband, and hastened to implore for him her brother's powerful interference.

Count Donat's situation had undergone material changes during her absence.

sence. She had left him, not only in possession of the large domains bequeathed him by his maternal grandfather, but the favourite of a Prince who loaded him with favours and wealth. Sudden death had deprived him of this powerful protector; his unbounded extravagance had exhausted his treasures; and no means of rescuing himself from the most degrading state of poverty was left him, except an union with a person incapable of inspiring him with the least affection; and who had nothing to recommend her to his choice except her immense property, and her childish passion for this handsome libertine. Shortly before Rodolpho's imprisonment had Mellusina become the wife of Count Donat; and on Adelaide's arrival in Italy; she

she understood, that her brother had at length set out on his long-promised expedition to Ravenstein Castle.

Thither she followed him, and was politely though coldly received by her new sister-in-law. Melluſina gave herself out to be a natural daughter of the deceased Emperor Adolphus; and she believed herself entitled by so illustrious an origin to treat every one else with haughtiness and contempt. Had she had any other resource, never would Adelaide have accepted the protection which was here afforded her with such insolent condescension; but friendless and destitute as was her present situation, she now could do nothing but suffer and submit.

She found her brother too much

occupied by his own projects to bestow a single thought upon the affairs of others. He listened not to the imploring voice of his sister; he heeded not the misfortunes of his former friend. Grief for the untimely death of his mother, who had perished through his inattention to her prayers, and projects of revenge against those whom he accused of her sufferings, engrossed his every thought. Adelaide could obtain nothing from him, except a promise of assistance when he should have satisfied his animosity against Lucretia's murderers; and instead of seeing him lead his forces to the fortress in which her husband languished, she was obliged to follow him to Sargans, where she had many a painful scene to undergo, of which
you,

you, dear Urania, were partly a witness.

Sorrow and self-reproach; the disappointment of his too highly-raised youthful expectations; his union with a woman whom he hated; and above all the consequences of a life passed in scenes of the most unbridled profligacy, a ruined constitution and an accusing conscience; all these together had hardened Count Donat's heart, and embittered his temper; had annihilated his few good qualities, and had left his bad ones visible in the full extent of their enormity. His misanthropic heart longed for a suitable employment, and only waited for an excuse to make others feel the tortures, which preyed upon himself. The sight of Adelaide brought

more strongly to his mind the recollection of his wretched mother, whom he had so long forgotten, and who had so vainly applied to her son for help: he remembered well, how often his sister had implored him to set forward for Ravensstein, and had warned him, that his mother's death might probably be the consequence of his delay. The more he reflected, the more fierce became his rage; and he determined to proceed to Rhætia, revenge his mother, and exact from his father a severe account respecting her long imprisonment and miserable death. It was also his design to enforce his right to his paternal estates, from which Count Ethelbert (incensed at the discovery of Lucretia's artifice in regard to her supposed possessions) had disinherited

herited his children by his first
e.

Count Ethelbert and Urania Venosta
been described to Adelaide in the
most odious colours; notwithstanding
which, she shuddered, while listening to
the threats which her brother breathed
against them. How did the sight rend
her gentle heart, when she saw the
enraged's sword raised by the son against
his father! Her prayers, her remon-
strances had no effect upon Count Do-
t and his ambitious wife, who founded
Ethelbert's ruin plans for their own
future greatness. During her abode at
Avenstein, Adelaide discovered for the
first time the natural cruelty of her bro-
ther's disposition: report cannot have
permitted you to remain ignorant, with

what torrents of blood the furious Donat inundated the vales of Frutiger. The anxiety and terror, with which you received the news of his approach towards your residence, sufficiently prove that you were aware, how little hope you entertained of escaping from his frantic fury.

Adelaide was aware of it also; and she trembled, if not for her unknown step-mother, at least for her unfortunate father, who (tyrant as she believed him to be) she still thought possess from Nature an authority over his children, which no conduct of his could forfeit, however criminal. The distressed daughter would have suffered still more severely from apprehension, founded on reasons but too strong; had she not seized

seized a lucky moment of unusual good humour to obtain a solemn oath from Donat, that Ethelbert's life should be held sacred by him, and that she never should endure the agony of seeing her brother's hands stained with the blood of their common father.

Dreadful is it to think, that such a promise should have ever been reckoned necessary! In truth, Count Donat himself felt the bitter reflection conveyed in Adelaide's request; and while he yielded to her importunity, he chid her with severity for harbouring such ungrounded suspicions. I am persuaded, that Donat was not quite the monster at that time, which he appeared to be when seen in his moments of frantic passion; nay, I am inclined from a variety of mo-

tives to ascribe to him a very trifling share in that melancholy transaction, whose real circumstances are covered with a veil of impenetrable obscurity, and whose execution was too barbarous for me to attribute it even to the base Guiderius himself. Doubtless Count Ethelbert's miserable end was effected by a sudden burst of frenzy; in a moment of terror and despair his own hand inflicted on himself the punishment of former errors, and (I fear!) of former crimes!

You appeared at Count Donat's camp, Urania, to solicit the pardon of your wretched guilty husband. To see you was sufficient to obtain for you Adelaide's affection, and to annihilate every prejudice, which had so carefully been

instilled

instilled into her mind against you. She endeavoured to make you aware of the dangers which threatened you; but obstacles both visible and invisible interposed to prevent your preservation. Your friend's unwillingness to speak ill of a brother; Mellusina's unexpected intrusion and persevering stay in your tent; and above all, that singular and inexplicable occurrence which made the whole society separate in such terror, all combined to retain you in the road, destined to lead you into long captivity.

Never could Adelaide mention without shuddering the mysterious adventure of that night. She ever anxiously avoided speaking on the subject, and referred me to you for more accurate

information. However, the account which in compliance with my request you forwarded to me, was nothing more than that, which I had already heard from my sister-in-law: anxiety to unravel this mystery made me even have recourse to Mellusina, but without success. Her account of the matter was no less obscure, strange, and unaccountable.

The next morning, her brother thought it advisable to prevent Adelaide from accompanying you to the Castle of Sargans, and therefore gave out, that she was taken ill unexpectedly. In truth, this was no pretended indisposition. The supposed interference of a spiritual being had made the strongest impression upon her imagination; and when Count Donat's attendants delivered her up to
my

my charge (he was then ignorant, how closely she was connected with the Abbess of St. Mary's) her situation was such, that you cannot easily picture it to yourself too melancholy—The return of the messenger, whom she had dispatched to you, only served to increase her illness; he communicated to her without sufficient precaution the news of her unfortunate father's miserable death, and added to it the account of your ill-treatment and captivity. Like all who are possess of sensibility too acute, she loaded herself with reproaches for not having taken measures to prevent these heavy misfortunes; and it was long, before the soothing of friendship could succeed in pacifying her. To complete her distress but one thing

more was necessary, and it arrived: a report prevailed (and was universally credited) that her husband had fallen a victim to the Emperor's resentment. As Superior of St. Mary's cloister, I could have afforded my poor sister a secure and agreeable shelter within these tranquil walls; but the desire to weep over her husband's grave, and her anxiety to rescue you from the dungeon in which you languished, compelled her to return once more into the hated world. She was conscious, that you were the captive of a man, whose cruelty was but too well known to her; and she vowed solemnly never to rest, till she had broken the chains imposed upon you so unjustly.

She saw too plainly, that the united

rces of the Counts of Mayenfield and
 lomburg would be unable to force you
 ut of the power of the mighty Lord of
 ae domains of Carlsheim and Sargans:
 esides both Edith and her daughter
 vere persuaded of your death, and
 ooked on Adelaide's assertions of your
 xistence in Donat's dungeons, as being
 he mere effusions of that enthusiastic
 Section, which easily believes whatever
 : wishes to be true. But no representa-
 tions, no neglect could induce your
 protectress to lay aside her hopes of
 ffecting your deliverance; and she ad-
 dressed herself to the Emperor Rudolf's
 laughters, whose powerful interference
 he trusted would easily obtain your
 release.

Of all those powerful Princesses, the
 Duchess

Duchess of Saxony alone (the virtuous Matilda, whose own domestic misfortunes might have furnished her with a sufficient excuse in the world's estimation, for declining to embarrass herself with the affairs of others) exerted herself seriously in your behalf. Her sister Euphemia, retired in a convent and forgotten by the world, had little to offer toward your release except good wishes; yet what little she *could* offer, she offered gladly, and shared her sister's joy at the news of your deliverance. I understand, that this royal Nun will soon exchange her convent at Tull for that which you inhabit, solely from the wish to end her life in your society. Oh! Urania, how greatly does all that I hear of you increase my desire to know you personally!

ally! What unusual merit must that woman possess, who could obtain so warm and unabating an interest in the hearts of three of the noblest of created beings, Euphemia, Matilda, and my poor Adelaide!

Yet I forget too long the heroine of my history, while occupying myself with Urania;—I resume the thread of my narrative. Adelaide found at Emperor Albert's court, (whither she repaired to plead in your behalf in person) that an happiness was reserved for her, which she had never expected to enjoy again on this side the grave: her husband was still living. The same false report, which had persuaded her of his death, had taken no less pains to persuade Rodolpho, that she was faithless. Her journey

journey to Italy for the purpose of persuading her brother to interfere in behalf of her imprisoned Lord; the expedition to Sargans, in which she was obliged to accompany Count Donat; the length of time, which elapsed without his knowing what had become of her, and which she had past in my convent almost at the point of death; these and a variety of other circumstances had all been represented to Rodolpho in the most odious light. In his dungeon (whence he had but lately been released on the reconciliation between the Emperor and his sons) it was impossible for him to detect the falsehood of these reports; but Adelaide needed but to shew herself to the man who loved her with such unbounded affection, and all his

injuriously

injurious suspicions were annihilated at once. A few words were sufficient to persuade him of the truth; a truth, which was confirmed by the testimony of those, under whose eyes she had been residing.

What tongue is capable of describing the reunion of two lovers long separated; it is a fore-taste of that reunion, which we expect to enjoy with the objects of our affection beyond the grave, in another world better and happier. The one saw her belief in the untimely death of her beloved dissolved like a painful dream; the other saw those stains removed, which had sullied her purity on whom his soul doated; both felt, that the turbulent raptures of their early love were less sweet, than this renewal of
their

their long-trying affection! Forgive me, Urania; a cloistered Nun ought not to describe such emotions, though she cannot help feeling them: doubtless, you understand such things better than we do, who have been confined from our earliest years within the walls of a convent, and shut out from the most precious rights of human nature.

From this moment began the most fortunate part of our friend's life. Adelaide found her husband improved by years and corrected by adversity; absence and misfortune had made him still dearer to her; and she now first felt towards him the whole excess of love, of which her affectionate heart was capable. She now had no other wish, than to enjoy her happiness in quiet and retirement.

ent. The Lords of Eschenbach had w-built the fortress of Ravenstein, d proffered it to her husband (who d long been united with them in aity) as a fit residence, should it be no nger agreeable for him to remain at e Court of the offended Emperor. lably would Adelaide have hastened ither; but Rodolpho had contracted ligations, which at that time prevented m from immediately quitting the ourt. He was indebted for life, for eedom, for opulence, to the favour of princely youth, whom it was only cessary to see in order to admire; d whose situation it was only neces- ry to know, in order to feel interested r him, even had Rodolpho not been closely bound to him by the ties of gratitude.

gratitude. This man was the cause, why Adelaide's husband found it impossible to comply with her request.

Need I name to you this noble, this dangerous youth? Alas! who has not heard of the unfortunate John of Swabia; who does not pity and detest in him at once the injured Prince, and the lawless avenger of those injuries?—Wretched youth! what have you gained by that rash and detestable action, to which you were guided by evil counselors? In what climate do you wander accursed like the first murderer, without being able to fly from your own conscience, and what will be at last the goal to which your painful wanderings lead?

The young Duke of Swabia, at the period when Rodolpho attached himself

to

his fortunes, was not the criminal, which he is now become through passionate rashness, and through impatience under the pressure of adversity: the epithet, which is now affixed to his name, and which probably will be transmitted to the latest posterity, at that time would have made him recoil with horror. Young, amiable, and unfortunate, he excited an interest in every bosom. Even Adelaide (whose prudent foresight made her from the very beginning figur some misfortune to arise from his close intimacy between the Prince and her husband) could not prevent herself from feeling well-disposed towards him: she was compelled to own, that in his complaints against his unjust guardian the Emperor, who withheld from him

him his paternal inheritance, he had justice on his side; and she earnestly wished, that he might soon obtain the redress of his crying injuries.

I told you, that Adelaide had from the first observed with uneasiness her husband's intimacy with the Duke of Swabia; in truth, when the situation and characters of both were considered, it was impossible for her to feel otherwise on the subject. Prince John was fiery and impatient, an avowed lover of pleasure, and provided by his crafty uncle with ample means for indulging in every excess. The Emperor Albert saw his own advantage in leading the youth (whose happiness he sought to undermine) into labyrinths, whence he would find it an hard task to extricate himself.

He

He thought, that the errors, which he furnished Prince John with opportunities of committing, would excuse his own unjust proceedings towards his nephew; and unfortunately to lead the youth into the snare was a task but too easily effected.

With grief of heart must I confess it, in the principal features of his character Rodolpho resembled his friend very closely. Adelaide's influence, it's true, had for a time repress those inclinations to libertinism, which he so early contracted in Count Donat's school: still had she not succeeded in extirpating them so completely, as to prevent their obtaining their former mastery over his better judgment occasionally, now that opportunities for their indulgence were

2

continually

continually in his way. Rodolpho had a sufficient advantage over the young Prince in point of years; to have entitled him to be his guide in the paths of virtue; but instead of leading his friend to good, he too often suffered himself to be seduced by him into actions, which were very far from being the most respectable. You may conceive, how much anxiety her husband's want of steadiness must have excited in the mind of our friend; and that anxiety was increased by the dark clouds, which she could perceive rising in another quarter.

That the Lord of the Beacon-Tower was no partial admirer of the Emperor, was a fact well known to every one. In unguarded moments his own tongue had often avowed his real sentiments respecting

ing

the regicide Albert, and the dead Adolphus; the readiness with which he embraced the quarrel of the young Margraves had proved, that he was not unwilling to shew his resentment by actions as well as words; and it was not necessary for him to connect himself so intimately with the young Duke of Swabia, in order to make him an object of hatred and suspicion at the imperial court. Albert was silent, but his silence was menacing and terrible; and Adelaide had already acquired sufficient knowledge of the manners of the court, great to guess, that the anger (which he would for his own safety restrain from venting on the prince) would one day burst on the heads of his unprotected friends; among whom the Lord

of the Beacon-Tower being the most distinguished, would not fail to receive the largest share of vengeance.

—“ Oh! let us fly, my beloved!” often exclaimed Adelaide in her moments of apprehension; “ let us away to the tranquil vale of Frutiger. Here we breathe no air but such sultry parching blasts, as seem to warn us of an approaching tempest. With every moment the gloom increases; the clouds collect together; the lightning will soon break loose and destroy us!”——

Rodolpho's answers to these remonstrances were seldom such as to give her cause for satisfaction. He talked much of the future greatness of his friend, never spoke of Albert without attaching the word “ Regicide” to his name,

me, and frequently recalled to mind his father's dying command to revenge the murder of Adolphus. Adelaide's anxiety grew daily more acute : she redoubled her importunity, that her husband should quit the court ; and as she was now in such a situation as gave Rodolph no hopes of an event, which he had long desired in vain, he trembled, lest the too violent agitation of her mind should injure her health materially. He therefore determined for the first time to conceal his sentiments from the woman whom he adored, and to lead her into error respecting the real state of affairs, which became with every day more critical and serious.

Among his dependents was a young man of noble birth but fallen fortunes,

by name Russeling; he had formerly been in the service of the Duke of Swabia, and had been employed by him to effect Rodolpho's deliverance from the emperor's chains. This circumstance had greatly endeared him to his present patron, who did not perceive that he harboured in Russeling a seducer, whose object was to guide him to the commission of a crime the most atrocious. This man was one of those concealed enemies, who are frequently more dangerous to princes, than those whose armies ravage their dominions, and who openly threaten the subversion of their thrones. Ancient animosity, which had descended from father to son through a long line of ancestors undiminished, lived in his rancorous heart against the emperor :

error : he secretly fanned every spark kindled, which existed in other bosoms ; every word infused additional bitterness towards his uncle into the ear of the Duke of Swabia, to whose person he had still free access ; and he kindled again in the heart of my unfortunate brother that flame, which Adelaide with her soothing had so anxiously laboured to extinguish.

The betrayer perceived, that no one suspected him in his evil designs more than the wife of his patron ; he therefore exerted his utmost skill to effect his removal from the scene of action.

Rodolpho had frequently advised her to quit the turbulent court, and pass some time of her approaching confinement in the retired Castle near the Lake.

of Thun, which she had herself marked out as the future scene of her domestic happiness. Hitherto his entreaties had been in vain : she could not resolve to abandon her husband while exposed to all the dangers, in which the Duke of Swabia's intimacy had involved him. But now that Rodolpho had prevailed on himself to use dissimulation with her, who had never deceived him in the slightest trifle ; and now that Russeling with his serpent's tongue had thrown out hints respecting the views of the Duke of Swabia, which led her to suspect (perhaps unjustly) that his marked attention to her proceeded from a passion disgraceful both to her and to the prince ; Adelaide however reluctantly was compelled to give up her opinion.

Flight,

ht, she now thought, would be the
y remaining means of destroying the
ze's presumptuous hopes, without
wing down his resentment upon her
band. Besides, she greatly needed
ne respite from the tumultuous and
bulent residence of the court; and
ry anxiety respecting Rodolpho was
noved by his solemn assurance, that
should not be long, ere he rejoined
g, never again to quit the repose and
urity of rural life.

Yet bitter was the parting between
se married lovers. Both were tor-
mented by forebodings of misfortune;
th felt the pangs of an affection, which
ade them wish never to be separated;
d yet each was still compelled to ac-
nowledge, that to separate was neces-
y!

With difficulty did they tear themselves from each other's arms. By his patron's desire, Russeling conducted the Lady of the Beacon-Tower to the place appointed for her abode : but as soon as he had seen her established there, he hastened back to the imperial residence, anxious to lose no opportunity of advancing his projects. As unfortunately every circumstance combined to favour them, his detestable schemes were but too soon carried into execution.

In the mean while, Adelaide in the solitude of Ravenstein led the kind of life best adapted to her melancholy situation. The present posture of affairs rendered her heart doubly accessible to every sort of inquietude : she
had

had left her dear but unsteady husband entangled in a chain of circumstances, which authorized her to see the future in the most gloomy light; nor was it long before she discovered, that in fixing her abode at the fortress of Ravensstein, she had by no means selected a residence the best fitted for dissipating the melancholy ideas, which perpetually obtruded themselves upon her imagination.

In the spring of her life this Castle had been long her prison; there had she narrowly escaped perishing by famine and by the flames; there too was the grave of her unfortunate mother. It was impossible, that these sad recollections should not have considerable effect upon a mind, which already was

tortured by a thousand causes for anxiety. It is true, the lords of Eschenbach had almost entirely rebuilt the ruined fortress at considerable expence, and had made it so different from its former self, that it was scarcely to be recognized ; but Adelaide's enthusiastic imagination saw less what was before her eyes, than what sorrow had engraved on her remembrance indelibly.

The time of her delivery was at hand; and the presence of some sympathising friends enabled Adelaide to look forward to the moment of danger with less fear. Indeed, the laws of our order did not permit either you or myself to leave our convents, and hasten to the assistance of our beloved Adelaide. The Countess Mellusina was no more;
 .. I .. and

and even had she been still in existence, her presence would have been but little wished or expected by her sister-in-law. I doubt much too, whether (even had we been able to come to her aid) with all our good intentions we should have been able to afford so much real help and comfort, as she received from the female inhabitants of the vale of Frutiger: during the time which she, past with Count Donat at Ravenstein, Adelaide by her exertions to moderate the fury of her incensed brother had won their hearts completely; and no sooner did the grateful women hear, that their benevolent protectress stood in need of it, than they hastened to afford her their friendly assistance. Walter Forest's mother, and the wife of Henric

Melthal, (for Donat's increasing tyranny had compelled the family of Melthal to withdraw from his dominions) were among the first to proffer their services; nor did Gertrude Bernsdorf neglect the daughter of her former lord. It was from these good matrons, that I received the account of the following transactions; alas! I was not permitted to hear them from the lips of the dear Adelaide herself!

The Lady of the Beacon-Tower was safely delivered of a son; and the sight of this little smiling innocent was sufficient to relieve his anxious mother from more than half the weight of her melancholy.

—“ Now then,” she exclaimed frequently, while she kissed her baby with rapture, “ now then I only need to see
Rodolpho

Rodolpho partaking my delight, and every fear which now distracts my bosom will at once be destroyed for ever."——

Her wish was granted, sooner than she could have expected. Alas! it brought not with it the joy, which (she fondly hoped) would accompany her husband's arrival.

Reports which agitate the great world, are slow in reaching the dwellings of retirement; yet there are *some* transactions, which fame spreads about with the rapidity of lightning, because they are strange and terrible enough to attract the attention, of the universal globe.

Who trembles not at hearing the dreadful word, *Regicide*? the emperor Albert was dead; he had fallen by the
 2 hands

hands of the unfortunate John of Swabia and his friends ! this dreadful report had been long circulated in whispers among the mountains, where Adelaide had fixed her residence ; it at first obtained little credit, but with every succeeding day it seemed to assume more consistency. It had not yet reached the ears of Adelaide ; but her attendants saw, that it would be impossible to keep it from her knowledge much longer ; the prudent Gertrude therefore, as the person among them to whom the others looked up with the greatest deference, undertook to give the invalid some insight into these melancholy events ; observing every possible precaution, that might weaken their effect, and carefully concealing the share, which the Lord of the Beacons-
Tower

ver was reported to have taken in business. Chance unfortunately prevented her from executing her kind intentions.

One evening, Adelaide was sitting with her child at her bosom near a window, which commanded the spacious court-yard. On a sudden a single cavalier rushed into the court on horseback. Adelaide sprang from her seat with a cry of joy, and flew towards the stranger.

"Whither would you go, lady?" inquired Gertrude, and hastened to assist her.

But Adelaide was already in the street, and before he had time to enter, she placed her child on the bosom of her father.

Dodolpho kissed his baby and its mother,

mother, and then amidst the joyful shouts of the domestics who crouded round their master, he followed Adelaide into the great castle-hall: there was he received with renewed embraces, with questions, blessings, wonderings, and all the delightful confusion of unexpected and overflowing joy.

Rapture at clasping in her arms the man, whom she had so long sighed to see, and at a moment so unlooked-for, prevented Adelaide from observing, that the rapture was not mutual. The eager prattling of affection concealed from her, that she was the only speaker; and many hours had elapsed, before she was sufficiently recovered from the delirium of her joy to ask the question—“ Oh! Rodolpho, why thus silent? why thus pale?”—

It

It was not so long, before his attendants had remarked this alteration in their lord's appearance; and the alarming conternation displayed in his countenance seemed to confirm the reports to his disadvantage, which for some time had been so prevalent. The pleasure, with which his arrival had inspired them at first, soon vanished; and all drew back with shuddering from the man, on whose hands they fancied that they could discover the stains of royal blood.

—"What troubles you, my beloved?" Adelaide at length demanded of her husband, who sat with his eyes fixed stedfastly on the earth, and seemed not to hear her question; "answer me for pity's sake! what troubles you?"—

—"Oh! nothing, nothing!" he
exclaimed.

exclaimed, then sprang up suddenly, and advanced towards the window—
 “all is as it should be; nothing has happened but what *ought* to have happened. It is only my foolish heart, that cannot be persuaded to let me be at rest.”—

—“All has happened, that ought to have happened?” repeated Adelaide, whose anxiety became more painful with every moment; “and what then *has* happened?”—

Rodolpho without answering her question, remarked that night was coming on; he then desired a domestic to take good care, that all the gates were well locked and barred, and ordered that the portcullis should be let down to guard the narrow path, whose steps were hewn in the rock, and which was the only avenue to the Castle.

—“ Dearest Rodolpho,” said Adelaide, while she took his hand with mingled tenderness and apprehension “ what need of these precautions ? are you not safe in the arms of love ? surely, we now have no enemies to dread.”—

—“ Adelaide, while Albert lived, we had but *one* enemy: now that he is no more, his death has created a thousand avengers, who wait with impatience for an opportunity to destroy us !”—

—“ His death ?” exclaimed Adelaide in a tone expressing the utmost horror, and betraying that she already guesst the misfortune, which she was soon to hear confirmed; “ is then the emperor dead ? alas ! and by whom ?”—

Her husband gazed upon her with

a gloomy frowning air, and without replying prepared to quit the apartment.

Adelaide followed him, detained him, and in a voice scarcely audible repeated her question.

Rodolpho bent himself towards her, and whispered somewhat in her ear; yet not so gently, but that Gertrude (who was the only person then present) could distinguish the emperor's name, the Duke of Swabia's, and Rodolpho's own.

—"Now then" said he, with a loud voice and terrible look; "Now then is Adelaide aware, by what name she must henceforth greet her husband?"—

It is easy to guess, how violent an
effect

ect this dreadful explanation must
 ve made upon the criminal's unfor-
 nate wife ! life is subject to moments,
 which a single word is sufficient to
 ing at once before the mind the
 hole wide extent of our future fate;
 which with a single look and in a
 ngle feeling we embrace the whole ;
 id (be they of sorrow or be they of
 y) in which man's feeble nature is
 mpelled to sink beneath the gigantic
 rength of his sensations.

Adelaide lay at her husband's feet
 eprived of animation. His caresses
 nd the care of her attendants only
 wakened her to the sense of suffering.
 is true, the total deprivation of her
 ntellects for a time preserved her mind
 om feeling the wretchedness of her
 situation;

situation; but her health was cruelly affected by the violent attacks of a malady, which soon brought her to the very brink of the grave.

Many months past before she was pronounced out of danger; it required no less a period to elapse, before she was able to accustom her mind sufficiently to seeing all her gloomy apprehensions justified, without relapsing into that melancholy state from which she had just escaped with so much difficulty.

While Rodolpho through his wife's illness suffered both for himself and for her, his situation had become more critical with every day. The favourable hour for flight had been consumed by the side of Adelaide's sick-bed. With no kind friendly hand to pour balm into

the wounds of his conscience, their
 ay was become most acute ; and he
 now compelled to see (what is
 by every criminal) the deed that
 done with very different eyes from
 ie, with which he saw the deed
 le it was yet to do. He was without
 ifort, without hope ; and already
 the emperor's avengers tread close
 n his footsteps.

There was no longer any security for
 unfortunate family of Rodolpho at
 venstein Castle: concealment was the
 y chance for preserving his life from
 : many swords, that were in search
 him. Adelaide's first care therefore
 her recovery was to quit her abode ;
 r did her still weak state of health
 ter her from immediately execu-
 ting

ting her resolution. Rodolpho followed whither she thought proper to conduct him, less from the hope of saving his wretched existence, than from feeling it impossible to part any more from Adelaide. The horror, which had taken possession of all her faculties on first hearing of this dreadful act, had now given place to sorrow and compassion: she tortured herself to find some apology for his crime; and when she felt that the excuses of love avail nothing at any judgment-bar except its own, though she found herself compelled to confess Rodolpho guilty, she still vowed, that all guilty as he was she loved him still, and that all guilty as he was she would perish with him.

Willingly did the grateful inhabitants
of

Vale of Frutiger afford a shelter, from whom they had formerly received such essential services; but it was not without much secret murmur that they granted the same favour to their blood-polluted husband. How could that innocent and open-minded race of people willingly support the presence of a murderer?

the shelter of their huts Rodolpho was free of the risk of being betrayed; but it was clear to every one, and most so to himself, that the sacrifice made by him in this instance to humanity, was a sacrifice which cost them very dearly. His own afflicted conscience too prevented him from long remaining quiet in the same place; and he at length openly told his wife, that he was de-

terminated on hastening to Rome, and on soliciting absolution for his crime at the feet of the holy father. This, he believed, was the only balsam capable of calming the inexpressible anguish, which preyed upon his heart.

Unwillingly did Adelaide suffer him to tear himself from her arms. She would fain have accompanied him in his pilgrimage ; but her weakness which still continued, and the caution which it was necessary for a proscribed man to observe upon his journey, compelled her to give up her generous design. Rodolpho set forward in disguise for Rome ; Adelaide remained in the Vale of Frutiger with her little son, mingling the milk, which she gave him, with many a tear of bitterness.

A con-

A considerable space of time elapsed, and yet no news arrived from the unfortunate pilgrim: her friends the worthy matrons of Helvetia endeavoured to give this delay, which so justly was the cause of much anxiety to Adelaide, a favourable interpretation; and their husbands solemnly promised, should Rodolpho return with the Holy Father's pardon, they would refuse him no service; which an honest man could require at their hands.

Adelaide's tranquillity began to return: absolution even from crimes, whose mention makes humanity shudder, is no uncommon thing in our days; this is a circumstance, which gives the laity opportunities of throwing much reproach upon the church; but on which,

as belonging to a religious society, it becomes *me* to remain silent—the hopes of our friend were also greatly strengthened by an event, which (when Adelaide communicated it in one of her letters) appeared even to myself as meriting no slight attention ; it was, that persons of inferior consequence having all desisted from the pursuit, the only person, who still demanded Rodolpho's punishment, was Johanna, the reigning queen of Hungary, and daughter of the murdered emperor. We trusted, that the gentle soul of a woman would be easily awakened to compassion ; and this flattering persuasion received additional force, when Adelaide received an assurance, that it was unnecessary for her to continue in concealment, and that she

ight return to her abode at Raven-
sin, in perfect security from meeting
ith injury or insult.

Adelaide and her friends naturally
onsidered this permission as a fore-
unner of still greater favours—"It is
lear then," said she, "that the place of
ny concealment was well known to
ny husband's enemies. It was in their
ower, had they thought fit to take the
most severe vengeance, to have punish-
d Rodolpho's crime on me and on his
on; but they molested us not, and I
am now permitted to return to my
ormer residence. Besides, Rodolpho
s in truth not so *very* culpable; he was
educed into guilt by the artifice of
others. He drew not his sword to
evenge his own injuries, but to protect

his friend against injustice and oppression. Perhaps he was selected as an instrument of the Divine Vengeance, and commissioned by Heaven to punish Albert's crime, who was himself his sovereign's murderer."—

Oh! Adelaide, how could your pure and generous heart persuade itself even in a single thought or by a single word to palliate an offence, too atrocious to admit of pardon? vainly did you strive to deceive yourself; one serious glance falling on the veil, which affection would fain have thrown over the crime of your beloved, was frequently enough to make you tremble and blush at being employed in such an office.

For some time the Lady of the Beacon-Tower resided at Ravenstein in a situation,

tion, whose apparent tranquillity was more artificial than real, but which still was rendered supportable by the hope of better days. A thunder-clap suddenly roused her from her pleasing dreams, and a tempest hurried her towards the termination of her sorrows. Every attempt to obtain intelligence of the guilty wanderer had hitherto been unsuccessful. Adelaide's messengers returned not; Rodolpho was unable to dispatch messengers in return, for he had no sooner set his foot within the precincts of the Vatican, than he was delivered into the hands of avenging justice. What was his present fate, and what would be that which was still reserved for him, was already well-known to every one in the neighbourhood of Ravenstein. Concealed from

her by the cruel tenderness of her attendants, her husband's situation was a secret to Adelaide alone. Surely it was cruel to hide from her an event, which she could not escape knowing in the end, till the whole consciousness of her misfortunes burst upon her at once, and with the violence of the shock crushed her.

The Lady of the Beacon-Tower entertained no apprehensions for herself; happen what would, she believed her own person to be safe. The inhabitants of the Helvetian mountains, in which she resided, had been long dissatisfied with the government of princes, who only employed their power to rob them of their liberty; and they had secretly resolved to seize the first opportunity of breaking their chains. They were prepared to run
every

by hazard in defence of their adored aide ; and they counted it unnecessary to warn her of the approach of dangers, which they were firmly determined to prevent from ever reaching her.

But where are the mountains so inaccessible, the protection so powerful, the valour so impossible to be subdued, that calamity cannot overcome all obstacles in pursuit of her injured victim !

Matilda, the Queen of Hungary, who with the fury of a tigress burned to avenge her father's death, demanded permission to enter these tranquil vallies, to punish the inhabitants, from their having granted Rodolpho a temporary asylum, and considered as adherents to the guilty cause of Swabia. One fortress after

another fell into her power : she became mistress by degrees of the whole country ; and at length Adelaide heard the sound of hostile trumpets, ere she had yet been made aware, that the most revengeful of all women had penetrated into Helvetia.

Johanna's mildness towards the murderer's family had been only assumed, in hopes of discovering where Rodolpho himself was concealed. His seizure had rendered further artifice unnecessary, and she was now permitted to show the violence of her resentment without disguise. She led her troops in person against Ravenstein. Though lately repaired and internally fitted up with elegance and splendour, the fortress no longer possessed those strong means of defence,

which in its antient state had enabled
 it to set the attacks of foes so often at
 defiance. Walter Forest, however, had
 engaged to undertake the command of
 it; but at the time when Johanna un-
 expectedly appeared before the Castle,
 this brave man was detained by patriotic
 duties in a distant part of the country.
 The garrison were capable of making
 but a sorry resistance; the gates were
 thrown open; and Johanna made her
 triumphal entrance into Ravenstein
 over the bleeding corse of those, who
 had fallen the innocent victims of her
 thirst for vengeance.

Oh ! Urania, I know well, that justice
 required the punishment of Albert's
 murderers; I know well, that it was the
 remembrance of her father's death,

which transformed his daughter into a Feind ; but still still I feel it impossible for me without horror and disgust to unite a thirst for blood with the name of woman. Jóhanna, that Saint-like princess, that builder of cloisters, that worker of miracles ; that young and beautiful Jóhanna who, as 'tis whispered, is secretly by no means averse to the tender passions ; even that very Jóhanna pursued her way over heaps of mutilated corpses, and said with a triumphant smile to those who followed her,—“ that it seemed, as if her path had been strown with roses.”—

The doors of the Great Hall were thrown open ; Adelaide lay senseless in
the

the arms of her attendants. She was half stretched across the cradle of her sleeping child, as if even in the moment of swooning she had still been aware, that enemies were approaching too pitiless to spare even slumbering innocence.

The pale countenance of the Lady of the Beacon-Tower, the beauty of whose features even sorrow had not been able to destroy, and the helplessness of whose present situation served only to render her more interesting, would have touched even the hearts of dæmons with compassion; but on the incensed Johanna this very beauty produced quite a contrary effect. In the eyes of her who gladly would have seen all other charms eclipsed by her own, to be as
lovely

lovely as Adelaide in itself was a crime of no inconsiderable magnitude: nor could the queen observe without extreme displeasure, that among the warriors in her train, many an eye (whose approbation she would gladly have engrossed entirely) dwelt with looks of tenderness and admiration on the fair lifeless statue, which lay extended in the dust, overthrown by fear and sorrow.

—"Who is this woman?" demanded the queen.

—"Adelaide, Lady of the Beacon-Tower."—

—"Ha! say'st thou? the Regicide's wife then?—and yonder brat in the cradle?"—

—"It is Adelaide's only son," exclaimed

aimed Gertrude, at the same time throwing herself at the feet of the Fury, whose arm was already extended towards the slumbering infant, as it lay half-concealed by its mother's robe.—

"Mercy, mercy for the poor babe ; he has been guilty of no crime ; be satisfied with revenging yourself on his unfortunate father !" —

A scream uttered by the little Rodolpho roused his mother from her insensibility ; she looked up ; she saw her baby in the arms of the furious queen, who childless herself and unworthy to have children, knew not and cared not, how such tender creatures should be handled.

Gertrude had quitted her kneeling attitude, to hasten to the assistance of her

her

her awakening friend, who now took the place which she had left unoccupied, and embraced in Gertrude's stead the knees of the queen.

—"My child!" she exclaimed; "give me my child! what would you do with it? why do you grasp it so rudely? oh! it is tender, and you will kill it! you will kill it!"—

—"What would I do with it?" repeated the implacable Johanna; "I would dash the little serpent against the ground, that it may not grow up to be a regicide like its father!"—

—"Oh! mercy! mercy! what crime can the innocent babe have committed?"—

—"None, lady, none," replied Johanna, while she cast upon the suppliant a look of mingled anger and disdain;

"'Tis

'Tis out of mere compassion, that I
 se your infant thus. Had your hus-
 and the regicide been treated in his
 adle as I will soon treat this screaming
 orm, he had not been at this moment
 n his road to the place of execution,
 here he must soon end his guilty life
 pon the rack."—

—" Say you?—my husband
 e place of execution the rack too
 . . . my child! oh! God, my poor child!"
 —thus shrieked Adelaide, who had now
 rang from the earth, and was endea-
 uring to force her infant from the
 rasp of this female Dæmon; but her
 exertions were too feeble, and she again
 ank insensible upon the pavement.

—" Lady," exclaimed one of the
 warriors, who seemed to be of most
 distinction

distinction among her attendants, "you forget your sex!"—at the same time he forcibly rescued the crying baby from her hands, and placed it on the bosom of Gertrude.

This bold protector of innocence must have possessed no trifling influence with Johanna, since she dared only punish his action by an angry frown, and immediately commanded (probably through fear of his making still further use of his power over her) that the still fainting Adelaide should be removed from her presence.

The poor sufferer was conveyed to one of those dungeons, with which you, unfortunate Urania, are but too well acquainted; Dungeons, whose massy walls had rendered them impenetrable

to

the flames, which had laid all above
 in ruins. But what fortress is so
 high, what abyss of the earth is so
 that its approach is inaccessible to
 generous activity of friendship?
 Gertrude had no sooner clasped in her
 arms the poor ill-treated babe, than she
 not a moment before she quitted
 the castle, and fled with him to implore
 the honest inhabitants of the vale to
 lend their assistance to his unfortunate
 father.

More than half the attendants of
 the barbarous Queen of Hungary dis-
 gusted of her late treatment of the
 orphaned and the helpless, and were
 favourable to the cause of oppressed inno-
 cence. Gertrude met with but little
 sympathy (when she secretly returned
 to

to Ravenstein) in gaining admission to the dungeon of her friend: but she found the unfortunate in a situation, which made her escape almost impracticable—the Queen had that morning condescended to enter her cell, possibly thinking that it was right to fulfill one of the most sacred duties of her faith, the visiting the prisoner: but what she brought with her was not, according to the divine precept, hope and consolation. No; much rather was it her business to heap on the head of her heart-broken captive an additional weight of motives for affliction. An animated picture of the enormity of Rodolpho's crimes, and an horrible enumeration of the tortures to which his sentence condemned him, nearly robbed

bed the wretched Adelaide of her
 ses; and she only retained recollec-
 n sufficient to feel the last stab in-
 ted by her tormentor, when the
 feeling woman named the day, on
 which Rodolpho was to suffer. Well
 l she hear that cruel word, and that
 oment of horror inscribed itself on
 r bewildered brain in characters of
 e.

Gertrude, when she hastened to her
 end's bedside, could not help fancying
 at she already embraced her corpse:
 r feelings had been strained beyond
 air utmost boundaries, and were
 lowed by a total cessation of her
 wers both of body and of mind.

Gertrude had received some plain
 nts, that the compassionate servants of
 an

an inhuman mistress were disposed to shut their eyes to any thing, which she might undertake in favour of the captive. Walter Forest's mother had accompanied her to Ravenstein; these two kind-hearted women raised the unconscious Adelaide in their arms, and not without much difficulty conveyed her from the dungeon. The guards appointed to watch the door appeared to be buried in sleep, while the fugitives past them; and they reached a narrow portal in the back part of the fortress without meeting any impediment. The good porter turned the lock for them in silence, and (conscious that the veil of darkness would conceal his benevolent action from the queen, who would not easily have been persuaded to
pardon

ardon it), he assisted Gertrude to place her rescued friend in the litter, which waited for them at a few paces from the Castle-gate. Swiftly did they now descend the mountain-pass, and it was not long, before the Castle of Ravenstein was left far behind them.

The good peasants, to whom Gertrude applied for shelter and concealment, granted it without hesitation: but many days elapsed, before they succeeded in snatching Adelaide from the shadows of the grave, towards which her unbroken stupor appeared to be conducting her. On the fourth day, she discovered the first symptoms of consciousness; she started up suddenly, and asked several hurried questions, which were faithfully answered.

Adelaide

Adelaide again sank back upon her couch, and remained for some time silent, with her eyes staring wildly, and directed towards Heaven.

—“Then it was not a dream!” she said at length aloud; “it was not in a vision, that I saw those dreadful scenes at Ravenstein! it was but yesterday, that all this happened, and yet it seems to me, as if since then there had past half a century!”—

—“Pardon me, noble Lady. It is now three days, since you have been in safety: to day is the first Monday after the Nativity, and”—

—“Monday, say'st thou? the first Monday after Rodolpho! oh! Rodolpho!”—

She

she attempted to quit her bed, but Gertrude prevented her.

—"Dear Lady," said she, "recollect your weak condition: the sudden chill the morning-air would be enough to kill you."—

—"Right, right! then it is only morning yet? oh! yes; I now see myself that it is no more. Look, where the sun rises from behind yonder mountain! ha! how red and how gloomy.

It burns, foreboding that it will be a cloudy day!"—

Gertrude comprehended not her meaning, and replied not. Adelaide repeated her request that she might be permitted to rise, with such earnestness that her attendants were compelled to obey her. She suddenly drew her arm

from Gertrude's, and walked a few paces without assistance.

—“ Yes, it will do well,” said she, after a pause with a look of satisfaction. “ Now then bring my child; let me once again embrace him.—But alas ! it must not be. My boy is very young, and needs much attention ; even in your hands, good Gertrude, he will not be taken sufficient care of, and I must remain here. Oh ! my poor husband, I am forbid to follow you ; but peace, peace to your tortured bones ; repose and pardon to your afflicted spirit !” —

Adelaide with folded hands had sunk on her knees before the cottage-window, whose casement was illuminated by the beams of the morning sun. She now

up, and again demanded, that her
y should be brought to her.

Her attendants delayed to obey the
ler. That delay alarmed her; she
isted with increased earnestness on
ing her child, and they were at last
npelled to acknowledge, that on the
ning before it had expired.

—"Dead!" she exclaimed, and the
ie in which she spoke it exprest by
t single word at once all the feelings
agony, which a mother's heart can
fer.—"Dead!" she again repeated,
er some moments of silence. Then
if she had suddenly discovered a ray
comfort, she added—"that is right!
te right!—but still I must see it!—
child! show me my child!"—

They conducted her to the cradle, in

which the pallid infant lay, and appeared to smile even in death. She kissed without shedding a single tear, desired to be conducted back to couch, and to be left alone.

Gertrude was too much on her guard to grant the sufferer more than the half of her request. She seated her by her bedside, and for some time watched unremittingly.—But wearied with her long vigils during Adelaide's insensibility, she at length found her powers inadequate to fulfill her good intentions. About midnight sleep completely overcame her ; and now was opportunity afforded to the wife of the unfortunate brother, to execute the wild resolution whose consequences she
re-unit

nited her to the husband whom she
red.

Adelaide rose silently from her bed,
left the house without being ob-
red. Through the shadows of night
wandered towards the place, where
broken heart panted to arrive. Her
ickness made her long in accomplish-
this painful journey. On the day
ore her arrival Rodolpho had already
lergone the torture of the rack; yet
Adelaide reach the place of execu-
a time enough to receive his last
ath and his last blessing. His break-
eyes recognized her well-known
tures, before they closed for ever;
murmured her name, and she sank
on his bleeding bosom*.

Some historians assert, that the sufferings

They forcibly removed her from the scaffold; whether out of cruelty or compassion I cannot pretend to say. Understanding how closely I was connected with her, the new Emperor Henry of Luxemburg caused her to be removed to my convent, that she might end her days in my arms. God be thanked, they were ended soon! death and eternal rest were all, that it was left us to wish the poor sufferer. Scarcely had she strength to reach the
place

of Rodolpho of the Beacon-Tower lasted for three whole days. During this time his wife could not be persuaded to quit the place of execution, and it was not till he had breathed his last, that she suffered herself to be conveyed to Basle, where she soon after expired.

lace of my abode. The lay-sister informed me that a lady ill and weary requested to see me. I hastened to the convent-gate; it was Adelaide. Wearied in truth she was, alas! wearied even unto death! it was on my bosom, that the angel breathed her last.

All-merciful Heaven, was not the burthen then imposed on me too great for the strength of one like me, a poor weak helpless mortal? the bloody death of my beloved though guilty brother was scarcely announced, when I was doomed to weep over the grave of that innocent creature, whom I called my sister not more with my lips than with my whole full heart!

Adelaide was herself unable to explain to me the connection of those

terrible events, which cost her her existence: but it was easy to guess those which had happened lately. Her poor wounded feet convinced me, that she had performed some long and painful journey, and whither could the wife have directed her steps but to the scaffold, on which her husband was condemned to breathe his last? Poor, poor Adelaide! the attempt to throw yourself into my arms was the last exertion of your exhausted powers: words were denied you to explain your excess of suffering to your sister; but your looks so expressive of anguish and pious resignation spoke to my heart in a language most intelligible!

Adelaide's attendants had mist her soon after her escape, and hastened in pursuit

suit

suit of her : but ignorance of the way which she had taken for some time led them astray. At length the report of Rodolpho's death reached them, and gave them a clue to trace the fugitive. From the place of execution it was easy to follow her to my convent ; where else could they expect to find the unhappy Adelaide, but in the arms of sisterly affection ?

I learned such circumstances which were still unknown to me from these afflicted women, who were almost distracted at hearing the loss of their mistress, whose sudden death they attributed to their own carelessness in suffering her to escape. Not long after these melancholy events, the *gentle* and pious Queen of Hungary sent to re-

quest that the body of the noble sufferer might be delivered up to her messengers; it being (as they informed me) her intention to deposit it in her newly-erected church of Konigfeld, which she had built on the spot where her father Albert had perished, and in which she had already ordered a sumptuous monument to be prepared for the Lady of the Beacon-Tower.

Report was loud in praise of this generous act of the saint-like Johanna, who thus offered an honourable grave to the wife of her father's murderer. As it appeared to me in a light by no means so amiable, I scrupled not to give the Queen's request a positive refusal. My sister's bones repose in the vaults beneath our convent-chapel; the
marble

marble which covers them bears no inscription except the name of her who is buried there, a name which will be sacred to the latest posterity, as an example of undeserved affliction and of love and truth unequalled.

Come to this place of sorrow, dearest Urania ; come, and bathe that hallowed stone with your tears, on which my own still fall in my most serious hours. At present suffer me to rest from the painful task of describing scenes, the slightest recollection of which is almost sufficient to break my heart in pieces. God grant that ere long it may break for ever ! Adelaide's smiling form seems to beckon me away to the regions of light.—Rodolpho's shade I strive in vain to discern ; it appears not !—oh !

thou my brother ! my dear seduced
unhappy brother ! may the Divine Pro-
vidence grant me not to close my eyes,
till my unceasing fervent prayers shall
have obtained the absolution of thy
sins, and have gained thy admission into
the dwellings of the blessed !

PART THE FOURTH.

Count Donat's Daughters.

Immeline of Sargans to Amabel Melthal.

PERHAPS, dear Amabel, you had good reasons for quitting the Castle of Sargans, though filial respect forbids my examining what those reasons were; I have not I reasons equally good for preventing your departure? oh! never more term me your mistress; that name painful to thy heart and injurious to our friendship. You know well, that I never treated you as really filling that station,

station, to which you were destined, when in the days of our childhood my father first brought you with him to Sargans. You were not my attendant; you were my companion, were my sister! away with the jargon of illustrious ancestry and of humble birth; such distinctions disgrace the lips of Helvetia's daughters; and in truth, dear Amabel, when all is justly weighed, she who is the daughter of Henric Melthal, or the relation of Walter Forest and the pupil of Gertrude Bernsdorf, has far greater cause to be proud of her origin, than one who is the offspring of Donat and Mellusina, and who must blush to name as her grandfather Ethelbert of Carlsheim, the unfortunate and the guilty.

Yet take comfort, Emmeline of Sargans!

Sargans ! you too can number some few among the connections of your family, who would not disgrace the best and proudest. The venerable Urania Venosta deigns to bestow on you the names of daughter and of grand-child ; what matters it, that her blood does not actually flow in my veins, since her heart feels towards me the affection of a mother ?

Never can I prize too highly my good fortune in having gained an interest in the bosom of this admirable matron, and being occasionally permitted to profit by her intercourse !

For this too am I indebted to *you*, my Amabel ! its true, I can still remember well to have seen her in this Castle, while I was yet but a child ; I remember

well, that she bestowed on me the most affectionate appellations, that she suffered me to repose in her arms, and that when she quitted Sargans, I wept bitterly, and begged, that I might accompany her. But the harshness with which my father repulsed my dear lost sister and myself, whenever we ventured to express a wish that we might see Urania once more, aided by the lapse of years and the volatility of youth, had by degrees nearly effaced all recollection of her; when you, my beloved friend, arrived at the Castle, and recalled to my mind the noble image of Urania. You boasted, that you had resided for some time under her protection, and that she had taken the greatest pains to instill into your
young

young mind lessons of the purest virtue, in order that you might impart them to the two poor orphan sisters, when your father should conduct you to Count Donat's fortress; a step, to which nothing less powerful than Urania's influence could have induced Henric Melthal to consent.

That step was the preservation of Amalberga and of myself. Orphans in truth we were! brought up under the tuition of such a father, and associating with his abandoned intimates, what was it probable would become of us? Heaven be thanked, you have saved us, or at least you have saved *me*. But you are torn from me; and now that you are gone, how difficult should I have found it to remain steady in the way that I ought

ought to pursue, had you not shown me the secret path through the wood which terminates at Urania's convent. I have already frequently eluded the vigilance of my attendants; I have visited Urania; have always found the doors of her cell open to me, and methinks have never returned, without feeling myself happier and better than when I came.

And all this do I owe to you, and yet in writing to your friend Emmeline, can you resolve to offend her by calling yourself her servant? Amabel, you are my benefactress; while I exist, never will I cease to thank you.

Emmeline of Sargans to Amabel.

I have just left the venerable Urania, but I have received in her society to-day less satisfaction than usual. I have gone through a strict examination. Though, Heaven be thanked, my heart is unconscious of harbouring any thing which I should blush to own, yet I could not help feeling, that such close enquiries were painful to me, and that it was impossible for me to answer every question with equal readiness. Explain to me, Amabel, what was the cause of these sensations; you are more intelligent than I am, and have frequently set me right, while I have been

been bewildered among the secret avenues of my heart. Who was it but Amabel, who first taught me to look into myself, and to sit in severe and impartial judgment over my own thoughts and feelings?

Urania during my former visits had thought proper to enquire, how far I am acquainted with the annals of my family. I did not conceal from her, that Gertrude Bernsdorf during the short visit which Count Donat suffered me to pay you in the Vale of Frutiger, had made known to us every thing, of which during fifty years she had been an eyewitness. Urania blames highly the good old woman's loquaciousness, and assures me, that above half what I have heard from her was only calculated to do me harm.

arm. I can well believe, that Urania
 in the right; it is at least certain,
 that Gertrude's narrative had almost
 robbed me of one virtue, respect for the
 character of my father; how can I
 love and esteem that cruel Donat, who
 was the author of all those complicated
 misfortunes, which afflicted so many of
 the best of earthly beings, and my ad-
 mirable friend Urania among the rest?
 The benevolent saint chides me for en-
 couraging such thoughts, and bids me
 forget that, which she has herself long
 since forgotten; but how is it possible
 for me to obey her? alas! I have
 already been myself too severely the
 victim of Count Donat's vices. I can-
 not forget that he abandoned my youth
 to the ill impressions of his low-born

and libertine associates ; that he degraded me to be the companion of his Parasites and his harlots : I cannot forget, that it is he and his harsh treatment of her, that I must thank for the loss of my beloved Amalberga !

The subject of Urania's next question regarded the fate of my sister : on this point also I answered her with openness. I did not merely relate those melancholy scenes, which never can be effaced from my memory ; I painted them with such warmth and in such lively colours, that the emotion with which my story was heard convinced me, that I had made them present to the eyes of my auditor. Still was she not contented with merely hearing me briefly recite those circumstances, which made her mingle her
tears

ers with mine : she has desired
 to communicate to her in writing
 that has past in the most circum-
 stantial manner ; and she flatters me
 with the hope of her being able to
 understand such conjectures on this nar-
 rative, as may be the source to me
 of much future consolation, and may
 even be the means of finally re-uniting
 me to my dear lost sister.

Oh! were I but certain, that this
 would really be the consequence, with
 that pleasure should I undertake a task,
 which I shall now enter upon so un-
 willingly! Amabel, you saw how many
 tears I shed, when that unexpected and
 most inexplicable event took place; and
 you will not wonder, that sitting where
 I now do, those tears flow with renewed
 violence. It was in this very chamber,
 that

that I saw Amalberga for the last time ! what pain did it cost me to tear myself away from her ! in what distraction did I fall at the feet of my cruel father, and entreat him no longer to imprison my beloved sister, or at least to make me her companion in captivity ! he repulsed me with frowns ; and the innocent girl heard Count Donat's own hand turn the lock of this chamber, in which the next morning she was no longer to be found. My father and myself mutually accused each other of her flight ; *his* accusations were curses, mine were confined to tears : whether both were equally innocent of Amalberga's disappearing is at least to me still a mystery.

And these events, which when even slightly hinted at gave my heart a
severe

re pang, must I compel myself to
 omit to paper calmly and circum-
 stantially!—yet be it so! the painful
 s will cost me many tears, but they
 I not be the first tears, which have
 eamed within these walls. Urania
 informs me, that this very chamber was
 g her own; how severe were her
 ictions is already known to you.

I now come to the third subject of
 quiry, with which (I might almost
 r) my adopted mother *tortured* me
 s morning; and I am scarcely less
 willing to mention it even to *you*, than
 was unable to reply to *her* with firm-
 ss and sincerity.

You cannot have forgotten what
 st at the tournament, at which I saw
 e Bishop of Coira's nephew for the
 VOL. II. I first

first time. Urania seems to be almost as well acquainted as you and myself with all that past on that occasion ; and were I not thoroughly convinced of the discretion of my faithful Amabel, I might be tempted to suspect her of having incautiously suffered herself to be seduced into revealing the secrets of her friend.

I was not so frank, as you might possibly have been in a similar situation ; and my want of confidence in her drew down upon me in some degree the matron's displeasure. I will endeavour on a future occasion to repair my fault, but I doubt being able to prevail on myself to do so. It seems to me very difficult, I might almost say quite impossible, to lay before the eyes of a Nun

considerably

considerably advanced in years those
 weaknesses, which she must have long
 ago forgotten and have learned to
 despise and ridicule; even supposing,
 that she should ever have been subject
 to them in the same degree with my-
 self.

I flatter myself, that I deserve to be
 forgiven, and that I should run no
 risk in discovering my secret senti-
 ments even before the most severe
 tribunal. Who could see Herman of
 Werderberg without emotion? neither
 is it an object of slight importance, to
 obtain by marriage my deliverance from
 a family so constituted as Count Donat's.
 I am assured daily, that I might imme-
 diately obtain that deliverance, would
 but insist upon being permitted to

assume the veil; and heaven only knows, what step I should not be ready to take, rather than remain longer exposed to such dangers as environ me at Sargans, had I not hopes of being released in a more agreeable manner, by the hand of my beloved warrior. Do you think it possible, my friend, that Herman should persist in his obstinacy much longer, when his only motive is grounded on his aversion to my name, the melancholy and hated name of *Count Donat's daughter*?

It would be superfluous to describe to you the mode of life at present followed in the Castle of Sargans; things go on in their old track. The female favourites of the Count my father resemble each other so nearly,

that the change is scarcely perceptible, when one Sultana retires, and a new one commands in her place. Those days, which I might otherwise pass in tranquillity, while Count Donat with his wild companions are ranging among hills and forests in pursuit of game, those days are now made almost insupportable, thanks to the insolence of the reigning mistress of the Castle. Besides this, the boon companion of my father's riotous pleasures Abbot Luprian of Cloister-Curwald, through impatience for the return of the hunters, never fails to make his appearance at the Castle too soon; and then not knowing how to dispose of his time, he thinks proper to bestow it on me, a favour with which I could most readily dis-

pense. This man is odious to me beyond measure: the ostentatious pomp of his appearance continually reminds me of that worthless Guiderius, who made Urania pass so many uneasy hours. Perhaps, my aversion to the Abbot is merely founded on prejudice; God grant, that I may not find cause to be confirmed in my ill opinion.

Amabel Makhal to Emmeline of Sargans.

It is not then necessary for me to apologize, or to justify my secret departure from her father's Castle, before the tribunal of Lady Emmeline: it seems, she is already aware, that it was absolutely necessary for me to tear myself away from one who is most dear to me, whether the name by which I call her is that of mistress or of friend.—Oh! would that my prayers could obtain from Heaven, dear Emmeline, that the many acts of kindness which you have bestowed on me, might soon be rewarded by your deliverance from the

snare, with which your virtue is now surrounded; by your deliverance from them through the affection of Count Herman !

Yet should you reach this utmost aim of your wishes, I doubt much, whether you would even then enjoy such complete happiness, as is mine at this moment. Fortune acts by the great-ones of the earth much like a step-mother. Their highest state of bliss is seldom any thing better than splendid captivity; and the pomp and state in which they exist, the throng of shining courtiers who wait upon their footsteps, the necessity of sustaining the dignity of their rank (an obligation, which frequently weighs upon them most heavily) all these are in fact absolute

solute fetters. We, more humble children of the land, are acquainted with no pomp except that of nature, which appears to us ever new; no attendants are ours, except such as inclination and a similarity of tastes and feelings induce to be the voluntary companions of our steps; and no duties are imposed on us but those which are most delightful in the performance, domestic virtue and love for the land to which we are indebted for our birth.

.. Oh! Lady, how earnestly do I wish for your presence in these dwellings of tranquillity! I deny not, that the vallies in which your father's lofty fortress stands, are fair and fruitful; your castle on the Rhine, whose walls are bathed by that proud river flowing past them

in calm majesty, is a noble and stately mansion, and the shades of the Munster-Vale remind me of those of Paradise: but compared with the days which I now pass in these calm and happy habitations, believe me, the pleasures of your more brilliant mode of life appear but as mere shadows.

Yet let us have patience ! the spirit of liberty will by degrees pervade every quarter of the land, and then will every quarter of the land be as happy, as that which I inhabit. Even among *us*, there are certain men (you will observe, that I say *men*, for we women are ever more easily satisfied with our condition than that haughty sex) there are among us some men, who in spite of all the freedom which we enjoy still speak frequently

quently of chains and task-masters, and make loud complaints against the prevalence of cruelty and oppression. They call the emperor's representatives (one of whom is established in our neighbourhood) by no gentler name than that of tyrants; and they are by no means pleased, when these powerful lords condescend to honour us with their intercourse, and to take a part in our rural festivities.

You know well, lady, that I am not disposed to like the society of persons of rank much superior to my own: yet in justice to our newly arrived governor, I must beg you not to imagine, that the Lord of Landenberg in the least resembles either a voluptuous Abbot of Cloister-Curwald, or a fierce

the Helvetian: he willingly
joins familiar tales which
among our German mountains
ought to be thinking that a story
telling to every one, it is to
be told it is that of such people
and it is that of the Helvetian
people.

In our part of the country
and our hosts are in pre-
paring, such as might be wor-
shipped up. The most illus-

countenances of these numerous pilgrims of pleasure, make our society more gay and brilliant; than is ever found to be the case at the costly entertainments of princes. Every thing is pleasing and satisfactory, except that on the countenances of some of the men (as I before informed you) I can sometimes discover the marks of secret discontent. Among them I must reckon my father and brother, Gertrude's husband (Gertrude herself was prevented by indisposition from joining us) and Walter Forest, who is lately arrived from the Vale of Frutiger; of all these, not one seems to receive the attentions and kindness of our worthy governor with as much gratitude, as his condescension deserves. Its true, the numer-

ous

ous society at present collected in our valley, and the festivities which are every day taking place, are profest to be in honour of the arrival of the emperor's new representative ; but to me it appears evident, that their intention is less to show respect for him, than to furnish an opportunity of examining his behaviour, and of prying into the secrets of his heart, when thrown off his guard by gaiety and pleasure.

Methinks, lady, what I write is not proper to be seen by every eye : but the bearer of this letter is trusty ; and besides the characters of our pens are to most of our coteremporaries inexplicable riddles. The other day, when we carried presents to the Castle, according

cording to custom on the arrival of every new governor, the Lord of Landenberg singled me from the croud of girls of my own age, and enquired, whether I was a native of these vallies. On this my dear partial mother undertook to answer for me; and in the course of her speech she found means to run over the list of my accomplishments (as she fondly called them) among which she enumerated the art of writing. The governor looked astonished, and acknowledged, that in this respect he must give way to *me* though a female; nor did he beleive, (he added) that among all his lay-attendants there was one who knew how to guide the pen, unless it were Wolfenrad, his Seneschal.

—“ Here,

—“Here, Wolfenrad!” he continued, motioning to him to advance; “this pretty maid is Amabel Melthal, who I am told is well instructed in the arts of reading and writing. Were you still unmarried, she would make a proper wife for you, and both might be of great use to me in my family affairs.”—

I blushed and retired hastily, and concealed myself among my companions; married or unmarried, Wolfenrad should never be my choice—the conversation too seemed to have taken a turn by no means to the taste of our matrons, for they lost no time in leading us back from the Castle; and when Walter Forest returned with my father and brother from an excursion, which they
had

had made among the eastern mountains, they blamed the conduct of the matrons in suffering the young Damsels to accompany them on their visit to the governor. My mother was censured more than all the rest for not having at least ordered *me* to remain behind; for they say, that my education in the convent of Zurich under the venerable Urania, and the polish which my manners acquired during my residence at your father's Castle, have given me a kind of foreign air, which distinguishes me from the rest of the girls, and which in spite of my inferiority to most of them in point of beauty, makes it difficult for me to escape without observation.

I must now close this long epistle,
by

by wishing you patience to endure your present difficulties, and recommending you to look forward to better times, which I hope are at no great distance.

meline of Sargans to Urania Venosta.

ONCE possess a beloved companion,
 was dear to me as myself; Amal-
 a was her name. She was my
 r; but the bonds, which nature had
 ed between us, were slight in com-
 on, with those of affection; an affec-
 which I should have felt for her,
 I been a princess, and Amalberga
 asant's daughter. It seems to me
 whole years had elapsed, since we
 : separated; and yet all circum-
 es, and particularly the unremitting
 ity which is still exercised in
 uit of the fugitive, combine to as-
 sure

...
... by the
... which is
... of the
... Mary ...
... not
... to
... to ...
... all her
... without
... was
... with
... While ...
... suffered ...

making us over to the
care of a young governess,
and whose levity were
commendations to favour.

her interest totally to
mistresses of Carlsheim and
under that after our removal
would she might entirely
attentions of our childless
considerable portion of whose
he doubted not being able
herself.

regarded our persons, this
us no detriment. In spite
and oppression of every kind,
strength of our constitutions
through all difficulties, and
increased in bloom and stature;
health of our minds was seri-
ously

sure me, that only a few months have crept away since her disappearance.

You desired, dear mother, to see the history of the poor persecuted girls traced by my pen ; I now send you the produce of several sleepless nights, for the night is the only time which I am permitted to call my own. I suspect, you foresaw that the harshness of my jailors, would ere long interrupt my personal intercourse with you, and that this was the motive, which induced you to advise my having recourse to my pen.

Count Donat suffered his daughters to grow up under his roof in total ignorance of what was owing to themselves and to others. He believed, that he had troubled himself about us quite sufficiently

ufficiently in making us over to the superintendence of a young governess, whose beauty and whose levity were her sole recommendations to favour. It was clearly her interest totally to neglect the heiresses of Carlsheim and Sargans, in order that after our removal from the world she might entirely engross the attentions of our childless father, a considerable portion of whose inheritance she doubted not being able to secure to herself.

In what regarded our persons, this neglect did us no detriment. In spite of want and oppression of every kind, the natural strength of our constitutions carried us through all difficulties, and we daily increased in bloom and stature; but the health of our minds was seriously

ously shaken. No principles of virtue were inculcated; no one explained to us the difference between vice and virtue; and surrounded as we were on all sides by the worst examples, we already began to contract the bad habits of our despicable associates.

Our father's enemies were almost as many, as there were noblemen whose domains bordered upon his own. Not one was there amongst their number, who had not been offended by him either personally or indirectly: but of them all his most dangerous and deadly foe was Count Lodowick of Homburg, the husband of that Minna of Mayenfield, for whom your history has taught me to feel such unbounded love and admiration.

How

How then was it possible, after all
 a bitter causes of complaint which
 imna alledged against Count Donat,
 th on her own account, and on yours
 and her mother's ; how was it possible,
 at in spite of Donat's unremitting
 unity of which he daily gave fresh
 proofs, the noble Count of Homburg
 ould have condescended to sue for
 aace at a time, when he was the
 strongest ; and that he should even
 ave confided so far in the honour of
 his enemy, as to trust himself and his
 ovely wife at the Castle of Sargans ?

In this transaction is not your hand
 perceptible, Urania ? oh ! you had not
 forgotten, that within those hated walls
 were immured two forsaken children,
 the destined victims of vice or of the
 grave.

grave. Your benevolent proposal of taking us under your care, which you laid before our father in our earliest childhood, was received by him in the same manner, with which he treats every thing tending to promote the interests of virtue ; those frequent attempts, which you afterwards made to draw us within the circle of your power, proved without effect ; and you now endeavoured through your friend the Countess of Homburg to snatch us from the precipice, on whose brink we stood. I am not unconscious, my kind protectress, how many artifices were tried in vain to entice us out of the precincts of the Castle of Sargans ; how often during our childhood, now one emissary and now another strove to rescue us by force

force from the dominion of our worthless governess ; how once the Retainers of the Convent of Zurich had actually succeeded in carrying us to some distance from the Castle, before we were overtaken and brought back to our paternal prison ; and how when Count Donat complained of this outrage and demanded satisfaction of the Bishop, the good Priest returned him for answer, that he would do better to send his daughters of his own accord to be instructed by the Nuns in piety and virtue, than to retain them in the Castle of Sargans in order that they might be educated by his paramours, and become in time as worthless as their instructors. It is to you, dear mother, that we are indebted for all these endeavours to

rescue us from ruin, and the visit of the Countess of Homburg was equally your work.

This interview between Count Lodowick and my father possess the merit of at least wearing the appearance of friendly inclinations: whether it was the means of inducing them to live on better terms in future, than had hitherto been the case, I cannot pretend to decide: but it is certain, that the Countess did not neglect the object, which had induced her to enter once more the hated Castle of Sargans. Immediately on her arrival she requested, that my sister and myself might form the society of her daughter, whom she had brought with her. Count Donat could not in common decency refuse her

her this mark of attention. Therefore during the few weeks that Count Lodowick's family resided at Sargans, we were seldom out of the company of the Countess and her daughter, from both of whom we received a thousand undeserved testimonies of interest and attachment.

It was no slight sacrifice, which the Countess made to gratitude and friendship, when she suffered us to associate so intimately with her well-educated daughter: it was much to be feared, that she would contract some of the numerous failings, to which we had been subjected by our neglected education. But Helen of Homburg, though she was younger than ourselves, ever contrived to make us adopt her own

proper mode of conduct, instead of suffering herself to be drawn into errors by our example.

v. The mother of our young friend was not contented with having planted the seeds of morality and religion in our hearts; she was anxious not to give up her benevolent task, till she had effected our total preservation. She therefore proposed to take us entirely under her superintendance, and made her request in a tone and manner, as if she had not the least doubt of its being granted. But this very request furnished our father with an opportunity of breaking off with Count Lodowick altogether, a step which he had only been prevented from taking sooner by the inconceivable generosity

sity and forbearance of his illustrious guest.

Count Donat's answer to the noble Minna's request was proud and insolent; her rejoinder was conveyed in that tone of delicate but cutting irony, which is peculiar to herself. Her husband commented on Count Donat's uncourteous behaviour with more warmth and bitterness, than he is accustomed to employ; and the consequence of this conversation was a total rupture between the two Counts, and the absolute overthrow of that edifice, which they had past so many days in raising.

Without an hour's delay did the Count of Homburg quit Sargans; nor would his journey home have been unmolested, had he not been provident

enough, when he visited the fortress of his antient foe, to bring with him a retinue well-armed, and in number not to be despised.

I believe, that he would not have found it impossible at that moment to have carried us off with him : but even though affection for the poor children might have induced his lady to propose such a step, undoubtedly the Count of Homburg's high notions of honour and integrity would have made him recoil with aversion from the idea of forcibly taking his daughters from a man, into whose Castle he had been received under the appearance of friendship.

Thus did we lose this invaluable chance of preservation. It is true, we were still too young to understand, that preservation

tion

lon was necessary; but yet we felt most sensibly the pain of parting from the ladies of Homburg: nor did we feel a little mortified at being replaced under the care of the unworthy women appointed to superintend us, whom we respect for our illustrious protectress had compelled to keep in the background during her residence at Count Donat's Castle.

Yet though the Countess of Homburg's visit had failed in its grand object, it was not without its use. We had passed two weeks in the habits of decorum; we had learnt to see our own failings, and to admire the advantages possessed by others; and this knowledge served us as a regulator for our future behaviour. The manners of Helen of

Homburg became the model, by which we formed our own : we were no longer in danger of adopting the evil lessons of our superintendents, for in the remembrance of Helen we had constantly before us a lively idea of feminine delicacy and indeed of feminine perfection.

Oh ! Urania, unwearied discoverer of new means to effect the happiness of the two poor orphan-girls, I dare flatter myself, that when the Angel arrived at Sargans whom you sent thither (shortly after the Count of Homburg's visit) to guide us to the paths of goodness, she found that we had already advanced some steps : at least it is certain, that she found us willing and resolved to follow, where she, and Urania, and Virtue pointed out to us the way.

Henric

Henric Melthal (one of my father's vassals, who had always shown too little willingness to advance his evil designs to be a favourite with his master) one day brought his daughter to Sargans. He entreated, that she might be received into the service of the Count's daughters; and either his chusing a moment when Donat fortunately happened to be in an unusually good humour, or satisfaction at finding the stubborn Henric at length inclined to perform willingly the duties of a vassal, or perhaps the observing glance by which he convinced himself that Amabel would in time be beautiful, made Henric easily obtain his demand.

Amabel was accepted as our attendant; she became our play-fellow, and

I may say, our best instructress. It was you, who had educated the amiable girl, doubtless with a view to your adopted children ; you know well, how much service Amabel was capable of rendering us, and (God be thanked for it !) I trust, that her intercourse has not totally been without effect.

The well-grounded and solid information possess by that dear girl, her firm attachment to virtue, duty, and truth, and the vast extent of her brilliant qualities, all lay concealed beneath the modest veil of rural simplicity, which hid from every eye the treasure we possess in her, and was for many years the means of preserving to us so invaluable a friend.

We grew up with Amabel in the
 3. closest

losest intimacy; we even obtained permission to accompany her in one of her visits to her father, and there became acquainted with an ancient friend of our family. It was Gertrude Bernsdorf, who completed that part of our education, which was too difficult for the power of our young companion. Our eyes were opened; we saw all the dangers of our residence under Count vonat's roof in their true light. We meditated an escape, whose object was finding refuge with you in the Convent at Zurich: but we were too well guarded to effect our purpose. Its true, however, one suspected the open-hearted label of deceit; but still a variety of attempts to carry us off had put our father on his guard, and we were

seldom suffered to quit the Castle without attendants.

I cannot persuade myself that it was a sentiment of paternal affection, which made the Count of Carlsheim so anxious to preserve us under his roof. His behaviour towards us left us no doubt, that we might have perished without our loss costing him a single tear; he had also frequently given us to understand, that he designed us for the Convent: but still he could not resolve to gratify those, who wished to take us from him, by suffering them to succeed; neither would he hear of our residing in *that* Convent, where we should have been so happily and so honourably situated, under the protecting care of the venerable Urania.

Since

Since you, dear mother, abandoned the world, great alterations have taken place in our neighbourhood, of which you may not be aware: at least Gertrude has assured me, that for ten miles round the Castle of Sargans, every thing since the days of her youth is become so different, that she scarcely knows the place to be the same. Like most people when advanced in life, Gertrude was accustomed to find great faults with these changes: she hated the sight of trees, which thirty years before she had seen no higher than bushes; she sighed to perceive, that the mountain-torrents had washed away *this* hill at one time and *that* at another; and she looked on it as little better than profanation, when she found buildings raised on places, which

which formerly were corn-fields or pasture-land:

But nothing was more offensive in her eyes than a particular Convent for females, which had been lately erected at no great distance from the Abbey of Cloister-Curwald; and which on account of the extraordinary privileges bestowed on it by the Holy Father, of the beauty of its situation, and of the advantageous manner in which its interior constitution was regulated, had grown rapidly into repute.

Our father had pitched upon this Convent for the future abode of Amalberga and myself; perhaps, it was the first time in our lives, that we had found reason to be perfectly satisfied with his decisions respecting us. We
were

were convinced, that our wish to inhabit the same place with our benefactress Urania would never be gratified ; with every day we felt more sensibly, that any religious house whatever would be a much more creditable abode for us, than the Castle of Sargans. Besides, the Convent of St. Roswitha (for the Nuns belonged to that order, who had established themselves in the neighbourhood of Cloister-Curwald) possessed the charm of novelty, and our friend Amabel had exprest her opinion in favour of its establishment. In defiance therefore of the prejudiced Gertrude's warnings and admonitions, we determined (whenever Count Donat should seriously advise our taking such a step) to declare ourselves ready to assume the veil

veil in that Convent, which he had himself selected.

There needed nothing more than such implicit obedience to induce our father to alter his intention. His early intercourse with the worthless of both sexes, his misanthropic seclusion from all general society, and a glance thrown by him upon the formation of his own heart, had made him distrustful of every one else. He suspected hidden views in the most indifferent actions; and he always suspected them most, when he found others most disposed to conform themselves to his wishes.

Our departure for the Convent of St. Roswitha, which (had we disapproved of going) would undoubtedly have taken place the next day,
was

was now postponed; it was however judged expedient for us to remove for some time from Sargans, an hostile attack being expected from one of his neighbours, whose views (so Count Donat imagined, though on what grounds I know not) were directed towards the persons of Amalberga and myself.

It happened just then, though it happened but very seldom, that our father was on good terms with the Bishop of Coira. . Count Herman of Werdenberg, a relation of our family, at that time filled this important office; his court was selected as our place of refuge from a danger, which only existed in Count Donat's imagination, and the nature of which he would in all probability

probability have been himself greatly embarrassed to explain.

We set out, accompanied by Amabel. Our reverend relation received us with that respect, which was due to our station ; I believe indeed, he allowed us even a larger share of it, than we could reasonably claim on the sole score of our rank.

His manner gave us confidence and gaiety, and we soon became attached to the kind-hearted Prelate. We were in truth but simple country-girls, quite unacquainted with the manners of the great world, and only wise enough to be sensible of our deficiency. Accustomed to be treated with nothing but severity, Count Herman's gentleness delighted us ; and his protection encouraged

couraged us to enter willingly into those societies, where it was his pleasure that we should be introduced.

The Count of Werdenberg is quite a different kind of person from his predecessors, the old Bishops of Coira. When I recollect the portraits of the venerable Adelfried-Herbert, and of the pious Thomas of Planta, such as I saw them in your closet; and when I compare their austere and mortified countenances with that of the penetrating, the polished, the gallant, the martial Herman of Werdenberg; when too I reflect how different their simple Priest's habit appeared from the glittering and costly robes, in which our Cousin appeared when we were unexpectedly presented to him for the first time, though

though the day was not a festival; when I think on all these things, my dear mother, I can scarcely persuade myself, that he and the originals of your pictures ever have belonged to the same profession.

The manners of the Bishop's court were entirely new to us, but were not the less pleasing. Certainly, our father must have been little aware of the nature of the place, whither he had sent us for shelter; or else it must have been the most bitter hatred against his daughters, which induced him to make us first acquainted with the pleasures of the world, in order that the recollection of the enchanting scenes which they were now witnessing, and the hopeless desire of witnessing them again,

gain, might make the cloister for which he destined them seem doubly grateful.

Everything here appeared new to us ; not merely the amusements which offered themselves every day to our enjoyment, but the discovery which was made to us in a very few hours after our arrival, that we were beautiful.

—" Beautiful?" said I to Amalberga ; How could it possibly happen, that we should not have found this out long ago ?—It is true, I always thought, there was something uncommonly pleasing in your countenance, my dear sister ; but still your features were too much like my own, for me ever to have suspected them of being beautiful."—

We

We consulted Amabel on this important point. She assured us with that simplicity which was natural to her, that we did not appear beautiful to *her*, for that on the banks of the Lake of Thun (where she was born) the blooming charms of the village damsels were far superior to ours, at least as far as she could give an opinion; a confession, which we heard her make without feeling the slightest displeasure.

Perhaps in time we should have returned to our former opinion of our beauty, if we had heard them praised by no one except the old Bishop, who was the first to make the remark. But among the young knights, whom the love of Tilts and Tournaments had collected at Count Herman's court, there
were

were many whose existence seemed to hang upon our smiles, and who loaded us with compliments which we not only heard but too willingly, but even began to consider as a tribute, which ought not to be withheld from us with impunity.

Among the youthful warriors whom a splendid Tournament had attracted to the court of Coira, were two who particularly attracted the attention of my sister and myself; and it happened to be precisely these two, who seemed blind to that beauty, on which we had now learnt to set so high a value. It is true, Count Eginhart of Torrenburg, to whom my sister gave the preference, afforded us strong reasons for suspecting, that he was not insensible of the power
of

of Amalberga's charms; yet his attentions to her were ever cold and constrained, like those of one who had already formed engagements, and had only just discovered, that he had been too hasty in making his choice.

As for me, my situation was still more unpleasant. The youthful Herman of Werdenberg, the Bishop's nephew, had indeed paid me a few unmeaning compliments on my arrival, before he was informed of my name; but after our first interview, he treated me with utter neglect, and seized every excuse for avoiding my society. Nay; he carried his unjustifiable aversion so far, that when on the evening before the Tournament his Uncle gave him a scarf of my colours, with a command to wear

it

at the next day's solemnity, it was not without difficulty, that he abstained from insulting me (whom this unexpected mark of the Bishop's partiality for me had covered with blushes) by positively refusing to accept his gift.

—"These are the colours of the Lady Emmeline," said the Bishop, "of the future Heiress of Carlsheim and Sargans. The permission to wear them publicly, which I now give you in her name, may authorize you to encourage hopes, whose completion will not be purchased too dearly with the most precious blood that runs in your veins."——

I attempted to express my disapprobation of the Bishop's inconsiderate conduct, and to disclaim the permission

which he asserted me to have given; but vexation choaked my utterance, and I was obliged to quit the chamber, unable longer to restrain my tears from gushing.

—“ This is not to be endured !” I said to myself, as I hastened to take refuge in my own apartment. “ Good Heavens ! then interest is the only motive, which can persuade Herman to connect his fate with that of Emmeline ! let her be as fair, as kind, as amiable as she can be, Emmeline will still be nothing in the eyes of Herman, but the Heiress of Carlsheim and Sargans. —Alas ! poor slighted girl ! hide yourself to-morrow in your thickest veil, nor let the public eye perceive the blush of shame on your cheek, when every
 one

one who sees Count Herman's mail decorated with the sky-blue scarf, will cast on you a look of congratulation, and believe that your sex, are the most fortunate while you are in fact the most wretched and despised."—

Much as it cost me, I resolved to deny myself the satisfaction of witnessing Count Herman's exploits, and under pretence of indisposition I absented myself from the Tournament. My sister alone distributed the prizes; but Herman had gained the first, and according to the regulations of the lists he was under the necessity of laying it at the feet of the lady, whose colours he had thought proper to wear.

I was compelled to go through this painful scene, and to see him kneeling before me: but it was evident, that

he performed his task with the utmost reluctance ; and his manner provoked me to such a degree, that I could not refrain from assuring him—" that I ascribed no part of this compliment to my own merits, but attributed it entirely to my bearing the title of an Heiress of Carlsheim and Sargans."—

—" Oh ! lady," exclaimed Herman with all that impetuous warmth which is usual in young warriors, and which frequently borders on imprudence and rudeness ; " how much are you mistaken ! the title, which you have mentioned, has no charms for me ; besides, you cannot be unconscious, that only in consequence of my Uncle's positive command did I tender my services to a daughter of Count Donat."—

Could

Could any human being have spoken with more contempt and insolence? From that moment I really began to abhor the very sight of the youthful Count of Werdenberg, though the Bishop redoubled his exertions to influence me in his favour. At length finding me deaf to all his insinuations, and that I persisted on all occasions in avoiding his nephew, he plainly declared his resolution of making me his niece, whether my father should consent or not; since the gift of my hand would make young Herman lord of all those extensive domains, which are generally known by the name of the Twelve Cantons.

In reply, I declared my father's intention of making me take the veil;

I also mentioned, that my sister being older than myself had much stronger claims than mine to the paternal inheritance ; but above all I dwelt upon Herman's behaviour to me, which became more insulting with every succeeding day. The Bishop treated the two first objections very lightly, declaring, that the mild and bashful Amalberga seemed designed by nature for a Nun, and that her embracing a religious life, would leave me sole heiress to my father's possessions : but when I declared my full persuasion, that I was the object of his nephew's aversion, the Bishop gave way to an involuntary fit of laughter.

—“ The youth is an idiot !” exclaimed he. “ Lady Emmeline, I protest

to

you, that in the very first moment of holding you his heart was made your own, and he spoke of your charms withapture, as long as he was ignorant of your name: in truth, his passion was evident, that it was this alone, which suggested to me the idea of making him happy by bestowing you upon him. But no sooner was he informed, that his loved Emmeline was the daughter of that Count Donat, whose cruelty and contentiousness have made him an object of abhorrence throughout Helvetia, than he changed his intentions, and swore to extinguish in his breast every spark of affection for one, who from her birth and mode of education could not possibly be worthy of the love of a man of honour. The youth spoke much

about the dissolute manners of Sargans, about libertine associates, and unprincipled courtezans, to whom the care of your youth had been committed : nay, (to conceal nothing from you) he even found fault with your amiable gaiety of character, which he called by the harsh name of levity ; and which (according to him) showed him but too plainly what your husband must expect, fascinating as are the outward charms, with which you have been so liberally endowed by nature.”—

Such, Urania, were the Bishop's words ; but how shall I explain to you the effect, which they produced upon my mind ! at the outset of this conversation, the Uncle's unjust and interested views had increased my resentment
against

against the nephew ; and I was prepared to express my disapprobation of both in the strongest terms, when this last speech gave a sudden turn to my thoughts, and rendered it impossible for me to utter a syllable more respecting the business, which was then in deliberation.

—“ Herman’s heart once was mine !”

—Such was the sentence, which now occupied my whole mind.—“ His heart once was mine,” I repeated to myself, as soon as I was alone ; “ was mine, before he knew my name and expectations ! and it is on this name and these expectations, that his whole aversion is now grounded !”—“ the licentious manners of Sargans.”—“ My education committed to unprincipled courtezans.”

—Oh! that is true, too true; but yet Herman, does the mariner, who gains the land amidst the fury of winds and waves, deserve less praise, than he whom favouring gales have wafted into the haven? and is it just, that Amalberga and Emmeline should be objects of contempt and abhorrence, because even in the very bosom of vice, surrounded by a thousand snares, a thousand dangers, they never yet wandered for a moment from the paths of virtue?—but it seems, my levity shows but too plainly, what my husband may expect from me! oh! Herman, that was cruel, was unjust! it's true, nature gave me a light heart and a fondness for amusement, which (having but just escaped from my paternal prison) perhaps I may have sometimes
suffered

suffered to carry me too far ; but was this a reason sufficient for condemning me? alas! perhaps these very spirits, with which you now reproach me as a crime, are but a precious gift of Providence to enable me to bear with fortitude the weight of future woes!"—.

These reflections cost me many tears, and I hastened to communicate their cause to Amabel and my sister. With their assistance, I soon discovered that it was absolutely necessary to quit the Bishop's court without loss of time. Amalberga was not less anxious to avoid the Count of Torrenburg, than I was to quit the unjust Herman for ever. Its true, her gentle manners, her quiet and retired turn of mind had saved her from that prejudice against a child of

Count Donat's, which my gaiety had excited against me in the bosom of the Bishop's nephew; but still her union with the man of her choice was equally impracticable, though on a different account.

The Count of Torrenburg was already betrothed to the youthful Helen of Homburg, whom I formerly mentioned in such advantageous terms. He had never seen her; of course she was totally indifferent to him, while what he felt for Amalberga. . . . Yet how was it possible for the noble Eginhart to break his knightly word? and even had he been resolved to break it, how was it possible for Amalberga to rob the friend of her youth of an husband so truly deserving, that scarcely could Helvetia produce his equal?

Amalberga and Eginhart had never exprest their mutual sentiments in words : but it appeared to me, that they had long understood each other sufficiently to render any verbal explanation needless.

Our departure was determined. Our next letters hinted to our father, that he had but little reason to expect, that the Bishop of Coira would assist his views respecting us ; and we soon received an order to return to Sargans. Amalberga and Eginhart made their adieus rather by looks than words : as for myself, I thought it unnecessary to take any formal leave of Count Herman. I felt sentiments in my heart towards him, which I insisted upon terming aversion, and grief that I had ever

thought favourably of him ; but Amabel assured me, that I felt nothing of the kind—she said, the whole was nothing more than a misunderstanding, which was greatly to be lamented ; and she vowed never to rest, till she had justified me in the opinion of a man, who by his endeavours to detach himself from the woman whom he adored, because he believed her unworthy of his love, had proved sufficiently, how totally his soul was devoted to the cause of virtue.

We had managed ill respecting our hints to Count Donat. They excited his suspicions against the Bishop of Coira, and he insisted upon a full explanation. This it was impossible to give, without betraying all our own secrets;
and

and the embarrassment, with which we answered our father's questions, drew down a considerable share of his suspicions upon ourselves.

We had soon the grief to witness the renewal of hostilities between Count Donat and the Bishop, and to accuse ourselves of having furnished the occasion. At the same time we were watched with the utmost strictness, and on the pretence of suspecting us of carrying on together some secret intercourse, (though with whom was not mentioned) we were separated. I had always been in a slight degree a greater favourite with Count Donat than my unfortunate sister, and my beloved Amabel was suffered to remain with me. Amalberga was confined alone in
this

this chamber, which I at present inhabit, and ordered to resolve upon taking that step, which she had formerly been forbidden to think of; and which now was only insisted upon, because it was fancied, that she discovered some symptoms of unwillingness.

A day was already fixed, when Amalberga was to take the veil in the Convent of St. Roswitha. She discovered more repugnance to this measure with every succeeding day, though for what reason I know not. Her love for the Count of Torrenburg was hopeless; what then remained for her, except a cloister? the Abbot of Curwald past several hours daily in endeavouring to persuade her to obey her father's commands; and the dislike, which I feel myself towards this man, makes me think

think it probable, that his interesting himself in the business made her still more unwilling to comply. Besides this, she received a letter from Gertrude Bernsdorf, which Amabel found means of delivering secretly, and which probably was not favourable to the Convent of St. Roswitha. However, I am still ignorant of its contents; since though whenever I was permitted to pass a few moments with my sister, she endeavoured to find means of communicating something to me which lay upon her heart, so many spies surrounded us, that the attempt was always made in vain.

I have already informed you, my kind protectress, on the last time that I saw my sister, how I threw myself at my

my father's feet, and implored for gentler treatment both for her and for myself; how I entreated in vain to be at least permitted to pass that one night with her; and how I had the agony of being informed the next morning that she was torn from me, without the least information being given as to whither she had been conveyed, or the least hope held out of our ever being re-united.

Since that time my situation has become more painful in many respects. My friend, my Amabel was compelled to abandon me, because it became evident that Count Donat thought her handsome enough to be raised, or rather to be degraded, to the rank of one of his favourites. You know well, that
Amabel's

Amabel's open nature never suspects
 villainy or danger, except where their
 distance is not to be mistaken; and
 therefore you cannot doubt, that she
 had good cause for her flight from
 Argans; her departure and my sister's
 disappearance, following each other so
 closely, robbed me of even that little
 treasure, which I possess in my father's con-
 fidence. It was evident, that I had as-
 sisted Amabel's escape, and from this
 I argued, that I was equally culpable
 respecting Amalberga's. Would to
 heaven, that this charge were just!
 Willingly would I pay for the certainty
 that my sister is safe, by suffering twice
 as much as I do on Amabel's account,
 and which I carefully conceal from my
 friend,

friend, that the knowledge may not pain her gentle heart.

Oh ! Urania, you may chide as you will, but can I *love* such a father ! think, that to him alone I owe the loss of my sister and my friend ; think too, that his misdeeds were the sole cause, which robbed me of the heart of the man, on whom my whole earthly happiness depended ! Herman hated and despised me only for being the Count of Carlsheim's daughter ; now (as I hear) he is the suitor of another maiden ; and all those hopes, with which Amabel so fondly used to flatter me, of one day regaining his good opinion, are lost, and lost for ever.

I am at length determined to take the veil ; fool that I was, for having
delayed

layed to take it long ago ! how easily might I have remained in your convent at any one of those times, when I privately contrived to visit you ! who would have thought of looking for me there ? or if found, who would have been able to force me from the protection of the powerful Domina of Zurich ?

Alas ! these reflections come too late ! I dare not quit my chamber, unless accompanied by watchful guards ; and no one is suffered to visit me, except my attendants and the odious Abbot of Moister-Curwald. He is the only person, who combats my resolution of obeying my father, and shutting myself up for ever in the Convent of St. Roswitha. I could almost fancy, that he acts thus, because he knows me disposed
to

to do exactly the contrary of every thing, that he advises. In general these dignified ecclesiastics are much more inclined to speak in favour of religious seclusion than against it.

Yet whatever may be his design, it is certain that I *shall* take the veil, or rather that I *must* take it. My father's unaccountable determination of burying his acknowledged heiresses in a cloister, is decided and immoveable. I understand, that weary of his riotous mode of life and of the dominion of unprincipled wantons, he meditates a second marriage, and that he has selected one of the fairest and most virtuous among the Helvetian ladies to enjoy the happiness and honour of enlivening days, embittered by age, infirmities, and remorse.

Oh!

Oh! pardon me, dear Urania, for pressing myself with such bitterness when writing of one, who with all his faults is still my *father*! my unfortunate situation, and the weakness of human nature must plead my excuse for what I have said above: neither did I mention Donat's future intentions for the purpose of exasperating you against him, but of interesting you in the cause of the innocent girl, on whom my father has fixed his choice. In truth, I need not mention the name of her, whom every engine of force and cunning will be employed to bring into his power, to induce you to exert yourself in defeating his schemes: she is no other than ... Helen of Homburg! she is the daughter of your friend and pupil, Linna; she is the grand-child of the
companion

companion of your sorrows, Edith of Mayenfield ! she is the betrothed bride of the noble Torrenburg ! oh ! hasten, if it be possible, to prevent the misery of her, who in the days of my childhood through her instructions and example purchased for herself the strongest claims on my gratitude ! for myself, I ask nothing but your blessing to assist me in that profession, which I shall shortly embrace irrevocably, without bestowing one other lingering thought on all the pleasures, which I leave behind me in the world, and of which I have now taken my farewell for ever !

Amabel to Emmeline.

Oh! lady, that you were but with
 ! your sufferings in your father's
 stile, and your melancholy resolution
 taking the veil would soon be effaced
 from your thoughts completely! Great-
 ones of the earth, do ye possess even
 ie of those many unconstrained and in-
 cent pleasures, which daily fall to the
 t of us, your inferiors? then only do you
 joy the rights of Nature, (to which we,
 e favourites of that kind mother, have
 better claim than yourselves) when
 u throw aside your fetters, and dare
 act like the noble-minded Peregrine
 Landenberg. He, though the repre-
 VOL. II. M sentative

sentative of our feudal lord the powerful Emperor, esteems us as not beneath himself, and lives with us, as were he one of the same humble station.

Last Sunday. . . . never shall I forget that glorious day! when the first beams of the sun were discovered rising from behind the hills of snow, and began to tinge the lake with crimson, all the young maidens of our quarter were already assembled on the green meadow before my father's house—(you know, that Henric Melthal is universally respected, on account both of his age and his wisdom.)—We were to proceed to the neighbouring church in solemn procession, and as Henric's daughter the right of heading the company was mine: but I resigned my place
in

favour of a stranger damsel, who has lately arrived at our village, and who (however exalted may be her proper rank) has become so well acquainted with its disadvantages, that she has been induced to resign it, and seek comfort and oblivion for past sorrows in the bosom of rural tranquillity. Dear lady, could you but see this unknown maiden, She has adopted our simple dress, and her peasant's habit makes it as difficult to withhold admiration from her, as to discover her: I mean to say, that it alters her appearance so much, that whoever had known her in more costly apparel, would scarcely recognize her in her present garb. I saw her for the first time so drest on this occasion; she has of late been

resident in the Convent of Engelberg, and But I am running on; forgetful that I meant to describe to you the festivities of last Sunday.

As we moved on under the guidance of our elected queen, our white robes and unbound ringlets fluttered loose in the morning-air, whose freshness stained our cheeks with a deeper red, and even spread a slight tinge over the lovely pale face of our Conductress. It was Easter-day; with songs, pious and joyful such as suited the occasion, we reached the Lake, where a croud of painted boats waited to waft us to the opposite shore, on which the grey spires of the Convent-church were discernable; and thither was our pilgrimage directed.

Long ago, a Convent was established here respecting which there are still many traditions current; but now nothing of it remains but a heap of ruins. The church however is still in perfect preservation. It is never opened, except on Easter-day: and as the Friars hold this place in abhorrence as having been the scene of many monastic crimes and of Heavenly vengeance, it has ever been found difficult to persuade any of them to officiate within these deserted walls. On these occasions, therefore, the short service is frequently performed merely under the superintendence of the two elders of our village. The service consists of nothing more than the expansion and humiliation of the heart before the Almighty for a few

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minutes

minutes in adoring silence, and a solemn hymn chaunted by the whole united congregation, the words and melody of which are equally simple to the ear and affecting to the heart.

Walter Forest and Werner Bernsdorf, as the two eldest, opened the holy doors for us, and we descended a few steps into the chilling aisle of the church: they commended us girls, for having shown our impatience to pay our service to Heaven by arriving the first. Soon after the matrons made their appearance, conducted by Gertrude Bernsdorf; oh! with what joy did this venerable woman, the counterpart of her former mistress and friend Urania, receive our conductress, the lovely stranger! I mean, how pleased she was

to see, that we girls were sensible of our duties, and were arranged in the church before her arrival.

While we sank on our knees, and silently offered up our gratitude to Heaven, the men arrived.—I was still kneeling by the side of our conductress (our hearts were full ; much had we to return thanks for on that day) when the solemn hymn began around us, and compelled us to change our attitude. The chorus of a thousand voices, whose united melody made the vaulted pavement tremble beneath our feet, informed us, that the assembly had increased greatly during our prayers. We hastily drew back, for all eyes were fixed upon us ; but alas ! I found it impossible to withdraw my attention from the objects

which surrounded us, and restore my heart entirely to that devotion, from which the commencement of the hymn had roused me.

Alas! dear lady, your poor Amabel, who past so grave a censure on the sudden inclination conceived by yourself and your sister for two knights, with whose merits you were well acquainted; that very Amabel has been still more weak and hasty in her choice! it was a man who stole my thoughts from Heaven, and who made it difficult for me to withdraw my eyes from his countenance. In truth, it was scarcely possible not to look at him now and then; for he was placed exactly opposite, and forgetting the motive which had brought us together, he seemed to make me the only object of his contemplation.

It was now, Emmeline, that I envied you one of the privileges of your rank ; I mean, your veil which we simple country-girls, who love to look unimpeded at the Almighty's lovely world, and who have no reason to conceal our countenances, consider in general as an unnecessary piece of dress. For the first time I wished for a veil at once to conceal my confusion, and to restore the man (who continued to gaze on me with fixed glances), to that devotion, which he seemed to have lost.—However, he soon recovered himself ; but as for me, I still felt during the remainder of the service that kind of uneasiness, of which I have so often heard others speak, and which I have so often treated with derision. Well ! say, that it be love, which has

excited such emotions in my bosom, why should I grieve? the path of the humble children of the soil is not so rough and uneven, as that of the mighty ones; the inclinations of the one are not so subject to difficulties, as those of the other; our inclinations and acknowledgements are embarrassed by no superfluous considerations of decorum and etiquette; and unless the eyes of my unknown friend have deceived me, I am far from indifferent to him, and we may hope for mutual happiness.

Yet you will smile, when I describe to you the person, of whom I speak. The youthful Amabel has given her heart to no stripling: the noble-looking exalted man, with his heroic mien and with that look of true Helvetic frank-

ness which attracts the observer's confidence so irresistibly, is already in the Autumn of life; and yet.....

But what am I doing? you cannot suppose, that this transient feeling can affect my heart seriously?—Oh! no, no! everything is forgotten, or *must* be forgotten, and it shall be done without a single tear. The object of my attention disappeared immediately after the service, nor have I seen him since. Perhaps, the whole business was a fabrication of my fancy, for the fair stranger, who stood next to me, cannot recollect to have observed such a person.—But then she was so entirely absorbed in her devotions, that she did not even remark, that Peregrine of Landenberg never removed his eyes from her during

the whole ceremony; and when the procession set forward on our return, he followed her with looks that were by no means equivocal: at least this is asserted by several of my village-companions.

Emmeline, how happy would it make me, should such a heart as Landenberg's be bestowed on your. . . . I would say, on my fair and unhappy friend. She loves without hope; and Peregrine of Landenberg, very handsome, very good, and very powerful, is in every respect calculated to make her happy. The persons, whom the good emperor sends among us as his deputies, are not inferior in power to princes, and in birth are as illustrious as Count Donat; and Peregrine is so mild, so pious, so noble!

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in truth, the condescending manner in which he treats all who are subject to his authority, and the little distinction which he makes between his station and ours, have won me to his interests completely.

You will chide me for writing on no other subject than love; but liberty, health, and the contemplation of the beauties of nature are the best nourishers of that sweetest of all feelings! and be comforted, dear lady; for you too shall one day bless the hour, when your heart first learnt to love. Let but this fair stranger be once the bride of Peregrine of Landenberg, and we shall soon find means of rescuing you from your captivity: then shall Herman of Werdenberg (in whose union with the Damsel
of

of Eschenbach there is not one syllable of truth, and to whom I am certain you are still as dear, as before he knew your name) be compelled to do justice to your excellence, and every trace of misunderstanding shall for ever be cleared away.

The word "misunderstanding" reminds me, that the day whose beginning I have described to you, did not conclude quite so well as was expected. While the youths and maidens under the care of some of our matrons past the evening with songs and dances, there arose some little discord among the men. I mentioned to you in a former letter the prejudices of some of them, among whom I am sorry to count my father. The Lord of Landenberg had
prepared

prepared a splendid feast at the Castle ; but our elders thought proper to decline partaking of it, and Landenberg was obliged to consent instead to become a guest at their rustic table in the valley. Peregrine showed us this mark of condescension with a good grace. Unluckily during the entertainment there arrived the emperor's lieutenant of the next Province, by name Gessler ; and with him came the Abbot of St. Gall, one of the most abandoned characters existing. These began to reproach our worthy governor for his complaisance, and to treat our elders with contempt ; till the indignation of the latter was excited, and they gave the scoffers such answers, as they deserved. The worst treated however was the Abbot, who thought proper to defend

defend Gessler's conduct without having either eloquence or common sense in his discourse, nor indeed even breath sufficient to utter it. Upon this several of our young men (my brother Arnold was one of the foremost) interrupted him by singing in chorus the ballad called "Bishop Ulric of Constance;"* and

* About the middle of the 10th Century, Bishop Ulric of Constance bequeathed "a very large hogshead of good old wine" to the Convent of St. Gall, on condition that the Monks should themselves be at the trouble of bringing it home. Unluckily, the waggon broke not far from the Convent, and the hogshead fell into a deep pit: it was recovered with great difficulty, and conveyed home in triumph; where in remembrance of this event a great feast was held, at which the Monks, wearied with their exertions in its rescue,

and at the end of every stanza they introduced an extempore chorus applying the ballad to the present Abbot. This at length offended him so much, that he left the place almost distracted with passion ; but Gessler thought proper to remain behind, and is still

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did not spare the Bishop's bequest. About midnight (when all were buried in sleep, overcome by fatigue and the strength of liquor) a fire broke out in the Convent, and consumed it, the Monks however escaped with their lives ; and the Abbot is said to have fallen on his knees and thanked Heaven for its mercies, on hearing that though the Convent was destroyed, he had saved his strong-box, and the remainder of the Bishop's hogshead.—This probably furnished the subject of the satirical ballad, mentioned above.

a guest at the Castle, from which many
of our wise-ones augur no good.—
Farewell, dear lady, and Heaven's blessing
be with you.

Emmeline to Amabel.

Difficult as it was, I have accomplished my painful confession to Urania, and I feel my heart relieved; I also made another important discovery to her; but alas! without effect. It related to Count Donat's views upon the youthful Helen of Homburg. As was expected, her parents rejected his suit, and it was not concealed from him, that she was already betrothed to Eginhart of Torrenburg. My father's spies brought him intelligence, that on Easter-Monday Helen was to be conducted to her bridegroom's Castle; and Count Donat chose his time so well, that it

was

was almost impossible for his unfortunate victim to escape him. He set forward suddenly with the greatest part of his soldiery; and this morning I heard with horror, that Helen has fallen into his hands! she has been carried by him to the Castle of Upper Halbstäd, where he is determined to make her his wife either by fair means or violence, before her friends have time to effect her rescue. My heart bleeds for the poor Helen!

I have already received orders to prepare for my departure to the Convent; it is thought desirable, that as soon as the nuptial festivities are over, I should no longer make the Castle of Sargans my residence, Count Donat supposing that my presence would be disagreeable

disagreeable to his new bride. Alas! bear Helen, my presence disagreeable to you? though I could not relieve you from the weight of your cruel destiny, surely the society of the friend of your childhood, of a companion in sorrow, would enable you to bear them with greater fortitude.

It methinks, Amabel, it seems to me now more difficult to resolve on entering a Convent. Heaven knows, I wished not, that Helen should be so unfortunate as to become my father's wife; I spared no pains to rescue her from this impending danger; yet if in spite of my efforts she should be compelled to become the Countess of Carlsheim and Sargans, might not that event produce the most desirable consequences?

sequences? might not her virtue and charms work a blessed change in Donat's nature? might I not in her society and under her protection again look forward with pleasure to living in that world, which had once such charms for me, but which of late I have considered as an object of such disgust? oh! what blessed effects might the presence of such a mistress produce throughout the domains of Sargans!

In Continuation.

Where shall I look for help! how shall I find some means of changing my father's determination respecting me? This Convent. . . . Oh! Amabel, call me not capricious, for I have now good reasons to dread and shun that Convent.

I have been warned, warned by some supernatural being, not to take the step prescribed to me by my father: and shall I be disobedient to the voice of Heaven?——Hear, what has happened to me! I went this morning to walk with my usual guards for a few minutes on the battlements. I left my chamber-door locked. Yet on my return I found a slip of parchment fastened on my tapestry frame, containing these words:

—“Fly from Sargans! destruction awaits you at the Convent.”—

I had scarcely time to conceal this writing, (whose import, while I read it, had made my blood run cold) before the Abbot of Cloister-Curwald entered
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the room : I have already mentioned, that he pays me a daily visit.

The impression made upon my mind by what I had just read, for some time prevented me from attending to his conversation : I believed, that in this late occurrence I had received a confirmation of that delightful idea, that there exist guardian Angels, who at times condescend to snatch poor mortals from destruction ; and my heart, already half estranged from the Convent by the hopes which I grounded on the exertions of my amiable step-mother, began to search for additional reasons, why I should decline taking the veil, once so much the object of my desires. On a sudden something which fell from
the

the Abbot in discourse, caught my attention ; and I now first discovered, that the conversation which he had been addressing to me, agreed entirely with the warning of my guardian Angel. I drew back in astonishment ! its true, he had before frequently exprest his disapprobation of the Convent ; but he now spoke with more energy than ever, and advanced such strong arguments, as could only have failed of their effect, because advanced by *him*.

It immediately struck me, that the mysterious warning was an artifice of this man, who by means of that cunning (which is universally ascribed to him) had managed to obtain entrance privately into my chamber ; and who now, by his taking this artful method to give

his arguments the greater weight with me, became more than ever an object of suspicion. Under this impression, I threw the writing towards him with contempt ; and asked him—" whether he knew, whose hand had written the warning, which agreed so wonderfully with his discourse ?"—

I was prepared to hear him deny positively any knowledge of the parchment, and pour out a long declamation to prove, that it must have come straight from Heaven : how was I astonished, when on the contrary I saw the most lively surprize and indignation exprest upon his countenance. With a stammering tongue he asked me, how I came by the writing; and before I could answer, he hastily enquired, whether I

was sure, that my chamber-door had been fastened, and whether I knew anything of a private entrance? to these questions I made no reply; I wished to *obtain* information, not to *impart* it.

With every moment he became more uneasy. He examined the windows, tried all the locks, stamped upon various parts of the flooring, and then resumed his seat opposite to me, and for some time appeared to be lost in thought.

After a long silence—"and so then" I began, "the worthy Abbot Luprian denies, that this writing came from him, and that it was intended to give my mind that impression, which his arguments were unable to produce?"—

—"And even suppose," he resumed after a considerable pause, "suppose

that I should confess your suspicion to be well-founded ; would you therefore accuse me either of treachery, or of views inimical to your interests ? well then, lady ; since the attempt to deceive you would be vain, I own, that these characters were traced by me. Take the advice, which they give you ; take mine with it, and fly from Sargans !"—

—" Fly, say you ? my Lord Abbot, this is the first time, that I ever heard that word from your lips !"—

—" Yes, lady, I repeat it ! fly from the insolence of your young stepmother, from the tyranny of your unfeeling father !"—

—" And whither should I fly ?"—

—" To the Convent."—

—" What ? of St. Roswitha ?"—

—" Oh !

—“ Oh ! no, no, no ! any where ; but thither ! fly to Zurich, to the protection of [your adopted mother, of the venerable Countess of Carlsheim.”—

Sweet as his words sounded, I knew too well the impracticability of this advice, to indulge the idea for a moment : It was plain, that he was only trifling with me ; I turned from the hypocritical Friar with contempt, and requested his absence.

Amabel, you already know, what disgraceful reports are circulated respecting this man ; reports, of whose justice his conduct towards myself has left me no doubt ! the modesty of Innocence is always ashamed to own, that she has been made the object of an improper attachment : I have therefore

hitherto avoided the confession, that Luprian (whose religious vows forbid his laying any claims to the indulgence of honourable love) has been daring enough to avow a passion for me! this it is, which makes his advice so hateful to me; and this it is, which makes me so determined to watch every word which falls from his lips, in order that I may act exactly contrary.

The neighbourhood of his monastery would make me averse to entering the Convent of St. Roswitha, did not his endeavours to put me out of conceit with it convince me, that my abode there will lay obstacles in the way of his designs: he naturally foresees, that I shall be better guarded against his importunities when protected by the good
 Abbess

Abbess and her pious train, than in this Castle where there is no compassionate being to listen to my entreaties and complaints.

Before he left me, the Miscreant again mentioned the Convent of Zurich; he again advised me to hasten thither, and had the insolence to propose to be the companion of my flight! you will not therefore wonder, that I repeated my commands to be left alone in a tone the most peremptory—I was obeyed.

I past a great part of the night in melancholy reflections. It was late, when I retired to bed; but after the adventure of that evening not thinking myself in safety, I took care to fasten every window most carefully, and trebly turned the key of every lock.

I started from my slumbers in alarm: methought, a cold hand had touched me ! I uttered a loud scream on perceiving, that the gloom of my chamber was dissipated by a glimmering light, and that a tall figure was standing at the foot of my bed. My first thought was, " this is a new artifice of the Abbot ;" but there was something in the appearance of this figure so singular, that my earthly terrors gave place to others of a much more awful nature.

It was a tall pale man, his countenance bearing the marks of extreme old age, and wrapped in a monk's habit. The blue faint glare of a lamp in his right hand gave so strange and frightful an appearance to the deep cavities of his cheeks and eyes, that I was certain of
being

being in the presence of a Denizen of the other world, and in terror I concealed my face beneath the coverlet.

The fearful vision stood long by my bedside. It muttered much in a melancholy and imploring voice ; but the bed-cloaths, in which my head was enveloped, prevented my distinguishing what was said, till I caught something which sounded like "Amalberga:" that beloved name brought me in some measure to myself. After a few moments' hesitation I ventured to lower the coverlet, and to look up.

"What?" cried I; "com'st thou to tell me, that Amalberga's spirit stays for me? speak, awful vision. . . ."—

It heard me not! it had left my bedside; I still saw at the further extremity

of my spacious chamber the glimmering of the lamp; but in a moment afterwards all disappeared.

I consumed the remainder of the night in examining, what could be the meaning of this midnight visit? I put together the few fragments of the Spectre's discourse, which had reached my hearing; and at first I concluded, that the Abbot (from some motive or other, but from what I vainly strove to form a guess) had falsely accused himself of being the author of the mysterious warning; and that the parchment and the spectre, which had both been conveyed into my apartment so unaccountably, must needs have some connection. However, more mature reflection left me no doubt, that both the one and

the other were artifices employed by the detested Monk to betray me into his power ; and I resolved never again to sleep in this suspicious room, which so easily afforded entrance either to corporeal villains or to immaterial apparitions.

My resolution was taken, and I executed it. The insolent house-keeper was well pleased to hear, that I meant to quit this handsome apartment with its noble prospect over hill and dale, and which she immediately appropriated to her own use ; while I was contented to take hers in exchange. I have accordingly established myself in a small chamber in the Western Tower, where the only attendant who is suffered to approach me is an old house-maid, who

has out lived two generations of the family of Carlsheim. She is a kind-hearted creature, and frequently endeavours to beguile me from weeping over my doubtful and gloomy prospects by many a tale of events long past, and which now only exist in her recollection.

Part of what she has told me, I shall now repeat, since it seems to have some connection with my midnight visitor. The old Bertha listened with great attention, while I recounted what had happened, and paused for some time, before she made any observation.

—"Lady," said she, "it is clear to me, that you are deceived in supposing, that what you saw on that mysterious

terious night was either the delusion of a dream, or the artifice of some villain ; no, lady, no ! as sure as you sit there, you have been visited by the real spectre of a dead man !

“ Long ago . . . (Lord forgive me ! it is long indeed, since I came to live in this Castle !) long ago was that very apartment the bed-chamber of the good Countess Urania, who (they say) is still living in some Convent or other. Her husband Count Ethelbert was a cruel man, almost such another as my lord your father, whom Heaven mend, I pray it ! well ! the Monks of Cloister-Curwald expelled their Abbot and the good Prior Matthias, who took refuge with the Countess ; and by means of a subterraneous passage she enabled them

them to escape. Unluckily Count Ethelbert was among the number of their enemies; in a passion he sent his wife away from Sargans; and then descended into the subterraneous chambers to seek for the fugitives. An old servant of Count Ethelbert's assured me, that his lord discovered two of them, and brought them back to that very chamber, where they were tortured in hopes of making them confess some secret or other, though what I know not. At length they were put back into one of the subterraneous dungeons, whose entrance the Count caused to be walled up, and there they were left to perish with hunger. Ah! lady, lady! the dead, if they choose it, could reveal many a cruel act, of which we little dream!

dream! many of my fellow-servants, when afterwards Ethelbert lost his senses, could not comprehend much of his ravings; alas! I comprehended them well! I knew much that must have prest heavy on his conscience, and which now is known to few except myself.

“ After a time the bodies of the good Monks were removed from the cavern, because it was said, that their spirits appeared in that chamber, and wept, and wailed so piteously, that nobody could sleep for the noise! yet they were not allowed Christian burial, but were cast into that ruined draw-well in the little back-court, in which finally Ethelbert himself lost his life, being thrown into it by the Abbot Guiderius. So you see,

see, lady, crimes ever meet with their just punishment, while innocence often is rewarded, and always is avenged; which I mention for your own consolation. But as I was saying, doubtless it was the blessed spirit of one of these good Friars, which appeared to you the other night; and truly it is a pity, that your fear prevented you from listening to what he said, for I warrant you, he had good cause for coming. However, it is now too late; and methinks as matters stand, you will do well to take the only means of security now left you as soon as possible and enter into the holy sisterhood of St. Roswitha, where you will be well taken care of, both in body and soul.”—

Such

Such was the discourse of my old attendant, which in truth was not calculated to abate the woful impression made on me by this mysterious visit ! however, whether her explanation was right or false, it is certain, that the advice contained in the conclusion of her speech was the best that could be given. I have just received an order from my father to hasten my departure, since in a few days he means to bring home his young bride, and will be displeased to find me still at Sargans.

In Continuation.

Then my father has renounced me, and for ever ! renounced me for Helen's sake, and as they tell me, at Helen's persuasion !

persuasion! oh! how much must she be changed, if she knows and countenances the severity, with which I am treated. Then farewell my paternal mansion, and welcome, ye holy walls! yet why should I grieve to go? what do I lose in the one? what have I to fear in the other?

And yet methinks, I do not feel quite satisfied in seeking the Convent of St. Roswitha. Oh! if it were but possible to escape to Zurich, where Urania. But alas! this is impracticable. A strong guard is appointed to conduct me, not whither I wish to go, but whither my father chuses me to be carried.

Farewell, ye gloomy walls, which
have

have witnessed so many of my tears !
 farewell too, thou my good kind-hearted
 Bertha ! would I had known sooner,
 that among the Castle's inhabitants there
 existed one such honest creature, whose
 simple counsels would have frequently
 stood me in much stead, and whose
 maternal sympathy would have cheered
 many a heavy, heavy hour !

The moment for my departure is come ;
 every thing is prepared. The insolent
 domestics of the Count of Carlsheim, and
 his still more insolent paramours (*they are*
not banished for Helen's sake !) laughed
 even now, when they saw me weep,
 while I embraced poor Bertha. From
 my window I see the litter ready, and
 near it stands Abbot Luprian with that
 inexplicable

inexplicable look, which he always wears, when there is mischief in the wind. I will not honour him even with a single word! oh! were I but safe within the holy walls of St. Roswitha! were I but sure, that on the road no artifice will be employed to betray me into the power of this Miscreant! Bertha's account both of him and his predecessor Guidorius have taught me thoroughly, how much is to be apprehended from men of his character.

Farewell, farewell, my Amabel! Bertha has undertaken to convey this letter to you: write a few lines to inform my adopted mother, whither I am gone. I have not yet answered your last letter; it was too gay, and too unimportant

important to require an immediate reply. In the Convent I shall have leisure enough to discuss it fully.—Again farewell.

Amabel to Emmeline.

I AM anxious to receive your answer to my last ; yet I will not wait for its arrival, before I continue the narrative of rural events : my heart is too full, and I reproach myself much for having wrapt my meaning in such mystery, when I last wrote to you. Shame upon me, for having trifled with your good heart, and made myself a cruel sport of throwing out hints to awaken your curiosity, when I had it in my power to make you happy by communicating the most agreeable intelligence. Yet surely you must have guessed my meaning ; your heart will long ago have
resolved

resolved your every doubt on the subject. No sooner shall you have asked yourself the question.—“ Why does Amabel write all these trifling particulars to me? What have *I* to do with the stranger, of whom she talks so much? what concern is it of mine, whether Landenberg loves her, and what influence can her becoming the bride of the emperor’s lieutenant have upon *my* fortunes?”—no sooner shall you have asked yourself these questions, than a voice within shall whisper the name of Amalberga; and the letter which I now write, will give you the assurance, that the voice spoke true.

Yes, dear lady; your sister is now an inhabitant of this Valley; she has hitherto been sheltered in the neighbouring Convent of Engelberg, which
she

she only quitted on hearing, that the festivities, which are at present celebrating in honour of liberty, would give her an opportunity of embracing her friends, the venerable Gertrude and your Amabel. She earnestly desired to discover to them her situation, and more particularly wished to discourse with me, from whom she hoped to obtain the latest intelligence of her beloved sister.

I am quite vain of the friendship, with which I am honoured by the illustrious stranger, who meets here with universal admiration. Yet in spite of the preference, which she shows me above the rest of my companions, (whom she also condescends to call her own,) still I am not her confidante. You know, that she is naturally reserved:

what

what was the cause of her sudden repugnance to taking the veil, which had once been the object of her wishes; why she fled from Sargans; what induced her to remain so long concealed at Engelberg; all these points are still unknown to me. Gertrude probably is better informed: probably too the packet, which your sister sends with this, contains an explanation of all these mysteries; I flatter myself you will with your usual goodness impart so much of the packet's contents, as will satisfy your Amabel's curiosity.

In hopes of inducing you to comply with this request, I will not delay to communicate to you all my own little secrets; though I fear your interest

about your beloved Amalberga and your impatience to examine her letter, will leave you but little concern to bestow on the affairs of the humble Amabel.

Know then. . . . that I am a bride; yes, the bride of a man, whom I love with my whole soul—and yet he is not the person, who made such an impression on my silly heart during the Easter-service.

Fool that I was ! I cast my eyes on the noblest among all the sons of Helvetia, and thought, that he was just good enough for the simple Amabel Melthal ! Has the name of William Tell never struck your hearing ? Helvetia boasts no citizen more virtuous, no patriot more zealous, no seaman more expert, no husbandman

husbandman more industrious, no counsellor more prudent, no warrior more brave!

And this very man was it, this identical William Tell (who into the bargain has long been married, and has several children) who because he happened to throw a few accidental glances on the weakest and vainest of our country-damsels, made her conclude forsooth that the man's heart was hers, and that he desired nothing better than to possess her heart in return.

I should be a thousand times more ashamed of my folly, had there been no cause at all for my falling into such a mistake. In truth, William Tell's eyes, which put all my devotion so completely to flight at church, were not fixed on

me without some meaning ; nor were they entirely without that expression, which I fancied them to contain. He really was more struck with my appearance, than with that of any of my companions ; it *was* affection, which made him consider me with such earnestness ; and after making a few enquiries respecting me, he did not disappoint my expectations ; he actually came, and demanded me in marriage.—Only, he did not demand me for himself. No ; it was for his half-brother Edmund Bloomberg, who in a few days more will become my husband.

Ah ! dear lady, I could say much on this subject. Certainly, love and courtship are very different things in *our* station and in *yours*. The important

“yes”

“yes” is drawn from *your* lips by the authority of parents, by convenience, or perhaps by a sort of preference, which you dignify with the name of love; but when *we* acknowledge the noblest and the chastest of all human affections, our feelings are exhilarating and pure as the gales, which blow from our mountains; we look boldly towards the distant futurity, which love paints in colours as much more beautiful than the present, as the views from the summit of yon lofty rocks are superior to any thing to be discovered in the Valley. But *you*. . . !

Its true, my present engagement is the disappointment of my first love; but yet it is really *love*, which I feel for Edmund. He was already no object

of indifference even on Easter evening, when he was my partner in the dance: I discovered in his countenance features, which reminded me of the unknown, and his discourse betrayed a thousand traces of generosity and benevolence. But when he declared himself to be the brother of the brave William Tell; when William came to make proposals for me, and I blushed to recognize in him the object of my admiration; when he told me in words, which never could have sounded so well in any other mouth, that he selected me for his sister with as much care and as much affection, as he had formerly selected another maiden for his wife; then did my heart resign itself fully to his directions,

tions, and I withdrew my love from him to bestow it upon the man, who will soon call me by the name of Amabel Bloomberg.

Amalberga to Emmeline.

At length then the time is arrived, when I am permitted to give you some intelligence of your lamented sister, for well I know, that my Emmeline must have lamented for me much : my heart would have assured me of this, even had not Amabel informed me, how many tears the ignorance of my fate had cost you.

Gentle, feeling soul, receive now the narrative of my adventures, of my freedom, of my happiness ! at the same time receive the assurance, that it depends on your own pleasure entirely to become as free and as happy as myself. The
means

means too are the easiest imaginable, and (though unknown to us) have long offered us the opportunity of escaping from an abode, where we have experienced nothing but sorrow and persecution.

Yet be it remarked, that things had never been carried to so insupportable a pitch, till the period when I was compelled to take that most hazardous measure of flying secretly from my father's house. Observe then well, my sister, what I am going to relate, since I fear, you will ere long be placed in the same dilemma, and find no other means of escape, except that by which I profited. Oh! how earnestly have I wished to communicate that means to you; but I could find no security for a letter's

reaching you, till Amabel informed me, that she had a secret and certain channel of communication with the interior of Sargans.

You cannot have forgotten, how full was my heart of grief and affection, when we quitted the Bishop's court; and that we both had soon ample reason to repent our having laid our hearts open to a man so stern and violent as our father. Fortunately, our most precious secret was still in our possession; our attachments, both so unprosperous, had not escaped our lips, or we should undoubtedly have met with treatment still more severe : yet what could well be *more* severe than to be separated from you, my sister, and confined for ever within the gloomy walls of a convent?

These ideas were not to be endured. You know, how dear you are to me, and how much it would have cost me to tear myself from one, whom I should have missed at every moment of my life. You know too, that it was easier for *you* to reconcile yourself to exchanging the unjust Herman for the veil, than for me, on whose heart impressions naturally engrave themselves more deeply ; besides I possess the melancholy but sweet recollection, that Eginhart of Torrenburg parted from me with sentiments like my own, and was only prevented from avowing them by the solemn promise which he had given, and by the chains of knightly honour. Oh ! Emmeline, it is much easier to sacrifice a rejected heart to Heaven, than

one whose affection is returned, even though that affection be unfortunate.

. The very thought of a convent was hateful to me ; even had it been the Convent of Zurich, to have entered it would still have been misery ; since my heart yet cherished worldly hopes, which even under the most gloomy circumstances never fail to accompany that love which is mutual. But now came the moment, when the Sanctuary of St. Roswitha (to whose service I was destined) appeared to me of all others the most odious ; and I was firmly resolved to endure every possible misery, rather than suffer myself to be immured in the dwelling-house of hypocrisy and corruption.

My acquaintance with Abbot Luprian
and

and with others the most distinguished among the Monks of Cloister-Curwald, had long ago eradicated from my mind that respect, which is generally entertained for the members of religious communities. Still, female prejudices made me restrict my censure to the one sex; and I fondly flattered myself, that vice could never have insinuated itself into the habitations of the brides of Heaven. Methought, it was to the chaste and pious daughters of the church, that Virtue had fled for refuge; and I ever united with the name of a Nun, the highest idea of human purity, of intense devotion, and of unsullied truth.

Conceive then my disappointment, when I was convinced beyond the power of doubting, that the Convent of St. Ros-
witha

witha was the most licentious temple; that ever was yet raised to unhallowed pleasure!

You are well aware, what sort of reputation the Monks, who in latter times have been Abbots of Cloister-Curwald, have left behind them. *They* were the founders of this Convent; knowing this, you may well guess at the nature of the institution. The endowments of this house are immense: the indulgences, with which they have been gratified by the Holy Father of Rome, are as numerous, as its inhabitants could themselves desire. Nothing can be more beautiful and picturesque than the Convent's situation, nothing more convenient than the regulation of its interior. As to the garments of the Nuns. Yet that is a subject, upon which I will

not

not trust myself to dwell. That excellent friend (whose name for fear of consequences I will not confide to paper, but which you will easily guess) whose letter warned me of the abyss into which I was so near falling, inclosed a sketch of the dress usually worn by the sisters of St. Roswitha. To convince you of the impropriety of their customs, I need only mention, that these wretched women refuse to make to Heaven the trifling sacrifice of their ringlets, which hitherto every Nun was expected to cut away on the day of her reception. It is true, when they are in the choir, or engaged in a solemn procession, or, when at any time the publicity of their appearance makes it necessary to play the hypocrites, the holy veil conceals their hair curled.

curled with care and decked with wordly ornaments; but the veil is but seldom worn except on such public occasions. Besides, would you believe it, Emmeline? they wear shoes with high heels and long-pointed toes fastened up by silver chains; things which to wear, would be reckoned both a sin and a disgrace even for us worldly damsels! judge from their dress what must be their morals, and spare me the pain of a description more circumstantial.

The uneasiness, which my knowledge of these particulars (contained in that letter which you privately conveyed to my hands) excited in my bosom, was raised to the highest pitch by the discovery, that Abbot Luprian was induced

to

to influence my father to fix his choice on this Convent for my future abode, because he had views respecting me the most improper; views, which he thought could not fail of success, were I once inclosed within the walls of St. Roswitha, where (let him dissemble as he pleases) to my certain knowledge he is omnipotent.

Here was a discovery! oh! my Emmeline, how anxiously did I long to communicate to you this information so important to us both! I wished, that you should be made aware of everything, which could ever be in the least detrimental to you; though from your having always been my father's favourite, I concluded, that he would not insist on your taking the veil so peremptorily,

peremptorily, as was the case with his rejected Amalberga!

You must have remarked, that whenever we were suffered to pass a few moments together, a secret trembled upon my lips, which I was only prevented from revealing by the vigilance of our jailors. I frequently resolved to disclose everything to my father: I thought, that he could not have been so unnatural, so inhuman, as consciously to drive his daughter into the jaws of perdition; the Abbot and his accomplices would have been unmasked, and myself rescued from the dreadful Convent. But alas! whenever I attempted to address him, that dread of him, which we both of us imbibed with our mother's milk, overpowered me, and I sank at his feet
unable

unable to pronounce a syllable.—Besides, I had no proof of the guilt of the Nuns of St. Roswitha except the letter of my friend, who had always been the object of his peculiar aversion, and whose interference would have drawn down upon her his anger and revenge.

You know her well, that excellent courageous woman ; yet while she ever expressed before us the utmost abhorrence of the Convent of St. Roswitha, never could she prevail on herself to sully her lips and our ears by declaring the true grounds of her aversion. At length my extreme danger made her resolve to sacrifice her delicacy, and she sent me that intelligence in writing, which she had never dared to reveal in speech.

It was not the anger of my father, which she had alone to apprehend on this occasion ; it was also the Abbot's power, who (if publicly accused) she knew well, would be supported by the Pope and the whole monastic community of Helvetia. You are not now to learn, how closely all Monks unite, when one of their order is attacked by laymen.

I knew not what to do ; the day drew near, which was to decide my fate ; the most painful distress preyed upon my mind, and slumber seldom visited my pillow. It was in one of these uneasy sleepless nights, that I heard a low murmuring sound at the wainscot of my chamber. I listened ; at intervals the sound was repeated ; I
thought,

thought, that it was but the gnawing of vermin, and I again reposed my head on my pillow, when on a sudden I heard a loud crash. The flames of the night-torches streamed towards me, as if impelled by a strong current of air; I was struck by a piercing chillness, which seemed to breathe from the habitations of the dead, and before I had time to collect my thoughts, I felt myself encircled by two arms.

In this situation, not to be in some degree alarmed was impossible; yet I had of late been so much accustomed to terror, that this fresh trial did not overpower my senses. I was aware, that the arms, which had seized me, were those of a female; and I soon recovered resolution sufficient to examine the person,

person, by whom I was thus unexpectedly visited. I beheld with rapture the dear friend, who had already warned me ; and with her was an old Monk in the habit of Cloister-Curwald, whose appearance had something in it so extraordinary, that I doubt much if he had approached me alone, whether I should have received him with as much fortitude, as I now did, when I saw him accompanied by my excellent protectress. It was indeed the consideration, what terror might have been excited by his visiting me by himself, which had induced my friend to become his companion.

Oh! how can I sufficiently express my gratitude to that dear woman for the unwearied care, with which she
watched

watched over me. It was not enough to have put me on my guard : she saw, that I needed more to be done, and she hastened to do it.

Deep in the bosom of the hill which rises to the north-west of Sargans, there exists a small society of pious Hermits. Their community is indebted for its origin to a deposed Abbot of Curwald, who, accompanied by five partners in the same calamity, found shelter and tranquillity in this unknown solitude. The excellent Urania was their preserver. Two of their companions who lost their way while following them through the subterraneous caverns, which they traversed in their flight from persecution either fell into the hands of their pursuers, or must have perished accidentally

dentally by some miserable death ; since no tidings of them could ever be obtained. The rest reached the place of refuge in safety, and commenced a tranquil and holy life in the wilderness, which their industry soon converted into a terrestrial paradise. Here they long existed unknown to any one. Some travellers, whom chance conducted to their abode, were struck by the air of innocence and happiness which prevailed around them, and consented to fill up the chasms left in their society by the loss of their two unfortunate brethren, and by the death of the eldest of the fugitives named Matthias, which shortly followed. The three, who first offered themselves were accepted; but the founder's rules having
restricted

restricted the number of Hermits to six, the others were compelled to withdraw their request.

Yet ever as death gradually removed those, whom Urania had rescued, the will of Heaven still conducted to them some new associate; so that it almost seemed, as if the society was kept complete by a kind of miracle. Of those who belonged to the original institution, only *one* now remained in existence.

Four years before her paying me this midnight visit, had my protectress accidentally been bewildered among the mountains, and found her way to these holy Hermits, who received her kindly, and made her acquainted with the origin and constitution of their order. These

circumstances were already known in part to my friend, who had shared with Urania in the good deed of saving the persecuted Monks from destruction. She declared her name to them, and promised them eternal secrecy on the one hand, as they did eternal friendship to her on the other. The banished Abbot and two of his companions were at that time still alive ; and looking on the power of once more thanking one of their preservers on this side of the grave as a signal and most unexpected blessing of Providence, they earnestly entreated her to make frequent visits to their solitude, and enjoy with them a foretaste of that tranquil happiness, which awaits the blessed in another world.

She

She gladly accepted the invitation, and (except to her husband, on whose discretion she could depend) mentioned to no one the existence of that Hermitage, whither friendship and reverence attracted her steps so willingly and so often. The pious men became the confidants of her most secret designs; and I was too dear to her, for her not to mention my name to them and the difficulties in which I was involved. This proved the means of my preservation. The principal Hermit, the only one of the six fugitives now existing, remembered well the subterraneous passage, by which he had fled from destruction; and it was resolved, that this passage should now furnish me also with the means of escape; that

Count Ethelbert had walled up the entrance to the Castle was no obstacle to this scheme: the three youngest of the Brotherhood provided themselves with proper tools; and their labours were carried on with so much effect, that I now saw myself under the protection of my friend, and the road to escape open before me.

One only reflection embittered my flight: oh! my Emmeline, how gladly would I have made *you* the partner of it! surely, some indistinct suspicion of what was to happen must have floated before your mind, and made you entreat my father with such extreme earnestness to be permitted to pass only that one night in my apartment.

Your prayer was refused, and my
wish

wish to rescue you rendered fruitless. The day was breaking; expedition was necessary. My friend too comforted me by the assurance, that your situation was not so immediately dangerous as mine, and that at all events your escape could be effected by the same passage, should such a measure be hereafter found advisable.

While we within the chamber were busily engaged in arranging my flight, the assisting Monks had been employed on the outside in repairing the broken wall and the wainscot, through which was the passage to my room; and they had performed their task so dexterously, that though to enter it from without was still easy, it was almost impossible for persons unacquainted with the mechanism.

chapism to discover from within any door leading out of the apartment. Nothing however can be more simple than this secret. On the south-west side of our chamber, there runs a sort of frame of carved ornaments round a picture of the "Flight from Egypt."—Count the seventh pomegranate from the bottom, and using some little strength to force it back, you will possess the key of the whole mystery. A slight push will make the pannel recede; a broad staircase of five-and-twenty steps will then present itself, and if you keep always to the right, you cannot possibly miss your way. Yet the passage is long, and fatigue or anxiety, lest you *should* have mistaken the road, may give you much disquietude, should
you

you traverse the caverns without a guide to comfort and sustain you. I advise you therefore only to escape alone, should you be in some most urgent danger. The good Hermit has promised also to watch over your safety; he will keep a spy continually in the Castle, who can inform him of all that happens to you; and (should he find it unavoidable for you to take so desperate a step as the quitting your father's protection) then lest his unexpected appearance should seriously alarm you, he will prepare you for flight by a written warning, and afterwards assist you to carry his warning into effect.

Yet in spite of these assurances, I could not resolve on parting from you, my beloved girl, without many a tear.

I still loitered, wishing that I could at least leave some token behind me to convince you, that I was in safety, and thus spare you the anxiety, which doubtless my disappearance must have cost you. But my deliverers insisted, that any such measure was too pregnant with danger to be adopted, and at length I was compelled to obey and follow them.

I will not describe to you what I suffered during my pilgrimage through the long and gloomy passages, nor my satisfaction at finding myself at length safe in the dwelling of the holy Anchorets. Oh ! what can surpass the sentiment of liberty, and the consciousness of being surrounded by none but those, who are virtuous and humane ! how different,
my

my Emmeline, from our feelings in the Castle of Sargans! there we met at every turning with nothing but present sorrow and anxiety for the future; with nothing but hypocrisy, perfidy, the cruel necessity of concealing our real sentiments from every eye; and above all the terrific toil of wandering along a slippery path, where we dreaded with every moment to lose our footing, and to be plunged into the same gulph with those abandoned creatures, whom we saw endeavouring to drag us down with them to perdition.

When we quitted the Hermitage, Gertrude conducted me into these vallies. She was well-known to the Nuns of Engelberg, and easily obtained a refuge for me in their Convent; and so happy

did I feel myself among these pious women, that had it not been for *one* consideration, I should have become a member of their sisterhood.

Can you not guess that one?—Alas! that even impossibility should be unable to vanquish the power of love. Could I but once accustom myself to unite inseparably the name of Eginhart of Torrenburg with that of the happy Helen, I should soon succeed in convincing myself, that to take the veil was now the only option left me.

Gertrude wrote me word, that the Abbot of Curwald's suspicions respecting my flight having fallen upon her, his secret persecution had compelled her to repair to Stein; where her husband was occupied in constructing a

house suited to the improved state of his income, and which displayed the good taste imbibed by him in his youthful Italian travels. I was delighted to have my friend so near me ; and my joy was increased, when I heard, that the great meeting of the Helvetians on the borders of the Lake of Thun would not only furnish me with an opportunity of seeing Gertrude and her husband, but of embracing our mutually-beloved companion, Amabel Melthal.

Oh ! what a blessed day was that of our re-union ! as I lay before the altar, the most fervent prayers of gratitude for my own escape, of entreaty for yours, flowed from my heart, and left me no leisure for observing the little incidents which occurred during the

service. The lively Amabel assures me, that the eyes of the most distinguished person present, of no less a man than the Emperor's Vice-gerent, were fixed upon me from beginning to the end. It was her prejudice in my favour, which made her imagine this : there was nothing, which could have led him to distinguish me from the other village-maidens, not even my dress ; since not only prudence but my natural taste has induced me to adopt the usual garments of the Helvetian country-lasses. Still Amabel asserts, that there was a look of distinction and nobility about me, which attracted the eyes of the Lord of Landenberg ; and it is certain, that during the whole of that evening he seldom suffered himself to be away from me
for

for a single moment. Unluckily, his attentions by no means flattered me; and should I find Amabel's suspicions likely to be verified, I shall lose no time in regaining the Convent of Engelberg.

Any further explanation of what has happened to me I shall reserve for our meeting, which I now look forward to with impatience. The search after me seems to have been given up; and Gertrude has at length permitted me to disclose the secret, by which you may join us at your pleasure. In spite of the good Monk's sermons, and of advice more savouring of prudery than sound sense, I charge you, dear Emmeline, *not* to wait for things being carried to the greatest extremities, before you make
use

use of the secret disclosed in this letter—
and yet to fly from a father's house
without the most absolute necessity.
. . . . Alas! I know not what to *advise*;
I know only, what I *wish*.

Yes! earnestly, most earnestly do I
wish to see you once more my com-
panion, not only for *your* sake, but for
my own. I dare not entirely confide
myself to our good Amabel: how is
it possible with her talents, that she
should be so partial to persons so un-
worthy of her esteem; and how can
she be so blind as to repose such im-
prudent confidence in those, whose
intentions are (at the best) extremely
to be suspected? yet 'tis her own
open guileless nature, which misguides
her

her respecting others; and unfortunately, those others know but too well, how to turn her weakness to their own advantage.

Amabel to Emmeline.

How long a period has elapsed, since a letter from your hand reached the inhabitants of these vallies! is it not wrong to mingle so much anxiety with the pleasures of your friend, or is Bloomberg's wife less dear to you, than the playfellow of your childhood, Melthal's daughter?

I really begin to suspect, that there is something in wedlock which frightens all unmarried persons away from us sober matrons. Since my wedding, Amalberga seems less at her ease with me, though I spare no pains to make my house agreeable to her. Peregrine
of

of Landenberg, the good-hearted unassuming Landenberg, frequently honours me with his visits; and it quite vexes me, that he should so seldom find my society made delightful by the presence of the "lovely stranger," for in our valley Amalberga is known by no other name.

I confess the Lord-lieutenant (whose gentleness of manners prevents his rank from being felt as a constraint) would be a more welcome guest to me, did not his seneschal Wolfenrad follow him every where like his shadow. Yet I know not why I should have taken such a dislike to this man; he is sensible, and nothing can be more proper than his behaviour; and yet somehow or other, I cannot endure his countenance. How-
ever,

ever, I try to conquer this antipathy, since he is in high favour with my husband, and Peregrine has commissioned him to settle with me the best means of enforcing his suit with Amalberga: for you are to understand, that he has avowed himself her suitor, and that in express terms.

For Heaven's sake, dear Emmeline, persuade your sister not to throw away her happiness. Eginhart of Torrenburg is now quite out of the question: the whole country rings with the report of the splendid balls and tournaments which are shortly to be given, in honour of his union with the youthful Helen of Homburg.

In Continuation.

EMMELINE, what dreadful tidings have reached us! it is said, that Helen has been carried off by your father, and compelled to espouse him; and that you are already ordered to depart for the Convent of St. Roswitha! Heavenly powers, should these tidings be true!—What can be done for you? what can I do? And yet Amalberga assures me, that she informed you of a means of escaping, that could not fail.—Could I but consult with your sister, or with Gertrude Bernsdorf!—but even in these once tranquil vallies there is but too much uproar and disturbance carrying on. Disputes have arisen between the Governor and the elders of our people; in
consequence

consequence of which, the most distinguished of the south-western deputies have hastily quitted these parts ; Gertrude and her husband have also left us unexpectedly ; and neither Landenberg's tears nor my entreaties could prevent your sister from returning to her Convent.

In my anxiety to do something towards your rescue from this impending danger, I have conquered my prejudices against Wolfenrad, and applied to him for advice ; for his patron the Lord of Landenberg is too much occupied with public affairs to permit his listening to my difficulties, and my husband declares himself incapable of advising my proceedings in so delicate a business.

Wolfenrad's counsel is, that Edmund
should

should arm a body of his young companions, hasten to Sargans, force you from the guards who will be appointed to escort you to that abominable Convent, and then convey you hither or else to Engelberg. I was in terror and anxiety; this must plead for me, when I confess, that my fears got the better of my prudence, and that I have made Landenberg and his Seneschal acquainted with more respecting you and Amalberga, than was by any means necessary. And yet what harm was there in making a confidant of the man, who (I sincerely hope) will one day conquer Amalberga's unjustifiable obstinacy, and give my dear Emmeline a brother's protection and a sister's name?—oh! let but this one step be taken, and all your diffic-

ties will speedily be at end; Landenberg is powerful; let but Landenberg once be Amalberga's husband, and she and you will be both as happy, as your Amabel would be now, did not anxiety upon your account embitter her every moment.

In Continuation.

Misfortunes follow each other so close, that grief bewilders me! I know not how to collect my thoughts sufficiently to write down the number of wounds, which have been inflicted on my heart within these few days.—And for whom should I write them down? not for thee, sweet Emmeline, for it is but too probable, that thou art in a better world! not for thee, Amalberga, for thou art gone, gone no one knows whither! yet will I commit to paper
what

what has past, and what I feel, in hopes that should the grave hide me without my ever again embracing my friends and sisters, they may see how much I have suffered on their account, and may do justice to the fond heart of their lamenting Amabel. And that the grave *will* hide me, and that soon. . . . Oh! is it not most probable? all around me is confusion, is uproar! all are furious, though wherefore I know not: yet surely the most pious and peaceable of all people, that the earth holds, can never be so blind to its own interests, to its own happiness, as to rise in rebellion against the Lieutenant of their imperial patron, against the most gentle and benevolent of created beings, against Peregrine of Landenberg!

What

What have we to do with the evil reports, which reach us from that unhappy Province, where Gessler rules and rages? we are secure under Landenberg's protection; we can even expect from his generosity succour and compassion for our less fortunate brethren. To all of them, but above all to my venerable father and to my brother's family, (who consider themselves as no longer safe in the neighbourhood of Gessler's jurisdiction) has Landenberg voluntarily offered an asylum among our mountains, which (I trust) will still long remain the abode of peace! I must lay down my pen! my heart is too full at present to admit of my writing intelligibly; besides, I see Wolfenrad approaching, who (now that my husband

has

has departed to see what can be effected towards your preservation) is my only comforter, and who doubtless comes to tell me, what has been done on your behalf, and whether anything remains for me yet to do.

In Continuation.

I am something more composed : there are hopes, that my Emmeline may have escaped from this dreadful scene ! Wolfenrad has promised to hasten a person after my husband, and assist him in the researches, which are making respecting you : he engages also, should you be found, to deliver this and my former letters into your hands. Heavens ! how one may be deceived at first sight ! there was a time, when I could not

endure this man, and now that all others have forsaken me, he proves the most active of my friends !

There are many parts of my former letters, which will appear to you mysterious ; I will now explain them. I received on the same day your written narrative of what had past in your father's Castle, and further tidings respecting you, which overpowered me with horror. Your letter, which you left with Bertha, must have remained in wrong hands for whole months together ; and the condition, in which it at length reached me, has left me doubt, that its seal has been forced, its contents perused by more persons than myself.

Scarcely had I recovered from

alarm at finding, that you must have set forward long since for St. Roswitha's Convent; scarcely had I received my good kind husband's promise, that he would immediately set out and make closer enquiries respecting you, when the dreadful report reached me, that flames had consumed that very Convent; flames not kindled by chance or the vengeance of offended Heaven, but by sacrilegious cruel men! nor was the sword less active than the conflagration; it is said, that few have escaped with life from this horrible outrage, whose instigator's name is still unknown to us. Much too is said respecting the secrets of this Convent, by no means to the credit of its inmates; we have even been assured, that the Abbot of Cloister-

Curwald, and the chief part of his brethren were involved in the Convent's destruction, though whether they came there on the news of the danger, or were found with these wretched Nuns at the moment when their habitation was attacked, I will not pretend to judge. Every malicious speech, which relates to the Convent in which (according to all accounts) you must necessarily have past two whole months, seems to plant a fresh thorn in my bosom.

Bewildered by these dreadful tidings, I believe, that I must for a time have lost my senses : for I suddenly found myself at the gate of Amalberga's sanctuary, without being conscious how I came there, or what was my object in coming. Probably I wished to unbur-

3

then

then to her my full heart, and indulge myself in bewailing with her our mutual misfortune; but I could not hope to obtain either assistance or advice from her, whom the tidings which I had to communicate must needs make, if possible, still more wretched and more helpless than myself.


I rang the bell, and the Porteress appeared. Conceive what I felt at hearing from her, that that very morning during matins a band of armed men had rushed into the church, had seized Amalberga, and had forcibly borne her away. By whom this atrocious outrage was committed, no one yet knows: the people on hearing of it broke into universal uproar, and raved against this violation of the Sanctuary!

now, all voices but mine unite in laying the blame upon Landenberg; and to prove the probability of his being the offender in *this* instance, innumerable deeds of infamy, said to have been secretly committed by him, have been alledged against him; some of the ~~most~~ of a nature, that makes even Gessler's most infernal actions appear but trifles. Alas! is it possible, that I have been so grossly deceived by the simplicity of my heart? —Even Wolfenrad, the most faithful of his vassals, does not venture to assert positively, that he is innocent: but let who may be guilty, that worthy man has promised to assist us, and I hasten to finish ~~this~~ letter, that I may commit it to his care. Oh! should he be so fortunate as to find you, hesitate not to
confide

confide in him, and follow him to these vallies; alas! I can no longer call them these *happy* vallies, for peace is banished, and discord and confusion have usurped her place. Its true, as yet open hostilities have not taken place; but the cry against Landenberg is loud, and the public voice scruples not to compare him to Gessler, the inhuman governor of Uri.—“Freedom! freedom!”—is now the word in every mouth; but it sounds no longer so melodious, as when it formed the burthen of our Sunday-songs! it seems to me, as were it spoken in the dying groans of those, who must purchase with their blood the small portion still left of this treasure!

To complete my misery, my good old father and my brother are arrived

at my cottage in a condition, that makes my heart bleed. My father has been cruelly mis-used by Gessler, and his lands are confiscated ; Arnold has been obliged to fly, on account of having committed the mighty crime of striking the officer of justice, who seized our father's oxen, and then contemptuously bade the poor old man yoke *himself* to the plough in future, and do the office of the beasts which he had lost.—Oh ! dear Emmeline, I sink beneath the weight of griefs, which my Edmund's absence makes me feel doubly heavy.



Amabel to Emmeline.

I HOPED to derive some comfort from the presence of my relations, but my hope has proved vain. My father lies ill and helpless on his bed from the consequences of Gessler's ill-usage ; and Arnold. . . . You will suppose, that I can receive but little augmentation of my tranquillity from this impetuous young man, when you recollect, with how much violence and passion he used to watch over me in formertimes. If he surprised a youth gazing on me with rather too much earnestness though but for a moment, that moment was sufficient to make him almost frantic with resentment,

ment, and vow vengeance against the offender; nay, he even dared to extend his vigilance to yourself and Amalberga. Do you recollect a particular evening, when you had both privately stolen with me to my father's cottage in hopes of passing a few gay and pleasant hours, which seldom occurred at the Castle of Sargans? it is as present to my recollection, as had the scene past but yesterday!—it chanced, that some stranger-knights, who were going to a tournament at the court of the Bishop of Coira, had seen us on the road; as we were all three arm in arm, they supposed us to be of the same rank; they delayed their journey, got themselves introduced into our joyous circle, and proposed to us to dance; but Arnold. . . . Ah! you cannot

cannot have forgotten, how sharply he answered them; how bluntly he gave them to understand, that their departure was desirable; and how (as he conducted us back to the Castle) he made no scruple (without heeding your rank) of reading you both a severe lecture upon the necessity of reserve towards strangers, and the propriety of living retired under your paternal roof.

Well! the part which he then thought proper to play, he has now taken up afresh, but with more warmth than ever. One would think, he might find other things to do now, than to watch his sister's conduct; but not the most trifling of my actions passes unobserved by him, and very few of them pass uncensured.

censured. He forgets, that it is solely on your account, that I have any intercourse with Wolfenrad; and that it is absolutely necessary for an intercourse to be kept up, as long as he journeys backwards and forwards about your affairs, and brings me tidings respecting you, which hitherto (Heaven be thanked!) have been favourable. My brother insists upon it, that I ought never to exchange a syllable with this man; although he is much too old and too ugly to be an object of danger or suspicion, even were I not protected by such good preservatives against the arts of a seducer, as an heart full of love for Edmund, and veins full of that blood, whose every drop is true Helvetian!

What

What Arnold may *think*, I cannot say; but I *know*, that love is never mentioned in my conversations with Wolfenrad. He is married as well as myself, and at all events it would be unwise to offend him just at present, when he has the power of doing us so much harm; for during Landenberg's absence he can act exactly as he pleases.

However, I have given up the point. Arnold has taken a cottage near me, and as my own is solitary and unsafe during Edmund's absence, I have removed to my brother's, where I share with my sister-in-law the office of nurse to my poor sick father. Here there is no chance of seeing Wolfenrad, for there has lately been an open quarrel
between

between him and Arnold, whose threshold he has sworn never to cross again. Yet I am impatient to find an opportunity of conversing with him; for I collect from some hints (which he has occasionally thrown out, though there was not time to explain himself) that he has not only proofs of your having escaped from the conflagration, but that he has actually conveyed my letters to your hands. As to Amalberga, he referred me to a Nun at Engelberg, who is better informed than himself; but he said, that in what regarded you, dear Emmeline, the intelligence, which he had to communicate, could be given by no one but himself, and was of a nature too delicate to be conveyed through a third person.

I have

I have told every thing to my sister-in-law, who is my confidante: she disapproves of her husband's strictness, and agrees with me, that I ought to take the earliest opportunity of going to Engelberg, and learning some news of your sister. She cannot approve of my having any intercourse with Wolfenrad in defiance of my brother's positive commands; but she has kindly consented to see him herself, and endeavour to learn from him the good tidings respecting you, which I am too anxious to hear, to permit my waiting for them with patience. Whatever may be the consequence, I *must* be informed, and that speedily, how and where you are at present, and, by what blessed means

means you escaped from the hands of your persecutors, and from the fiery death which menaced you in the Convent.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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